The Saturday Evening
POST
January 28, 1956 — 15¢

JAN 24 '56
LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

Our Men Are Killing Themselves
BY HANNAH LEES

"KEEP THE ARMY OUT OF POLITICS!"
BY GENERAL RIDGWAY

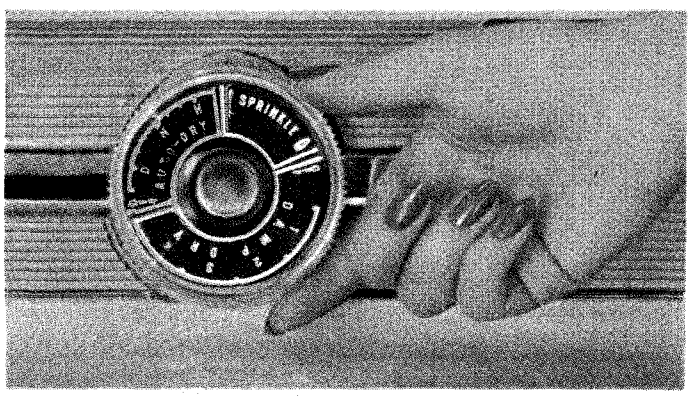
LIBRARY BALDWIN-
WALLACE COLL
BEREA OHIO
25-56

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No rainy washday worries for this modern homemaker! Her new General Electric Dryer with automatic control dries clothes just right, no matter what the weather. Saves her so much time and energy, too! See *your* G-E dealer soon. General Electric Dryers priced as low as **$149.95** in most areas.

New G-E Dryer with Automatic Control adjusts drying time and temperature to suit every load... every fabric you wash!

Dries clothes wrinkle-free... sunshine-fresh... indoors!



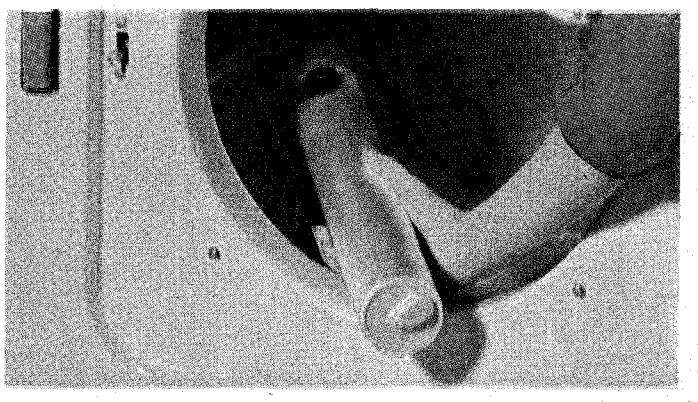
This Automatic Control distinguishes the new General Electric Dryer from conventional dryers! It provides correct time and temperature for any fabric.

No need to guess how long a load should dry . . . or at what temperature! Simply set control according to the type of fabrics you're drying.

"N" . . . *for normal fabrics—cottons, linens*
"D" . . . *for delicate fabrics*
"H" . . . *for heavy bedspreads and rugs*

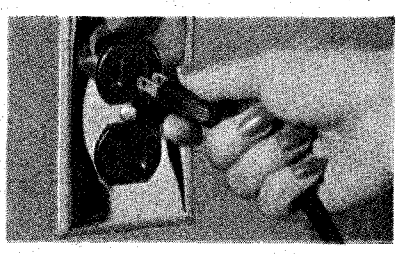
That one motion is all it takes to dry your clothes softer, fluffier than you ever thought possible!

You'll find you'll have less to iron... many pieces come out of the dryer so smooth and wrinkle-free you can wear them immediately—or put them away without ironing!



Sprinkle your clothes . . . automatically. When you're ready to iron, put clothes to be dampened in your General Electric Dryer and turn control to SPRINKLE. The right combination of moisture, air and tumbling will have them ready for ironing in minutes.

See it at your General Electric dealer's soon! Available in Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Petal Pink, Cadet Blue, Woodtone Brown and White. General Electric Company, Major Appliance Division, Louisville 1, Ky.



No special wiring necessary! The new General Electric Dryer with Automatic Control can be operated on standard 115-volt household appliance circuit or on 230-volt circuit.

Gentle fragrance from Air Freshener is released into air stream and fills clothes with that sunshine-fresh smell without sunshine-fade.

Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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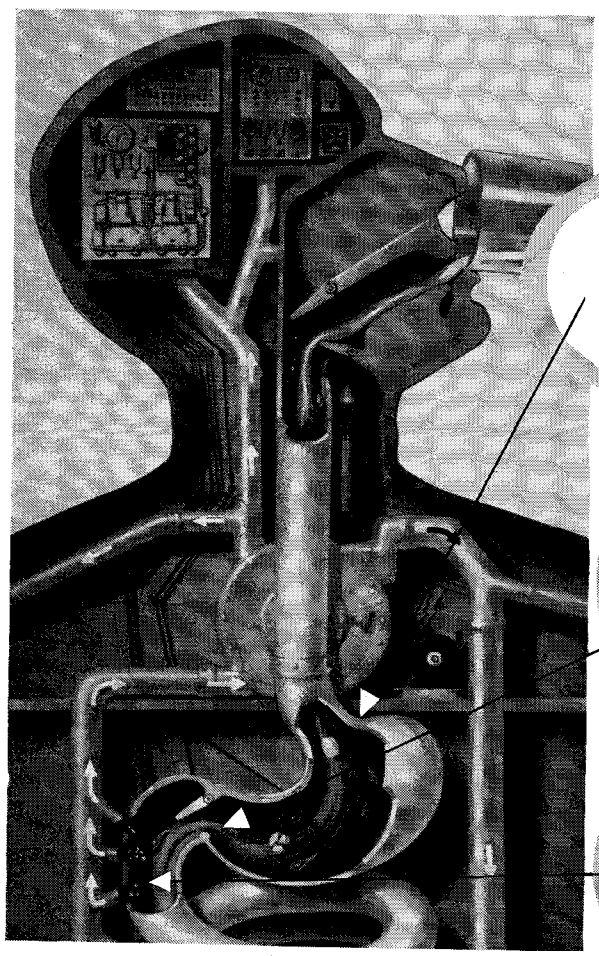
Catching Cold? Take Bufferin!

Get faster pain relief from cold miseries, headaches, muscular pains

BUFFERIN®

Acts twice as fast as aspirin!

Won't upset your stomach!



1. Medical science knows that a pain reliever must go through the stomach and into the blood stream to relieve pain.

2. Bufferin combines aspirin with two antacid ingredients. These speed the pain reliever out of the stomach and into the blood stream twice as fast as aspirin. So . . .

3. Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin to relieve pain. And it won't upset your stomach as aspirin often does.

IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN.

Ask your own doctor about Bufferin's remarkable ability to relieve pain, about its freedom from harmful ingredients.

8 years of continuous medical research in hospitals and clinics have established Bufferin's effectiveness and speed of action. Bufferin has met the same rigid tests a doctor demands of medicines used in his own practice.

Most people take two Bufferin tablets as the normal dose.

NOTE: BUFFERIN was first made available to the medical and dental professions in October, 1948. Since then, EACH YEAR, HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE have switched from aspirin to BUFFERIN for faster relief from pain without stomach upset.

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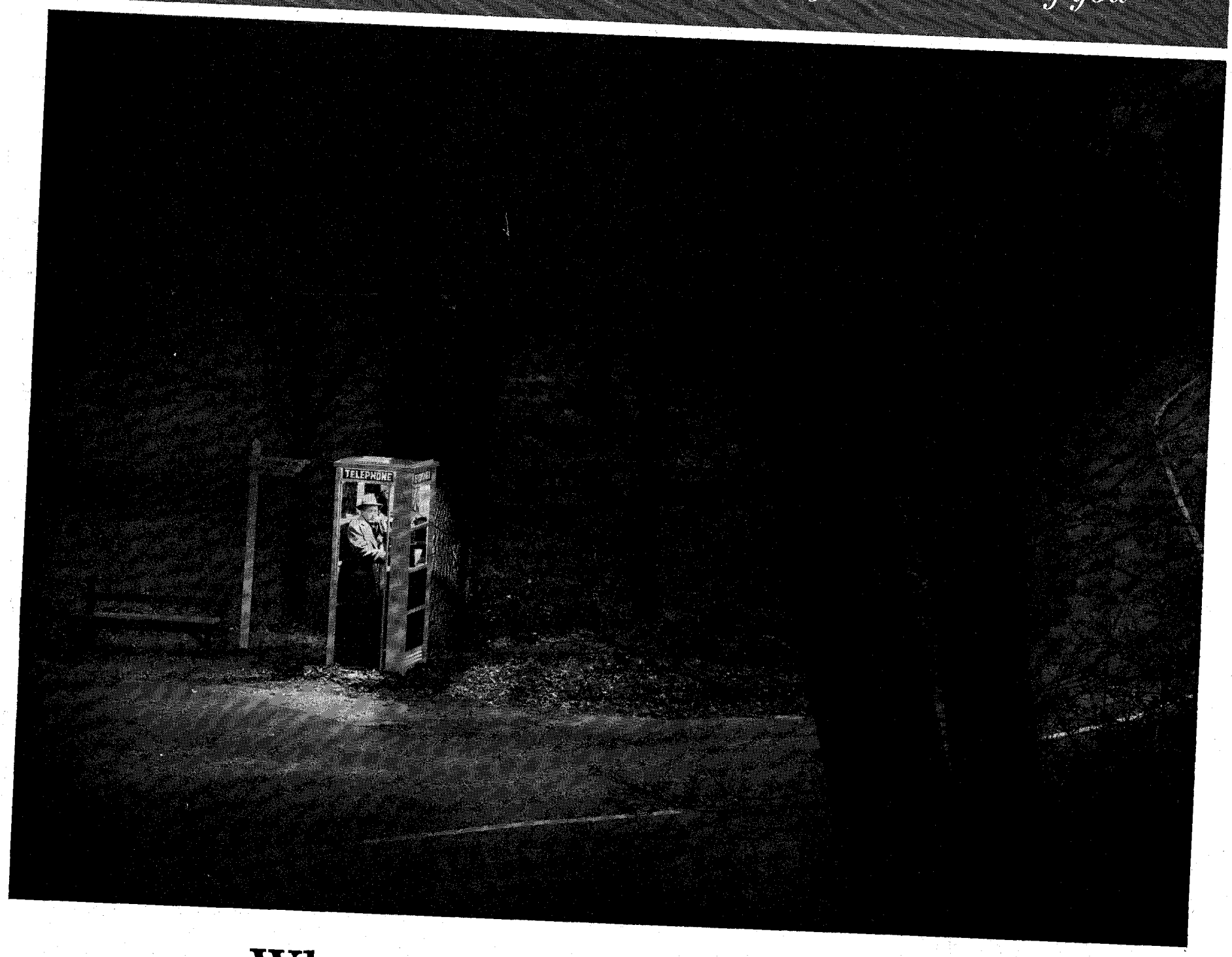
LIBERTY MUTUAL

The Company that stands by you



When you're in real trouble, you can reach Liberty Mutual quickly!

Have you ever wondered how Liberty claims service can be available 24 hours a day to help policyholders? Here's the explanation.

Suppose you have a serious auto accident at midnight. You get to a telephone and call the number listed for "Liberty Mutual."

Wherever you drive, throughout the United States, Canada and Hawaii, Liberty Mutual claims service is always ready to help you, night or day.

Sounds simple, doesn't it? But where else can you get insurance service like this?

The Liberty Mutual claimsman is a salaried man, paid to watch out for the policyholder's interests — *your interests.* All Liberty employees work for their policyholders because the policyholders own Liberty.

That's how Liberty was started. Policyholders who wanted better insurance service and lower insurance costs got together, founded their own company.

As a Liberty policyholder, you share in your company's substantial savings. Your policy is non-assessable. Your confidence is secure. Liberty Mutual is *the company that stands by you.*

LIBERTY MUTUAL

HOME OFFICE: BOSTON

LIBERTY MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY · LIBERTY MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

INSURANCE FOR: AUTOMOBILE, LIABILITY, FIRE, WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION, ACCIDENT AND HEALTH, GROUP, INLAND MARINE, OCEAN MARINE, CRIME

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Untimely darkness has befallen this house, yet let us look on the bright side of things, considering how lucky Mrs. Knightfall is. For one thing, this usually happens a few weeks earlier, on Christmas morn, just as everybody with glad cries approaches the gift-burdened Christmas tree, and just as a fuse, burdened with yule electricity, decides the devil with so much juice. For another thing, Mrs. K. evidently has a new fuse, whereas it is written in the law of averages that the fuses in her carton should all be dead soldiers, placed there to be chucked out after Christmas, when there is more time. The unlucky person in this situation is Amos Sewell; if that flashlight battery had been dead, he could just have painted a black oblong, an eye-catching cover indeed.

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How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue, the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 49–56 or June 2, 1956; 10–56 or September 8, 1956. You always count from the previous July first.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILA. 5, PA.

Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

The LION'S ROAR

Published here monthly... Column No. 205 — **The greatest star of the screen!**

Think back to any motion picture you recall that riveted you with seat-edge suspense—and we'll predict that RANSOM! will stand out from all the rest.

★ ★ ★ ★

With RANSOM! M-G-M continues to demonstrate its rare flair for incisive films.

★ ★ ★ ★

The impact of their "Blackboard Jungle" and "Trial" reverberated 'round the world. This time, they open a whole new dramatic horizon.

★ ★ ★ ★

For never before has the motion picture camera been permitted to focus on a story of kidnapping. RANSOM!'s unprecedented green-light was granted because of the vital subject matter.

The Stannards' young son fails to return from school at his usual time. His frightened parents phone friends, teachers. Then *their* phone rings—and raw reality grips them. For at the other end, a cold and ruthless voice demands a fortune in ransom, a half million dollars.

★ ★ ★ ★

At this point you'll take up another notch in your nerves—and RANSOM!'s trip-hammer tempo's got you!

★ ★ ★ ★

For now Stannard faces his agonizing decision. Shall he yield to his wife's pleas and pay; or refuse to deal with a child stealer, and so lessen the chances of this hideous crime happening to other parents.

★ ★ ★ ★

A procession of vivid characterizations adds to RANSOM!'s ever-accelerating crescendo. Glenn Ford's portrayal is flawless and wins your sympathy with its wonderful sincerity. His Dave Stannard is a man crucified by hunger for his son's safety, yet held strong by a steely inner core that rebels at conniving in this dirty business.

★ ★ ★ ★

Donna Reed, Academy Award winner, is superb as the distraught mother whose only concern is her son's return, at no matter what cost.

★ ★ ★ ★

Leslie Nielsen is a newspaperman who picks up the scent of sensation and pursues it relentlessly. Juano Hernandez is the loyal servant whose strong shoulder supports Ford when his world shatters around him. And Robert Keith is the police chief who knows kidnapping's grim life-and-death percentages.

★ ★ ★ ★

Each of these performances adds fire to a trenchant screenplay by Cyril Hume and Richard Maibaum, a script laced throughout with the bite of truth.

★ ★ ★ ★

Producer Nicholas Nayfack and prize-winning director Alex Segal have combined their great skills so that RANSOM! rings with reality, crackles with electric excitement.

Don't reveal the climax!

—*Leo*

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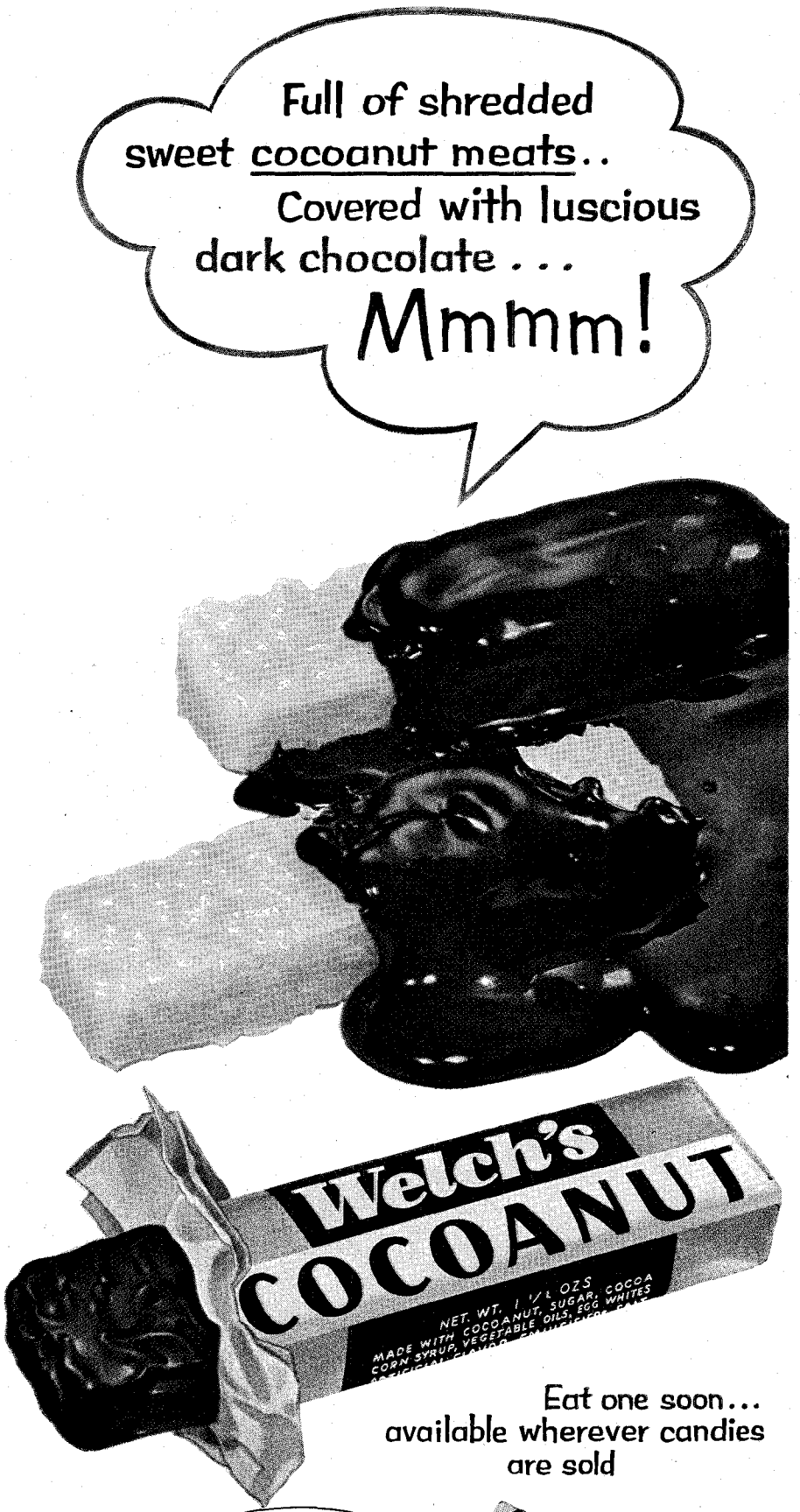

Full of shredded sweet cocoanut meats.. Covered with luscious dark chocolate . . . Mmmm!
Welch's COCOANUT
NET WT. 1 1/2 OZS
MADE WITH COCOANUT, SUGAR, COCOA CORN SYRUP, VEGETABLE OILS, EGG WHITES
Eat one soon... available wherever candies are sold
These other WELCH candies are delicious, too!
Sugar Daddy
Welch's SUGAR BABIES
Welch's Home Style
Welch's FRAPPE
Welch's Fudge
Welch's Pom Poms
Welch's Junior Mints
James O. **Welch** Company
Cambridge, Massachusetts • Los Angeles, California

Letters

Hothouse Polar Bear

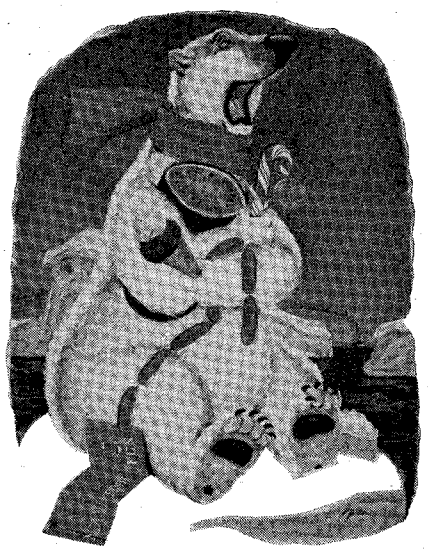
Dear Sirs:

. . . This letter is brought on by THE WARMHEARTED POLAR BEAR, by Robert Murphy [Dec. 24] . . . .

This story is strictly for the zanies, of which I am one, who are "just as happy as if they had good sense!" . . .

The story is delightful and the illustrations by Robert Jones are truly "out of this world!" . . .

GRACE ANDREWS
Marysville, Wash.



Dear Sirs:

. . . Whitey is simply the most entrancing varmint anyone ever dreamed up, even if he's a lot like me. Whitey was beset by questions that were "complicated and the answers were singularly elusive. It made no difference whether he approached them directly or tried to creep up on them in a roundabout way; they failed to develop, and presently, weary of it all, he decided to think some more on another day. . . ." A quote from that would make a handy epitaph for me. That Robert Murphy is uncanny. . . .

ETHEL JACOBSON
Fullerton, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

It is a long time since I howled with such unrestrained glee—your story about "Whitey" is perfect. . . .

W. C. MYERS
Ridgewood, N. J.

Cities of the World

Dear Sirs:

On the "City Popularity Poll," I would love to see an article on Taipeh, as I am going there in a few months and really don't know what to expect. . . .

MRS. FRED WERNER
Tacoma, Wash.

Dear Sirs:

I vote for an article on Athens, Greece, in 1956.

DALE W. BLOUGH
New Windsor, Md.

Dear Sirs:

Hey! Do we get a choice? I vote for Istanbul.

MRS. ALAN M. RODGERS
Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

. . . My preference is for Athens, Istanbul, Zamboanga [Philippines] . . . this last because it has always seemed to me to epitomize a sort of last frontier, a final jumping-off place, and I've often wondered if really it is as fascinating and romantic as fiction depicts it. . . .

LOIS WOOD
San Francisco, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I vote for: Moscow, Athens and Baghdad, in that order.

ALFRED KOHLBERG
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I'm for Athens. . . .

MRS. FELIX LAYAT
Plainfield, N. J.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Vienna, Bern, Salzburg and Copenhagen and Hong Kong as well as those you have planned for coming issues. . . .

LENORE M. BERNER
Skokie, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I would really like to see a story on Istanbul, Turkey. . . .

MRS. MARSHALL HANSEN
Buffalo, Wyo.

Dear Sirs:

. . . Why not give us the entire list of seven on which you ask readers to express preference? I cast my vote for all of them.

R. B. HAWORTH
Oakland, Cal.

● *Athens wins, closely followed by Hong Kong, Baghdad, Moscow and Istanbul in that order.* *ED.*

Gold-Rush Klondy

Dear Sirs:

Thank you, Klondy, for your most interesting, heartwarming article on the Klondike Gold Rush [I WAS A DAUGHTER OF THE GOLD RUSH, by Klondy Nelson, as told to Corey Ford, Dec. 24]. I

wouldn't leave it for a minute—the dishes sat in the sink, and the family dared not disturb me till it was finished. You carried me away.

MRS. O. U. JONES
Bow Island, Alberta, Canada

Dear Sirs:

. . . The best thing the Post has printed in a long time. . . .

O. L. WARD, SR.
Bozeman, Mont.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I couldn't lay the magazine down until I finished it. . . .

MARJORIE ROY
Ottawa, Canada

Dear Sirs:

This gripping story is a natural for a moving picture. . . .

W. E. THOMPSON
Houston, Texas

(Continued on Page 6)

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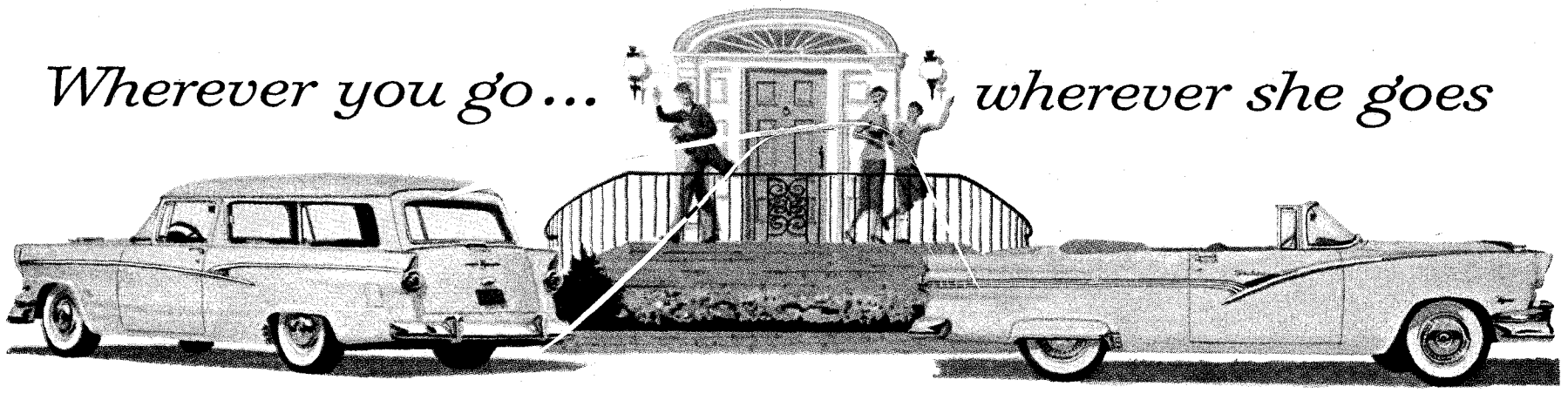
Wherever you go... *wherever she goes*



...Lifeguard Design goes with both of you!

If ever there was a time to join the quarter million families who own two Fords, it's *now!* For now you not only give *your* family two-Ford freedom, you also give them the priceless added safety of Lifeguard Design. There's a new Lifeguard steering wheel, new Lifeguard door latches, a new Lifeguard rear-view mirror. And, at very little extra cost, you can have seat belts and Lifeguard padding for sun visors and control panel for even greater protection.

Then, too, you'll have new confidence in the instant passing might of Ford's new Thunderbird Y-8 . . . the standard eight at no extra cost in Ford Fairlane and Station Wagon models. And wherever you drive, you'll bask in the envious glances which Ford's Thunderbird styling draws everywhere.

Why not own TWO!

FORD...the fine car at half the fine car price!

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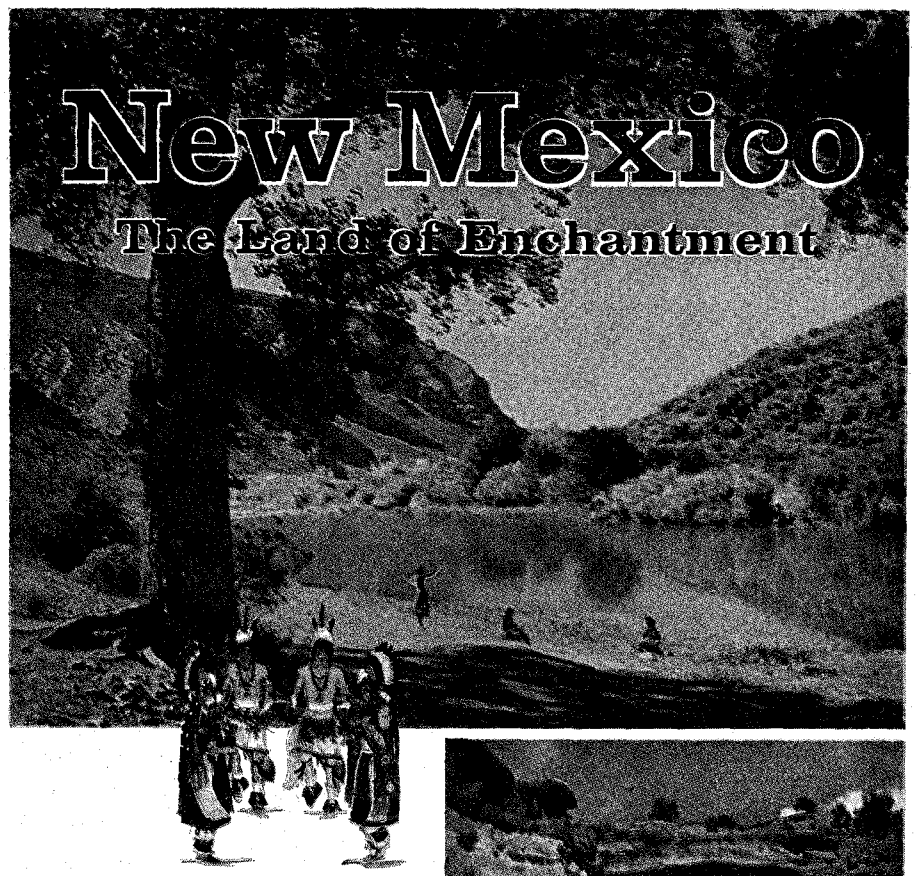
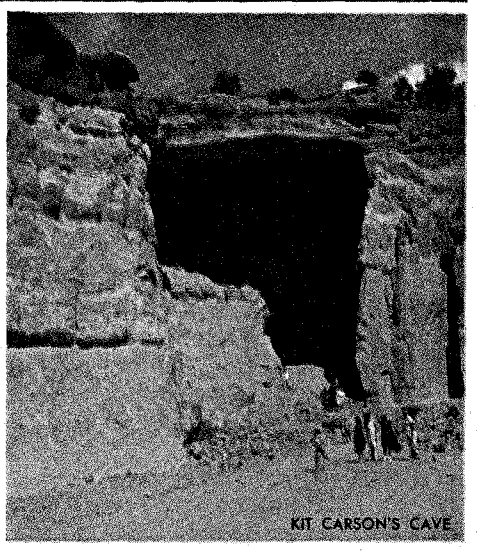
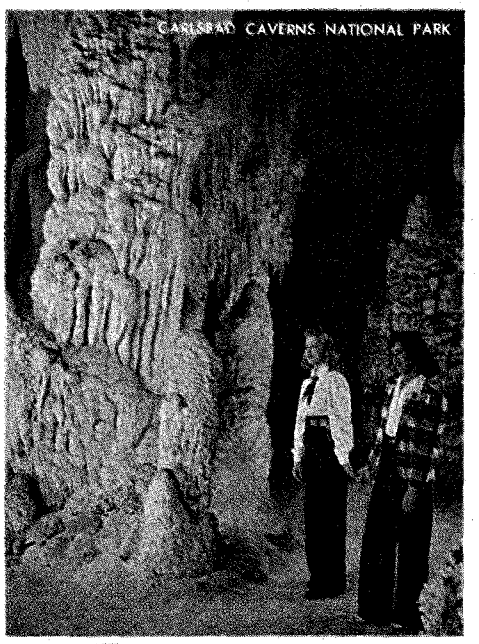



KIT CARSON'S CAVE


CARLSBAD CAVERNS NATIONAL PARK

For centuries New Mexico has attracted those seeking the new, the strange and the different.

Gay fiestas add spice and color to the ancient Spanish culture . . . throbbing tom toms lend rhythm to the picturesque, age-old Indian ceremonials . . . and a bounteous nature, running riot with her paint brush, has splashed the landscape with vivid hues.

Ancient mission churches and eight National Monuments make possible the turning back of the pages of time, and you will thrill to the awesome and majestic beauty of Carlsbad Caverns National Park.

Here in this land of vast, sweeping mesas, bounded only by towering mountain ranges covered with more than 14 million acres of forests, you can savor the lingering traces of the romance, the color and the fascination of the three great epics of the early Southwest . . . the days of the Indian, the Spanish and the adventurous Old West.

New Mexico's many attractions are linked by over 7500 miles of paved highways and more than 1600 modern motels, hotels and resorts stand ready to welcome you with accommodations to suit your individual taste.

NEW MEXICO STATE TOURIST BUREAU

Room 5645, State Capitol, Santa Fe, New Mexico

Please send free: ☐ Official Highway Map,
☐ New booklet "Land of Enchantment,"
☐ "Historic Trails" Map.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

MAIL THIS COUPON AND WE'LL SEND YOU FREE OUR COLORFUL BOOKLET AND MAPS—PRONTO

PLEASE PRINT

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

Any Orson Stories?

Dear Sirs:

I am engaged in writing the biography of Orson Welles, to be published in London by Hutchinson's. I have been reading with great interest those brilliant articles on the young Orson which appeared in the Post some fifteen years ago [How to Raise a Child, by Alva Johnston and Fred Smith, Jan. 20, 27, Feb. 3, 1940] and which are probably the finest single source of reference material. . . .

Could any readers help me in any way, with anecdotes, reminiscences, early photographs, letters or cuttings? Anything loaned to me here in London will be promptly copied and returned, and acknowledged in the book itself.

PETER NOBLE
46 Abbey Road
London, N.W. 8, England

Our Veteran Readers

Dear Sirs:

In the Dec. 17 Post last week was a letter from one of your subscribers in which he was bragging that he had read the Post since 1910. . . . I have him bested by nine or ten years. . . .

I remember that the Post, when I first began reading it, made the proud boast that the circulation was more than 200,000 weekly. The circulation now is so great that you apparently do not feel it necessary to mention it.

PALMER HOGAN
Fort Worth, Texas

● *Post circulation averaged over 4,700,000 a week during the last six months of 1955. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

My first copy of the Post was dated July 15, 1899, and I have owned and read every copy of the weekly since then.

For many years I maintained an unbroken file of the magazine. I shudder to

think what my attic, or even the whole house, would look like today if I had continued the practice. . . .

EDWARD A. BARNEY
Canaan, New Hampshire

Dear Sirs:

I may not be the oldest continuous reader but I think I do pretty well as a continuous subscriber. When the Curtis Publishing Company bought The Saturday Evening Post in 1898 I think (I am not sure) and offered a three months' subscription for ten cents, I became a subscriber. My copy was the first to come to the South English post office. . . .

SARAH NOFFSINGER
South English, Iowa

● *Cyrus H. K. Curtis bought the Post for $1000 in 1897. —ED.*

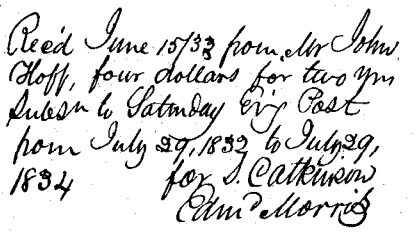
Dear Sirs:

. . . I have been a continuous subscriber to The Saturday Evening Post since I was married in 1910 and a continuous reader, as soon as I could read, after my birth in 1882. . . .

H. L. GRIFFITH
Minneapolis, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

I am enclosing a copy of a notation in an old account book of my grandfather, Dr. John Hoff of Easton, Pa. [It reads: "Rec'd June 15/33 from Mr. John Hoff, four dollars for two yrs subsn to Saturday Evg Post from July 29, 1832 to July 29, 1834"].


Rec'd June 15/33 from Mr John Hoff, four dollars for two yrs subsn to Saturday Evg Post from July 29, 1832 to July 29, 1834 for J. Calkinson Can't Morris

As far back as I can remember (I am 73) The Saturday Evening Post was always in the house—whether it was always subscription or from the newsstand I can't say—but the entry (see cut) proves it was read in the family one hundred and twenty three years ago.

MRS. JOSEPH CALDWELL
North East, Md.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I've been reading it weekly since 1895—believe earlier but can't be sure. . . .

IVAN S. RANKIN
Oakland, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I bought my first copy of The Post in April, 1894, and have been a steady reader since. At present my subscription is paid to April 1958.

MRS. KATHRINE SCHLEGEL
Santa Monica, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

. . . I have read the Sat. Eve. Post continuously since I was a child and I am eighty six years old. . . .

MRS. LUCIE RODWELL
Lenoir, N.C.

● *Reader Rodwell appears to be the winner. Anybody dispute her title? —ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Read across pages, then down:

17–Bill Shrout, United Press. • 18–Bill Shrout, Kansas City Star. • 19–Two by Bill Shrout; United Press. • 20, 21–Peter Stevens. • 22, 23–Larry Keighley. • 24–Lynn Buckham. • 25–Wide World. • 26–U. S. Navy, Wide World, Eugene Kammerman. 27–Eugene Kammerman, Wide World, James Lewicki. • 28, 29–Al Muenchen. 30–Wide World, Gene Lester, Vandamm Studio, Gene Lester. • 31–Wesley Snyder. 32, 33–Frank Ross. • 34–International. • 35–Ollie Atkins, two from Wide World; Pat Coffey. • 36, 37–Austin Briggs. • 41–Two by Hans Knopf; Wide World. 43–James R. Bingham. • 72–Ollie Atkins. • 116–Wide World, Larry Keighley, Nels Perry, anonymous, Larry Keighley.

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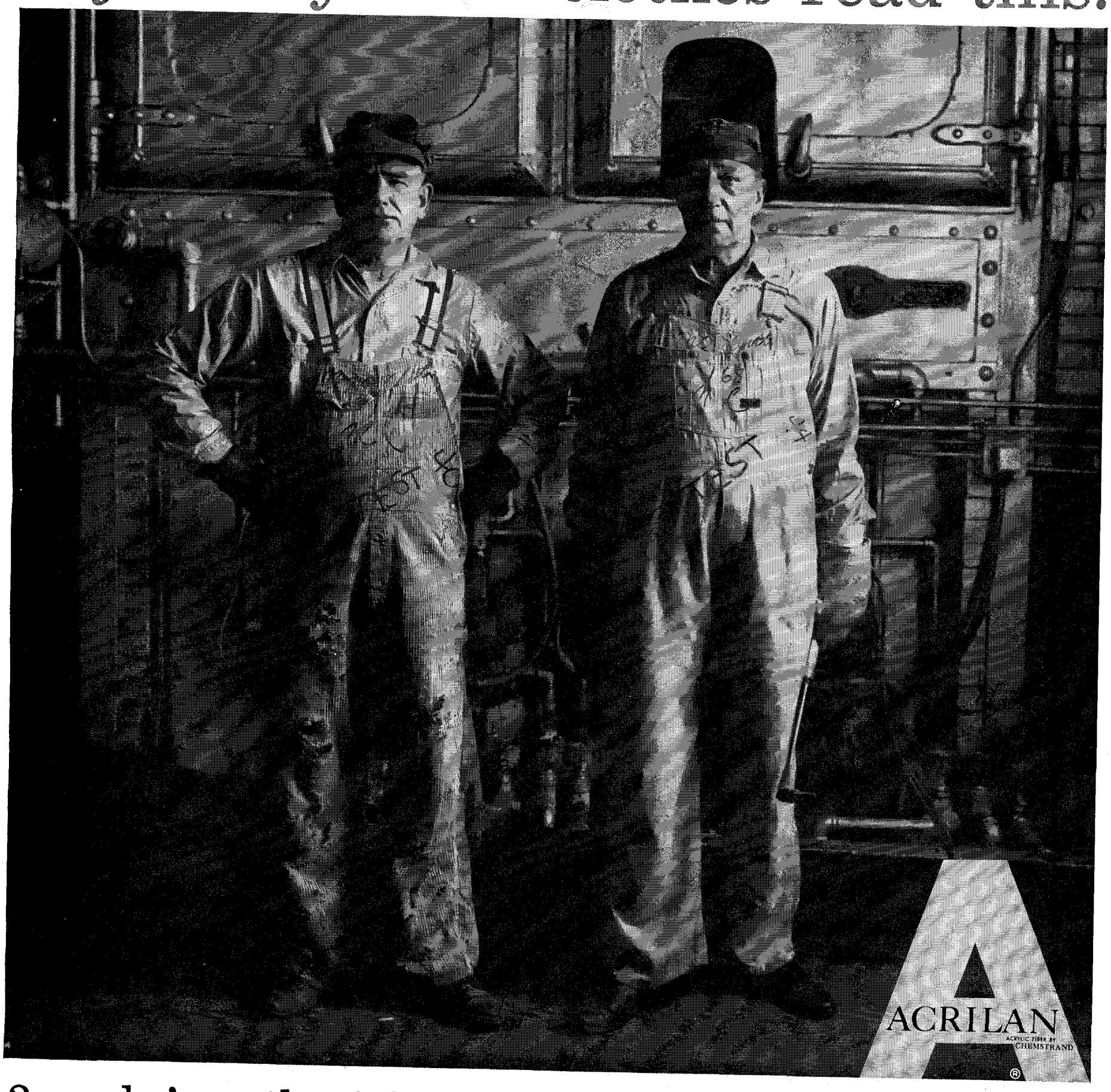
if you buy work clothes read this:



3 weeks' on-the-job exposure to acids ruined one set, but the other, made with Acrilan, still has months to go

These two sets of work clothes were tested on the toughest proving ground real life could provide—a giant industrial chemical plant. They got three weeks of hard labor—constant exposure to powerful acids and caustic chemicals, daily washing in hot laundry water. The result? Take a look. One set is ready for the rag bag. But the other, made with Acrilan, was still working eight weeks later.

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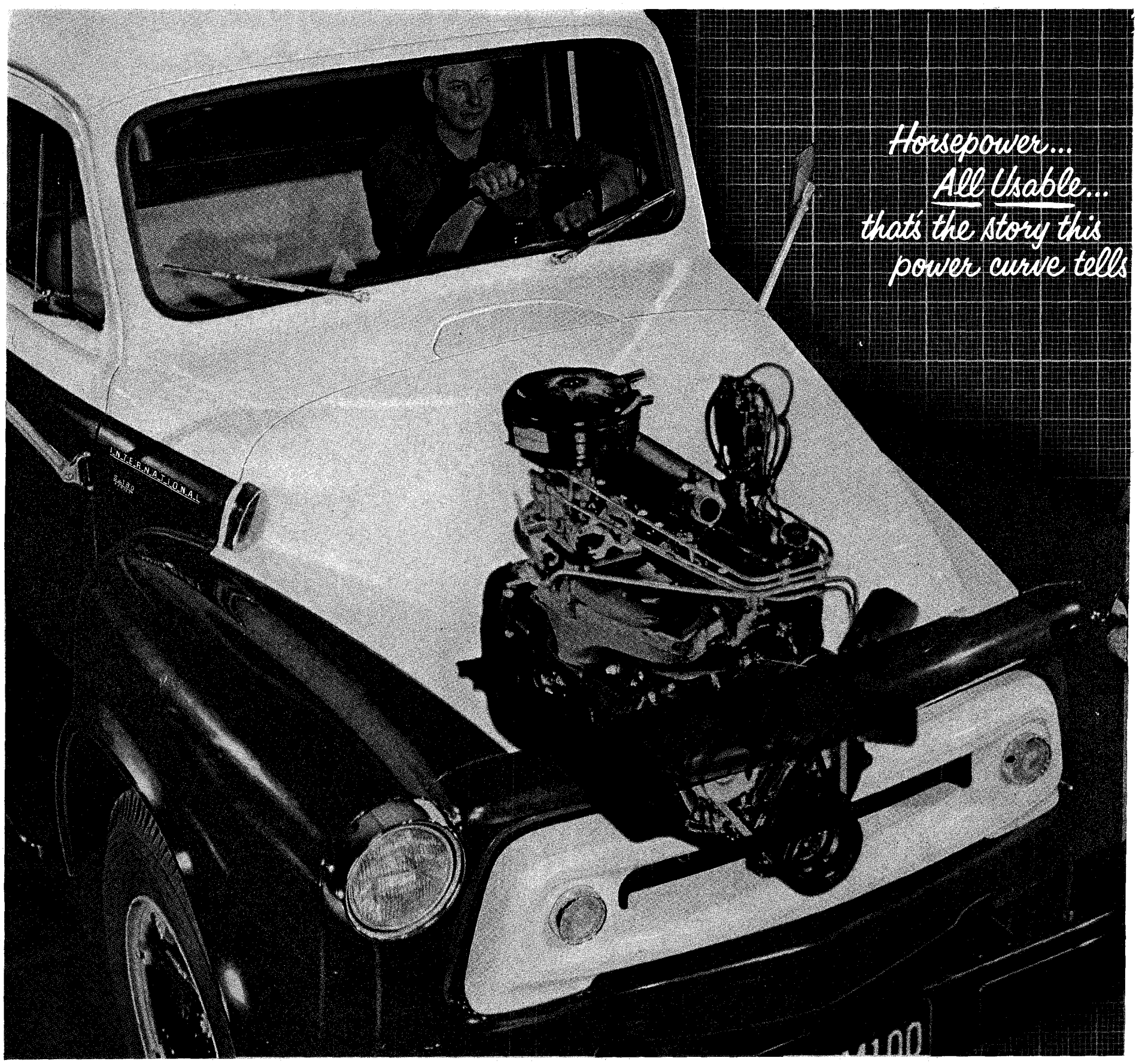

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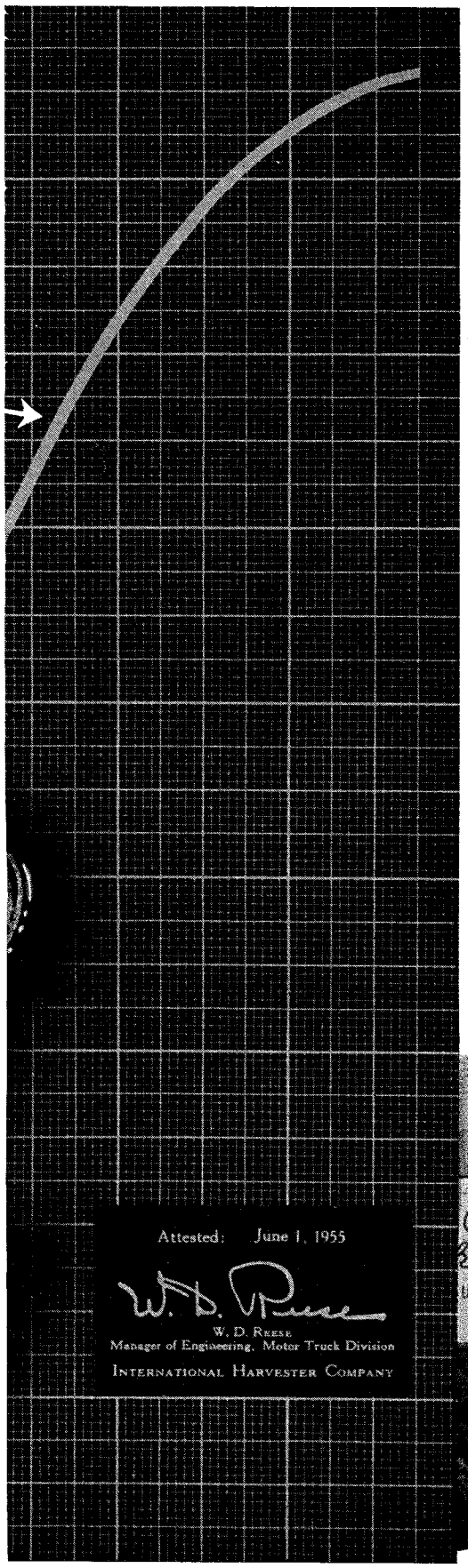

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Editorials

It's Not Just "Extremists" Who Gag at Red China

The U.N. correspondent of The New York Times commented as follows on the collapse of December's package deal which would have admitted Outer Mongolia to the United Nations:

"The fundamental cause of the disaster (sic) was not Mr. Lodge, but the Eisenhower Administration's concern over the way the right wing of the Republican Party would react to a deal on the United Nations membership question."

This, of course, is a routine pitch among the liberal illuminati. Not long before, Prof. Eric Goldman, of Princeton, told Saturday Review readers that most of the fuss over Red China was merely the clamor of a rightist lunatic fringe.

Thus the desired picture is sketched in. The Administration, according to this "liberal" interpretation, basely preferred to appease a vocal minority of Americans rather than advance the cause of world peace by knuckling under to the Kremlin. But what, in fact, is this segment of public opinion in the United States?

It is true that Senator Knowland speaks for conservative Republicans in general. But when he makes one of his forthright statements on Red China, he talks for a much wider constituency. Among members of the Senate who support his position on China and the U.N. are Democrats like Paul Douglas, of Illinois, Henry Jackson, of Washington, and Mike Mansfield, of Montana. It will be news to them that they now belong to the right wing of the Republican Party.

Just a week before the vote was taken which rejected Outer Mongolia, the new combined AFL-CIO was holding its first convention. Among the resolutions on foreign policy adopted unanimously on December seventh was this one:

"18. Our Government should firmly adhere to the policy of prohibiting the admission into the U.N. of any regime which (a) has been imposed on any nation by a foreign power, (b) which exercises effective control of the country only through denying its people the fundamental human rights specified in the U.N. Charter, and (c) which is engaged in war or has been found guilty of aggression against the U.N."

How could any Red satellite qualify for U.N. membership under that formula? The admission standard could not be more rigid if Senator Knowland had written it himself. Yet it would be a rash political expert who identified the leadership of the AFL-CIO with any segment of the Republican Party, let alone the right wing.

On December twelfth, the day before the Outer Mongolia "disaster," the governing board of the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions met in New York with President Omar Becu, of Belgium, in the chair. They ratified without a change the AFL-CIO resolution we have just quoted.

In view of all this, to reduce the Red China issue to an intraparty maneuver among Republicans is to talk dangerous nonsense. There are principles and standards of conduct involved which affect the integrity of the whole U.N. concept. It should be a matter of pride to Americans that on this vital point party lines or factional disputes mean nothing.

Rumors around the U.N. Headquarters now concern ways and means of punishing Nationalist China by a managed expulsion sometime next year for the heinous crime of vetoing the admission of Outer Mongolia, a bogus country no one even pretended to take seriously.

If any such plan is afoot, its managers might usefully remember a day eighteen years ago, when the League of Nations got rid of a member, Abyssinia, in order to placate its conqueror by aggression, Italy. Some British and French delegates thought it was a fine deal, "because we have kept our friendship with Mussolini," at a time when Il Duce seemed likely to line up with Hitler. That was four months before Munich, and two years before the celebrated Stab in the Back of 1940. Mussolini went along with Hitler anyway.

The Council of the League thought it was killing off Haile Selassie, a Banquo at the international love feast. Actually, the League was committing suicide, and the United Nations might profit by its example.

DUFFY'S CARTOON

Political Guided Missile.

There Isn't Any Republican "War Against Labor"

Columnists, labor leaders and politicians—some of them Republicans, too—have been giving out that the Republican Party, or at any rate some of its conservative members, is "fighting labor." Walter Reuther even accused some prominent Republicans of plotting to "disfranchise" the workingman. What started all this?

The most prominent Republican mentioned by these critics is Sen. Barry Goldwater, of Arizona, who has cited impressive evidence that CIO unions have contributed part of their funds, collected as dues from the members, to the Political Action Committee, which almost invariably supports Democratic candidates. Inasmuch as union dues are compulsory in "union-shop" plants, this means that many workers are compelled to give financial support to candidates who do not represent their views. Inasmuch as surveys indicate that a fair percentage of union members are Republicans, it is difficult to defend the donation of union funds exclusively to Democrats.

The contention of the union leaders is that these political contributions are voluntary, but Gus Scholle, chairman of the Michigan PAC, stated in an interview in the Detroit Free Press that the committee's activities were supported from two sources: voluntary contributions and "dues money" allocated by local unions. Dues money is, of course, supplied by people of various political beliefs. The union defense of this practice appears to be an effort to show that the various committees through which the funds were channeled were not political parties within the meaning of the Taft-Hartley Act, which forbids such contributions. Nevertheless in Michigan, Democratic candidates have been the almost invariable beneficiaries of CIO contributions, however routed through committees devoted to "education" or "citizenship."

In The CIO and the Democratic Party (University of Chicago Press) Fay Calkins, (Continued on Page 12)

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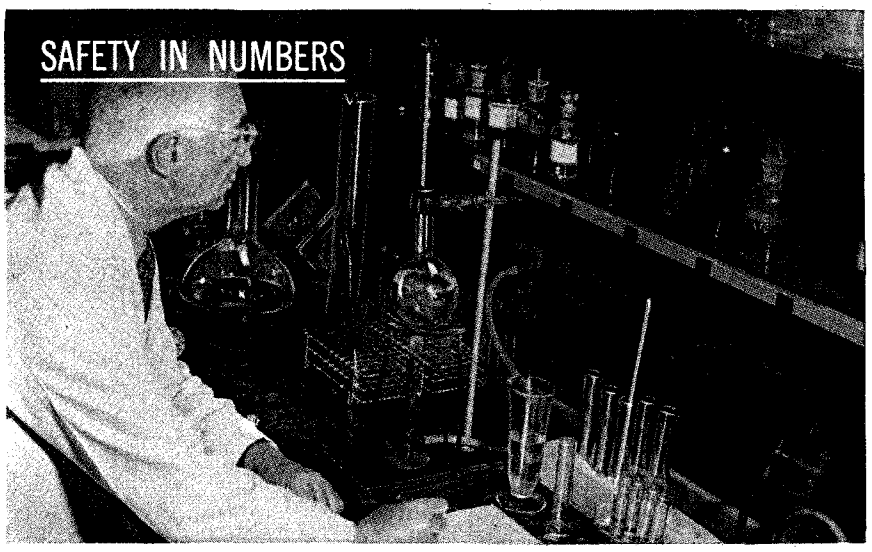
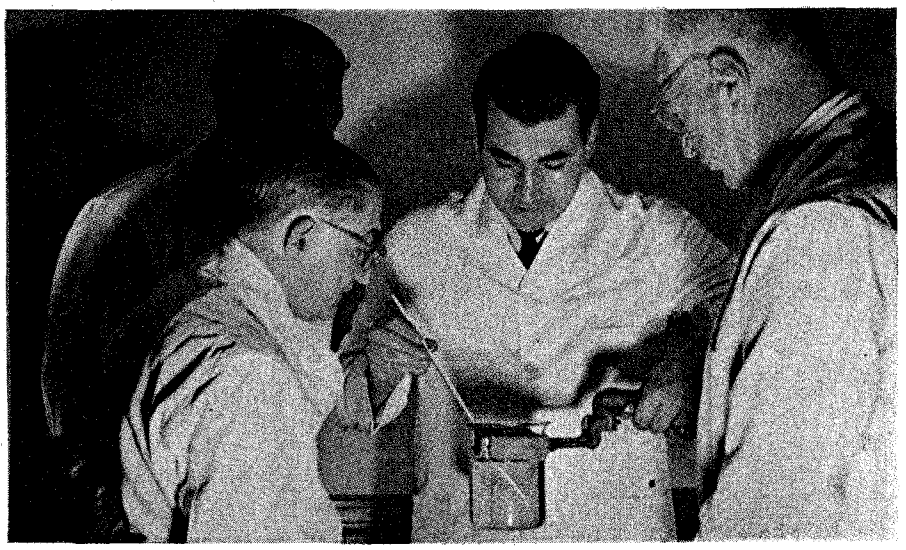
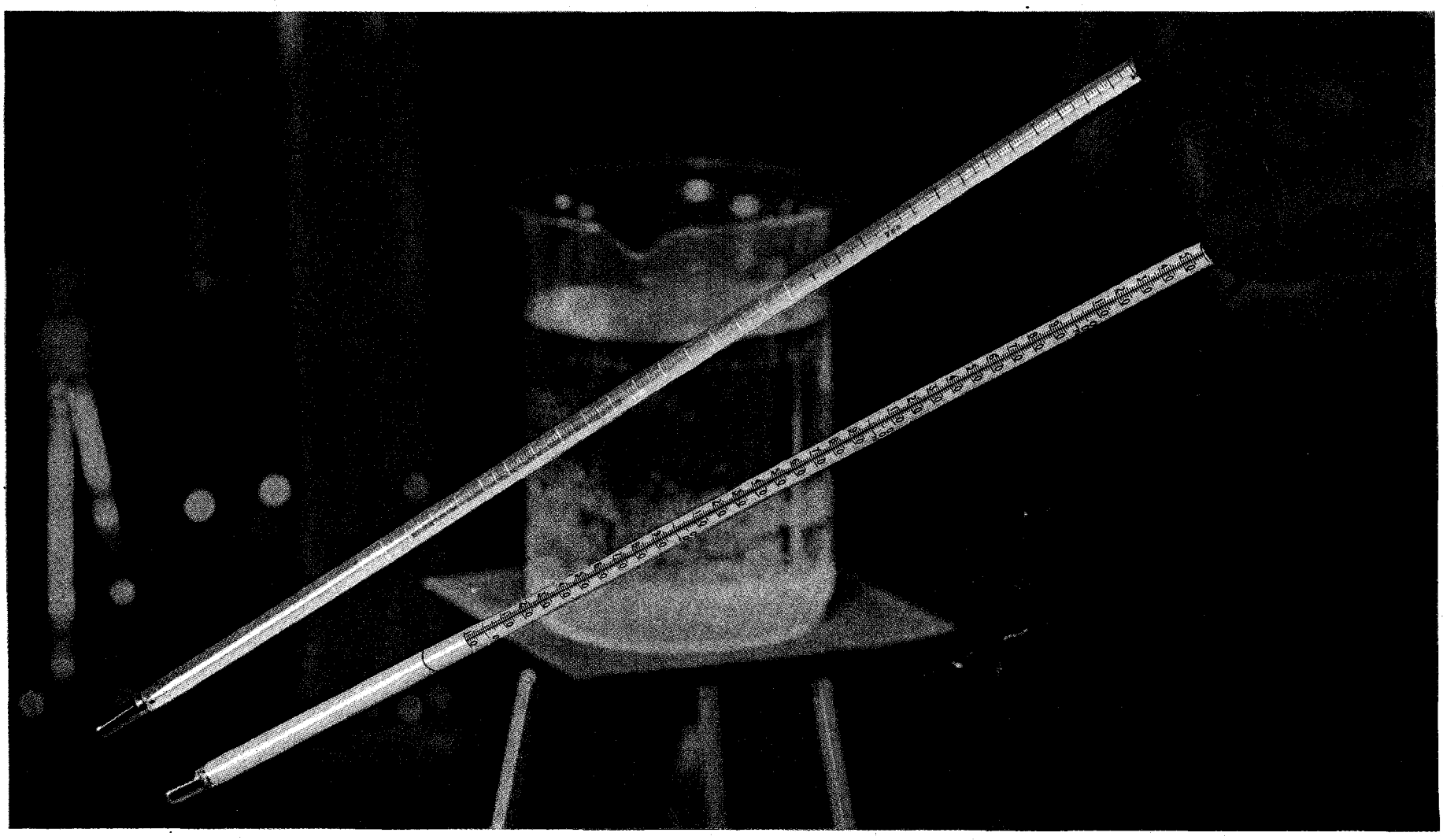


The success of scientific **research**



often depends on quick, accurate **readings**



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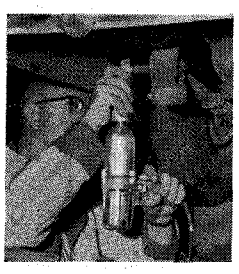

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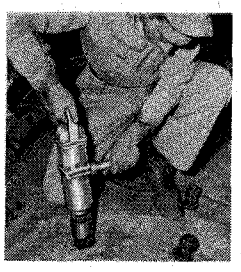

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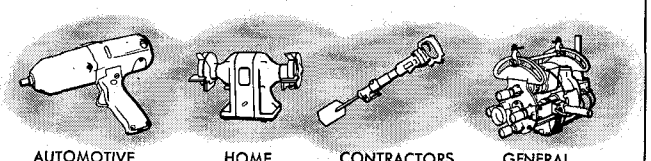

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Editorials

(Continued from Page 10)

a former CIO political worker, reports that in the 1950 campaign in Michigan "CIO unions contributed about $211,550," or 64 per cent of the total Democratic campaign fund . . . "CIO gave all but $6000 of its contribution directly to candidates rather than to the state committee . . . CIO thus used its funds not only to elect Democratic candidates but also to strengthen its position inside the liberal coalition."

This would be O.K. with everybody, if CIO were not doing it all with money paid in part by union members who do not favor Democratic candidates and who have no interest in "strengthening the liberal coalition." That's what the argument currently raging is about.

An important principle is involved in this debate, as was pretty clear to everybody in the days when the chief offenders were corporations which contributed out of their treasuries to political candidates, usually Republicans. Such use of economic power was frowned upon, not only because it violated the rights of stockholders who might be Democrats but more because it tended to put political parties and office holders into the pockets of vested interests. The shoe is now on the other foot, but the principle remains.

This is all there is to this alleged "war against labor" by the G.O.P. President Eisenhower in his message to the merged AFL-CIO urged that the "rights of minorities holding different social, economic and political views must be scrupulously protected and their views accurately reflected." That summarizes the Republican attitude on union politics.

The Cynics Haven't Yet Disposed of Greatness

During last year's discussion of Princess Margaret's days of decision, whether or not to marry the divorced Group Captain Peter Townsend, it is almost impossible to recall, among the thousands of curbstone opinions and bits of "inside information," even one which gave the Princess credit for making her difficult choice on her own courage. Some said that the Archbishop of Canterbury had "brainwashed" her, others that Prime Minister Eden had "exerted pressure," or that the Queen had given her sister such a bad time that romantic love was reluctantly rejected.

This general refusal to give the unhappy girl credit for making her sacrifice of her own free will, no doubt after "an agonizing reappraisal" of all the factors involved, is the subject of spirited comment by Rev. J. V. Langmead Casserley in the Episcopal Churchnews, published in Richmond, Virginia.

"Apparently," writes Dr. Casserley, "many of the hacks and columnists who . . . write about such things are so far removed themselves from any . . . serious moral decision and self-sacrifice that they cannot even credit the existence of such a thing in other people. . . . One of the worst symptoms of the desperate spiritual malady into which contemporary Western civilization has fallen is this widespread hatred of anything that smacks of human greatness, this envious itch to deny its presence whenever it manifests itself."

This is a serious charge against a whole generation, but it does contain a disconcerting amount of truth. The popularity of gossip columns and periodicals devoted to "exposing" prominent people lends support to Dr. Casserley's suggestion that the modern "little man" cannot endure the idea that "other people are greater than he is." Even harder to bear is the possibility that they may even be "better" than he is. A man who cannot imagine himself capable of renouncing the object of his love from a sense of duty or responsibility seeks to satisfy his sense of inadequacy by denying that such a decision could voluntarily be made by anybody.

Thus any act of greatness is dismissed as "corny." The boys on the "inside" know that the hero was just another little man like themselves, built up by "public relations" for some discreditable purpose. Nothing is sacred or even dignified to the gentry who "know all the angles." It all goes back to the reported comment by Count Metternich upon learning of the death of Talleyrand: "I wonder what he could have had in mind by dying just at this time!"

In her little book The Sure Victory (Revell) Mme. Chiang Kai-shek recalls that, when the Japanese attacked her country in 1931, she said to her mother, Mme. Soong:

"Mother, you are so powerful in prayer, why don't you pray to God to destroy Japan in an earthquake so that she can no longer harm China?"

Her mother replied, "Don't ask me to pray to God to do anything that is unworthy even of you, a mortal. 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' It certainly isn't yours."

Such a conversation sounds unlikely to cynical people who "know" that with the Soong dynasty, such intensity of religious belief could only be a cover for some dubious activity. But who is more to be pitied: the brave man or woman whose achievement of noble stature is of no account among the scribes and Pharisees, or the allegedly "modern" character whose glib skepticism deprives him of even a vicarious share in the greatness of others?

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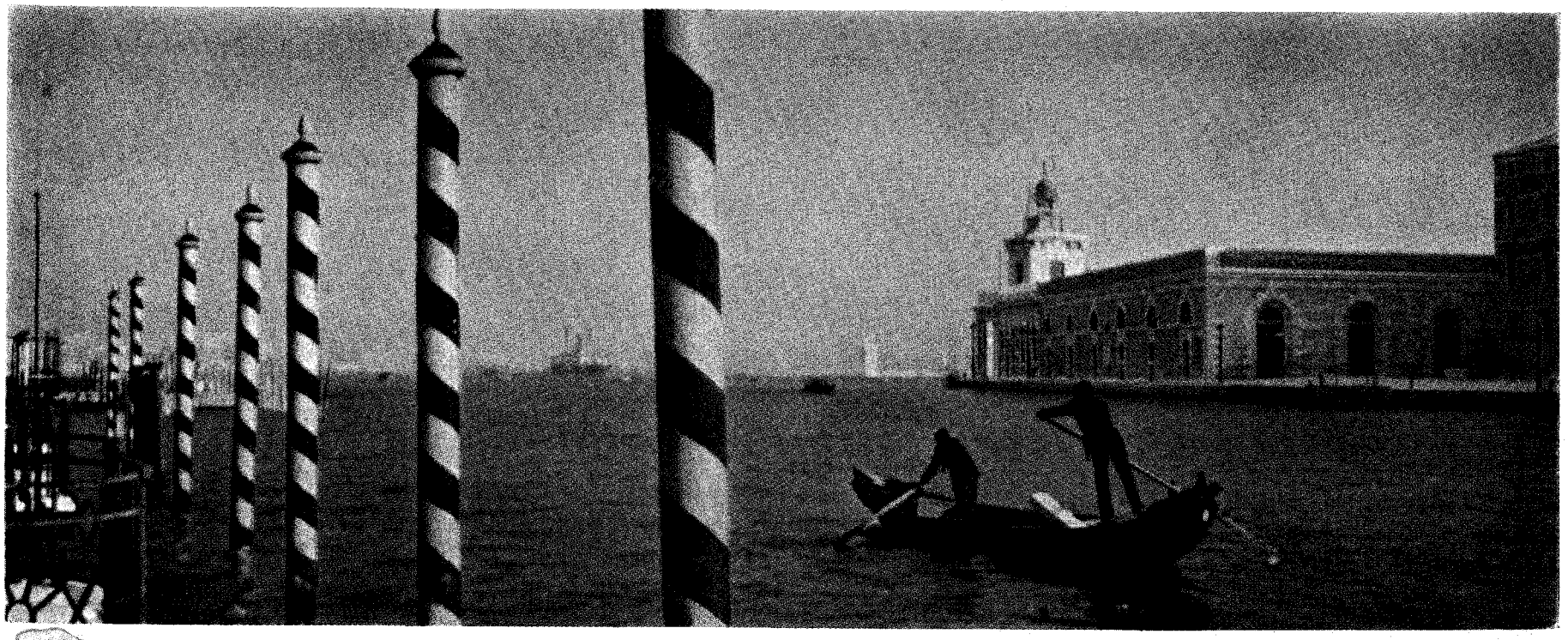

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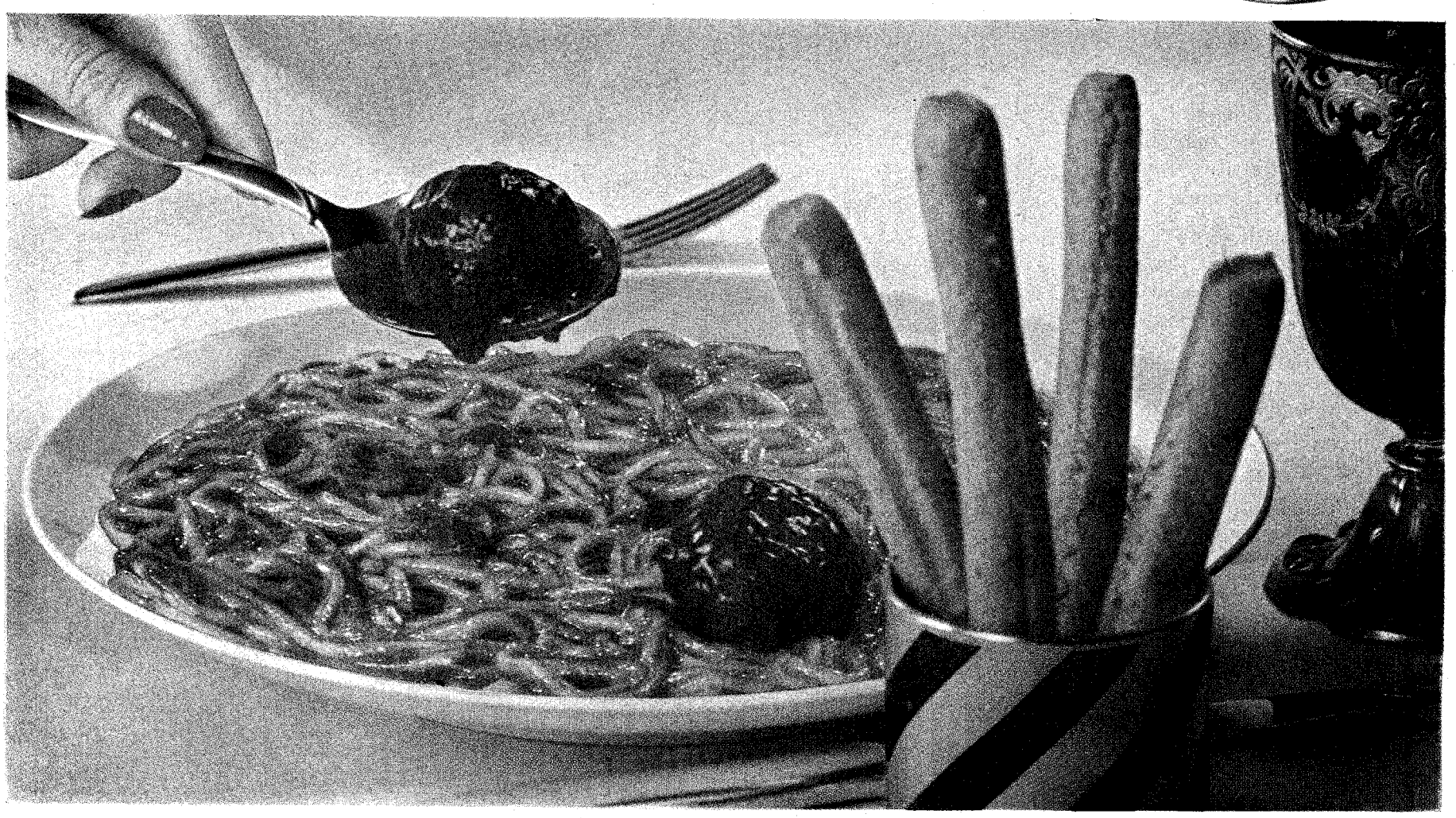

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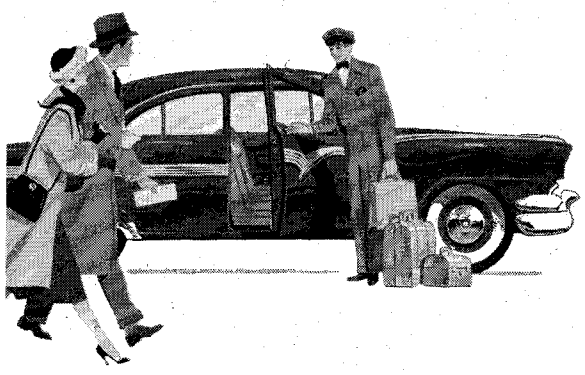

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NEWPORT BEACH—2800 West Coast Highway LIberty 8-3252
OAKLAND—480 21st St. TEmplebar 2-3377
ONTARIO—Ontario International Airport Yukon 63-9146
200 North Lemon Ave. Yukon 6-8807
ORANGE—(See Santa Ana, Calif.)
PALM SPRINGS—Palm Springs Airport 5122
209 North Indian Avenue 5122
PALO ALTO—Signal Service
Emerson and Channing Sts. Davenport 3-0593
PASADENA—10 S. Craig, Sycamore 3-8996
PITTSBURG—Ballew's Shell Service
10th & Railroad 2-6010
POMONA—Holt and White Aves. Lycoming 2-0262
REDDING—1325 Center St. 1234
RICHMOND—See Berkley, Calif.
RIDGECREST—321 N. China Lake Blvd. Inyokern 8-2891
RIVERSIDE—3595 Market St. Overland 6-3030
SACRAMENTO—Municipal Airport Office Hillcrest 5-5602
2121 13th St. at "V" Hudson 1-4803
Senator Hotel (Lobby) 383
12th and "L" Streets Hudson 1-4803
Southern Pacific R. R. Station 426
SALINAS—802 South Main Street 5369
SAN BERNARDINO—591 "E" St. 81-5373
SAN DIEGO—
San Diego Municipal Airport
Lindberg Field Airport Terminal CYpress 6-2623
820 Union St. BEImont 3-1266
El Cortez Hotel Lobby
702 Ash Street BEImont 2-0359
SAN FRANCISCO—International Airport JUno 3-3223
333 Jones St. ORdway 3-4666
1480 Folsom St. UNderhill 1-6870
SAN JOSE—Municipal Airport Cypress 2-1112
150 W. San Fernando St. CYpress 2-1112
SAN MATEO—Benjamin Franklin Hotel
44 Third Ave. Diamond 3-3285
SANTA ANA—Orange County Airport Kimberley 2-3642
First & Broadway Kimberley 3-5144
SANTA BARBARA—108 State St. WOodland 5-6596
Southern Pacific Station PL 0-0233
SANTA CRUZ—Mission and
Center Sts, 4458
STOCKTON—800 East Main Street Howard 4-1545
TRUCKEE—(Station to be opened in 1956)
UKIAH—315 South State St. Homestead 2-9949
Van Nuys—7240 Hayvenhurst Street State 6-1410
VERNON—3569 East Vernon Ave. Logan 5-3095
WATSONVILLE—440A Main Street 2-0458
WOODLAND—428 College St. 2-4150

COLORADO

ASPEN—Little Per Cent Tour & Service Aspen 3331
COLORADO SPRINGS—21 N. Cascade MEIrose 3-7753
Rio Grande Railroad Depot MEIrose 3-7753
DENVER—Stapleton Municipal Airfield CHerry 4-5471
Sky Ranch Airport EMpire 6-2663
1711 Tremont Pl. CHerry 4-5471
1733 Glenarm CHerry 4-5471
Union Station CHerry 4-5471
GLENWOOD SPRINGS—10th & Grand 396
GRAND JUNCTION—Walker Field Airport
251 Colorado Ave. 57
PUEBLO—Municipal Airport Whitney 8-3355
501 North Grand Lincoln 2-5563

CONNECTICUT

BRIDGEPORT—508 Fairfield Ave. Edison 5-2103
HARTFORD—84 High Street Jackson 2-9186
MIDDLETOWN—55 N. Main St. 6-8618
NEW HAVEN—260 Crown St., Spruce 7-6861
NORWALK—See S. Norwalk
NORWICH—394 N. Main St. Norwich 3200
SOUTH NORWALK—180 Connecticut Ave. Temple 8-6193
STAMFORD—8 South St. Davis 4-6629

DELAWARE

WILMINGTON—New Castle County Airport New Castle 2026
1218 French St. 7587

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WASHINGTON—1319-21 L St., N.W. National 8-5600
Willard Hotel, Lobby; Statler Hotel, Lobby
Union Depot

FLORIDA

BRADENTON—608 13th St. 4-3031
CLEARWATER—47 N. Fort Harrison Street 3-2527
COCOA—625 Florida Ave. Cocoa 849
DAYTONA BEACH—Municipal Airport
620 Seabreeze Blvd. 7712
DELRAY BEACH—500 North Federal Highway 9178
FORT LAUDERDALE—Broward International Airport, 216 E. Las Olas Blvd. JAckson 2-1612, 3-2932
FORT MYERS—1313 First St. 4-0561
FORT PIERCE—430 N. 4th St. 1034
GAINESVILLE—409 W. University Ave. 5600
HOLLYWOOD—Opposite FEC Ry Station
JACKSONVILLE—304 Pearl St., Elgin 4-5474
LAKELAND—320 E. Main St. Mutual 4-8591
LAKE WORTH—(See West Palm Beach)
MELBOURNE—901 New Haven Ave. 9146
MIAMI—International Airport
International Parking Garage
665 Mokena Drive Tuxedo 8-4544
29 S.W. 4th St. 82-8662
402 North Dixie Highway 2-7781
MIAMI BEACH—2331 Liberty Ave. Jefferson 8-7226
Roney Plaza Garage
OCALA—116 East Ocklawaha Avenue MArion 9-1198
ORLANDO—Municipal Airport
Terminal Building 5-1334
375 N. Orange Ave. 2-4064
PALM BEACH—242 Sunrise Ave. 3-2060
PANAMA CITY—Municipal Airport
123 West Sixth Street Po. 3-2262
PENSACOLA—
Municipal Airport 8-5832
San Carlos Hotel, Lobby 3-1977
POMPANO BEACH—327 North Dixie Highway 9332
PUNTA GORDA—(See Fort Myers, Fla.)
ST. PETERSBURG—Pinellas County Airport
Terminal Bldg. 41-0602
333 Second Ave., South 7-6777
100 Central Ave. 7-7111
ST. PETERSBURG BEACH—Pinellas County Airport, Terminal Bldg. 41-0602
444 75th Ave. 24-2271
SARASOTA—1311 Main St. Ringling 6-6811
TALLAHASSEE—Municipal Airport Lobby
Administration Bldg. 2-1723
TAMPA—Tampa International Airport 73-9321
405 E. LaFayette 2-3433
VENICE—Army Airfield 2-9381, 2-3442
VERO BEACH—(Letchworth Motors) 2546
U. S. #1 & Route #60 3939
WEST PALM BEACH—220 Okeechobee Rd. 2-4155
WINTER HAVEN—Havendale Blvd. &
U. S. 17 5-3851

GEORGIA

ALBANY—Albany Municipal Airport PL 2-0154
219 Brown Ave. Hemlock 6-3423
ATLANTA—Municipal Airport, 971
Virginia Ave., Hapeville, Ga. Cal 0167
Fulton County Airport Plaza 8-1146
Fulton Air Service Plaza 8-5722
40 Auburn Ave. Walnut 9900
Union Railroad Terminal Plaza 41-287
Atlanta Terminal Station Plaza 41-259
212-218 Whitehall St. Cy 5581
COLUMBUS—1409 1st Ave. 3-3671
MACON—Municipal Airport 2-0031
Chandler Bldg., 154 Broadway 2-5622
Macon Terminal Station 43 PL 69
SAVANNAH—21 Bull St. 4-8256

IDAHO

BOISE—Boise Air Terminal 4-4831
808 Bannock St. (Boise Hotel) 4-5511
502 Front Street 4-4831
115 S. 11th St. 3-4611
IDAHO FALLS—Yellowstone and D Sts. 914
LEWISTON—311 Third St.
MOSCOW—113 N. Main St. 2289
POCATELLO—Center and Garfield 1298
SUN VALLEY—Yellow Cab Co. 3311
TWIN FALLS—103 Main Ave., W. 53, 54

ILLINOIS

AURORA—32-44 Galena Blvd. 4291
BLOOMINGTON—901 E. Croxton Ave. 6-4770
CARBONDALE—Murdale Airport, Midwest Aero Service, Inc. Carbondale 875
215 S. Illinois Ave. 68
CHAMPAIGN—University of Illinois Airport
Savoy, Ill.
59 E. University 6-9414 or 4756
CHICAGO—Midway Airport, Term. Bldg. (Center of Terminal Building)
5651 S. Cicero Ave. REliance 5-7272
Meigs Field DElaware 7-7272
O'Hare Field, Bensenville, Ill. TUxedo 9-5855
9 W. Kinzie St. DElaware 7-7272
3949 Washington Blvd. KEdzie 3-5050
3450 N. Broadway LIncoln 9-5010
2667 N. Milwaukee Ave. ALbany 2-5050
6400 Wentworth Ave. WEntworth 6-6090
Cafarello Motel, 4848 W. 55th St. REliance 5-7272
Union Station, Canal, Adams & Jackson DElaware 7-7272
Dearborn St. Station, 47 W. Polk St. DElaware 7-7272
Chicago & Northwestern Depot
500 W. Madison DElaware 7-7272
Grand Central Station
Harrison & Wells DElaware 7-7272
218 S. Wabash Ave. (Nat'l Headquarters & General Offices) WEbster 9-5165
Cable address: HERTZCAR-CHICAGO
CHICAGO HEIGHTS—1130 Halsted St. SKyline 4-3300
DANVILLE—725 McReynolds Avenue Main 97
DECATUR—118 West Wood St. 2-8551
Wabash Railroad Co. 2-8551
Decatur Travel Bureau 2-8551
DIXON—908-910 South Lincoln 2-0221
HERRIN—1 N. Park Ave. 342
JOLIET—Louis Joliet Hotel (Lobby) 6-2912
KANKAKEE—280 East Merchant Street 2-7716
LINCOLN—206 S. Chicago St. 50, 73
MARION—See Herrin, Ill.
MOLINE—Moline Airport
1820 5th Ave. 4-6213
MURPHYSBORO—Murdale Airport Carbondale 875
1610 Walnut St. 289
PEORIA—313 Franklin St. 6-7691
QUINCY—Baldwin Municipal Airport BAldwin 2-6100
Hotel Newcomb BAldwin 2-8520
ROCK FALLS—305 West Second Street 51
ROCKFORD—217 S. Church St. 2-5511
ROCK ISLAND—See Moline, Ill.
SAVANNA—115 Main Street 6353
SPRINGFIELD—411 E. Jackson 8-7585
STERLING—(See Rock Falls, Ill.)
URBANA—See Champaign, Ill.
WAUKEGAN—626 Grand Avenue Majestic 3-2812

INDIANA

EVANSVILLE—Dress Memorial Airport 5-5959
123 N.W. Third St. 5-8633, 5-2251
FORT WAYNE—Municipal Airport
(Baer Field) Harrison 0827
235 W. Wayne St. at Webster Anthony 4495-6
Pennsylvania R. R. Station ANthony 4495
GARY—431 Virginia St. 2-2811
HAMMOND—5036 Hohman Ave. WEstmore 1-5444
INDIANAPOLIS—Weir Cook Municipal
Airport Belmont 3064
39 Kentucky Ave. Melrose 4-6464
Union Station ME 4-6464
LAFAYETTE—See West Lafayette
MARION—825 South Adams Street 1100
MUNCIE—409 East Main Street 3-4439
SOUTH BEND—Bendix Field Central 3-9649, Central 3-9333
710 N. Niles Ave. Central 3-7182
117 W. LaSalle Central 3-2197
South Shore Railroad Central 3-9333
New York Central Railroad CE 3-9333
TERRE HAUTE—1000 Wabash Ave. Crawford 5058
Union Railroad Station Crawford 5058
WEST LAFAYETTE—107-9 N. Chancey 3-1669

IOWA

AMES—Sheldon Munn Hotel 1199
BURLINGTON—Municipal Airport PLaza 2-7163
CEDAR RAPIDS—401 2nd S.E. 3-8402
CLINTON—617 S. 2nd St. 2201
DAVENPORT—Davenport Airport
308 E. 3rd 7-7748
DES MOINES—Municipal Airport
550 Seventh St. 3-1111
DUBUQUE—410 W. 8th Ave. 2-1818
Roshek Bldg. 2-1818
Julian Hotel 2-1818
Medical Associates 2-1818
Bus Depot 2-1818
Burlington Depot 2-1818
Clarke College 2-1818
FORT DODGE—601 First Avenue, South 2-2511
IOWA CITY—304 Gilbert St. 9696
KEOKUK—See Burlington, Iowa
MASON CITY—421 North Georgia 1411
OTTUMWA—1049 W. Second St. Murray 2-6146
SIOUX CITY—Municipal Airport
1300 4th St. 2-2747
WATERLOO—Municipal Airport Adams 3-0595
2117 Falls Avenue Adams 4-4146

KANSAS

SALINA—218 N. 7th St. 6471
TOPEKA—419 Jackson St. 5-4444
WICHITA—Municipal Airport
6717 West Highway 54 WHitehall 3333-1
114 N. Emporia AMherst 7-3245
Union Station AMherst 7-3245

KENTUCKY

ASHLAND—800 Winchester Ave. East 4-1644
BOWLING GREEN—817 State St. VI 3-3503
LEXINGTON—Blue Grass Field
108 De Weese St. 2-6146
LOUISVILLE—Airport (Standiford Field)
Lobby—Lee Term. Bldg. JUniper 4-4251
Bowman Field JUniper 4-4251
657 S. 3rd St. JUniper 4-4251
Union Railroad Station JUniper 4-4251
OWENSBORO—10th & Frederica 3-4331
PADUCAH—Barkley Field
207 S. Fifth St. 2-3537

LOUISIANA

BATON ROUGE—257 W. Lafayette 4-9667
HAMMOND—201 W. Thomas St. 78
LAKE CHARLES—Calcasieu Parish Airport
Terminal Building Hemlock 6-4060
530 Broad Street Hemlock 9-9019
NEW ORLEANS—Moisant International Airport, Office in Main Bldg. 21-46436
New Orleans Airport Crescent 2990
1001 Loyola Ave. Canal 1478
Roosevelt Hotel, Lobby Raymond 9721
SHREVEPORT—Greater Shreveport
Municipal Airport
Lobby, Terminal Bldg. 6-4321
218 Travis St. 2-3264-5
Chaptain Shreve Hotel Lobby 2-3264
Washington Youree Hotel
Peacock Alley 2-3264
The Shreveporter Motel 2-3264
Union Depot 2-3264

MAINE

AUGUSTA—(Shell Service Station)
173 State Street 2-0591
BANGOR—40 Pleasant St. 3781
BAR HARBOR—86-88 Cottage St. 450-1
BATH—(Gulf Service Station)
Corner Vine & Water Sts. Hilltop 3-2691
BIDDEFORD—150 Alfred St. Biddeford 3-3641
ELLSWORTH—Corner High and Main St. 8571
LEWISTON—Mobil Gas Station
Corner Bates & Main Sts. 4-5631
PORTLAND—59-69 Preble Street 3-6300
PRESQUE ISLE—5 Mechanic St. 2-7461
ROCKLAND—265 Main St. 511
WATERVILLE—9 College Avenue 2-5261

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE—Friendship International Airport LInthicum 926
27 S. Charles Street (1) LExington 9-4115
Pennsylvania Railroad Station LExington 9-4115
B. & O. Camden Station LExington 9-4115
B. & O. Mt. Royal Station LExington 9-4115

MASSACHUSETTS

BOSTON—Logan Int'l. Airport EAst Boston 7-6868
276 St. Botolph Street COpley 7-3333
73 Providence St. COpley 7-4141
60 Park Square COpley 7-4141
222 Boylston Street COpley 7-4141
CAMBRIDGE—(See Boston, Mass.)
DORCHESTER—(See Boston, Mass.)
FITCHBURGH—City Cab Co., Depot Square 5-4381
HAVERHILL—Ramsey, Inc., Railroad Square 4-4777
LAWRENCE—11 Broadway 2-3400
State 8-4428
LOWELL—500 Middlesex Street 7-7370
LYNN—(See Boston, Mass.)
NORTHAMPTON—Northampton Hotel Garage 3100
NEWTON—(See Boston, Mass.)
SPRINGFIELD—21-27 Winter St. State 8-4428
WORCESTER—340 Main St. Pleasant 5-2412

MICHIGAN

BATTLE CREEK—22 W. Jackson Woodward 5-5161
BAY CITY—623 Saginaw St. 3-3124
BENTON HARBOR—310 East Main Street Walnut 5-0292
DETROIT—Wayne Major Airport
Inkster, Mich. PArkway 1-7052
235 E. Elizabeth St. Woodward 2-3290
Fort Street Union Depot WOodward 2-3290
ESCANABA—2501 West Ludington 2468-R
FLINT—Bishop Airport
215-221 W. Kearsley St. Cedar 4-1665
FREELAND—Tri City Airport
Auburn, Mich. 2131
GRAND RAPIDS—Kent County Airport Glendale 4-1884
222 N. Division Glendale 4-1884
Union Depot 9-4149
HOUGHTON—401 Sheldon Ave. 700
IRON MOUNTAIN—1406 S. Stephenson Ave. 1000
IRONWOOD (Kevari's Aircraft Service)
Gogebic County Airport 1077 or 741W
JACKSON—119 Francis St. at Cortland 2-9260
KALAMAZOO—128 E. Water St. 5-2822
LANSING—Capital City Airport IVanhoe 4-1445
120 E. Ottawa IVanhoe 4-1445
MARQUETTE—112 Spring St. CA 6-2578 & CA 6-8332
MENOMINEE—See Marinette, Wisconsin
MIDLAND—(See Freeland, Michigan)
MUSKEGON—3rd & Western 2-2059
MUSKEGON HEIGHTS—2808 Sanford St. 3-2214
NILES—209 N. Second St. Niles 1805
SAGINAW—107 S. Water St. 3-4475
ST. JOSEPH—(See Benton Harbor, Mich.)
SAULT STE. MARIE—901 Ashmun St. Melrose 2-9155

MINNESOTA

BEMIDJI—Third & Irvine Avenue 1910
BRAINERD—100 S. 6th St. 3366
DULUTH—20 N. Third Ave. E. 2-1143
EAST GRAND FORKS (See Grand Forks N.D.)
GRAND RAPIDS—416 2nd Ave. W. FA 6-2659
HIBBING—101 E. Howard St. 772
INTERNATIONAL FALLS—207 3rd Ave. 419
MANKATO—107 N. 2nd St. 4571
MINNEAPOLIS—Wold-Chamberlain Airport, Term. Bldg. Parkway 2-4554
8th St. & Hennepin Ave. Atlantic 4444
MOORHEAD—See Fargo, N.D.
ROCHESTER—Lobb Field 3033
16 First Ave., S.W. 3033
ST. PAUL—Wold-Chamberlain Airport, Term. Bldg. Parkway 2-4554
308 Wabasha Capital 2-4828
WINONA—5th & Main Sts. 9804

MISSISSIPPI

BILOXI—511 West Beach 6201
COLUMBUS—13th & Main 9170
GREENVILLE—327 Main St. 4661
GULFPORT—14th & 24th Ave. 9406
JACKSON—209 East Pearl Street 3-5406
130 South Mills Street 3-5406
MERIDIAN—8th St. & 22nd Ave. 4774
NATCHEZ—214 State Street 5711
STATE COLLEGE (See Columbus, Miss.)
TUPELO—Hilltop Gulf Station
Highway 45, North

MISSOURI

CAPE GIRARDEAU—225 N. Fountain St. 5-5581
JOPLIN—Municipal Airport Mayfair 3-6242
401-11 Virginia Ave. Mayfair 3-6242
KANSAS CITY—Municipal Airport BAltimore 1-8455
1217 Wyandotte St. HArrison 1-6700
615 West 11th Street HArrison 1-2033
ST. LOUIS—Municipal Airport, (Lobby of Terminal Bldg.) PErshing 1-1707
15th St. & Delmar Blvd. GArfield 1-3131
Union Station
SPRINGFIELD—Municipal Airport 4-4014
219 North Jefferson 4-4014

MONTANA

BILLINGS—Municipal Airport 3-3637
1524 1st Ave., N. 3-3637
Northern Hotel Lobby 3-3637
BOZEMAN—Lynch Flying Service
Main Terminal Bldg. 290
424 E. Main St. 275
BUTTE—Municipal Airport
Butte Aero Sales and Service
226 E. Broadway 7318
CUT BANK—17 W. Main 100
GLENDIVE—203 N. Merrill Ave. EM 5-2988

LICENSED TO UMI / ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREAT FALLS—125 First Ave., North 8-8740
HELENA—1114 Breckenridge Street 5019
KALISPELL—(Shelton Charter Service) 4775 (Send Reservation to Whitefish, Mont.)
LIVINGSTON—205-213 E. Second St. 444
MILES CITY—Municipal Airport 808-J2
102-09 S. 7th St. 18, 19
MISSOULA—116 W. Front St. 6-6644
THREE FORKS—Main and Ash Sts. ,77 or 200
WEST YELLOWSTONE—Box No. 53 2351
WHITEFISH—Flathead County Airport
Term. Bldg. 9185
15 Central Ave. 2-0101

NEBRASKA

GRAND ISLAND—Municipal Airport,
Nebraska Flying Service 2907
315 North Walnut 879
LINCOLN—1017-1023 "Q" St. 2-1037
Burlington Station 2-1037
NORTH PLATTE—Municipal Airport
518 North Pine 185 & 186
OMAHA—Municipal Airport Jackson 3135
1510 South 88th Street Atlantic 2200
SCOTTSBLUFF—1422 Broadway 10

NEVADA

ELKO—Municipal Airport 28-J
LAKE TAHOE—Tahoe Tavern Garage 300
LAS VEGAS—Las Vegas Airport
Dudley 2-1234
111 Ogden St. Dudley 2-3767
Union Pacific R. R. Dudley 2-3767
RENO—Municipal Airport 3-0132
160 West First St. 3-5714

NEW HAMPSHIRE

CONCORD—Yellow Cab Co.,
Railroad Square 5-3132
HANOVER—4 Allen St. 950
LEBANON—See Hanover, N. H.
MANCHESTER—45 Water Street 2-0087
Central Parking Lot 2-0087
NASHUA—19 High St. Tuxedo 2-5155
27 Brook St. Tuxedo 2-9442

NEW JERSEY

ASBURY PARK—331 Cookman Ave. PR 5-1515
ATLANTIC CITY—City Airport 4-7112
1715-17 Pacific Ave. 4-7112
BRIDGETON—(Station to be opened 1956)
BURLINGTON—See Trenton, N. J.
CAMDEN—35 N. 5th St. WO 3-0764
ELIZABETH—380 Morris Ave.
Elizabeth 4-1114, 4-1115, 4-1116
HACKENSACK—Teterboro Airport
HAsbrouck Heights 8-9100-1
129 River St. HUbbard 9-9600-1
HOBOKEN—(Station to be opened 1956)
JERSEY CITY—82 Sip Ave.
Journal Square 3-5068, 3-5069
LAKEWOOD—244 Main St. Lakewood 6-1345
LINDEN—See Elizabeth, N.J.
LONG BRANCH—248 Broadway, Long Branch 6-3299
MILLVILLE—(Station to be opened 1956)
MONTCLAIR—18-20 Lackawanna Plaza Montclair 2-9093
NEWARK—Municipal Airport, Term. Bldg. Market 3-4040
85 Plane St. Humboldt 5-2200-01
Pennsylvania R. R. Station Humboldt 5-2200
NEW BRUNSWICK—French and Bayard St. Kilmer 5-2322
OCEAN CITY—(See Atlantic City, N. J.)
PASSAIC—800 Main Ave. Prescott 7-1879-80
Prescott 7-7100
PATERSON—McLean Blvd. and 10th Avenue Circle Mulberry 4-5338
PHILLIPSBURG—Memorial Parkway at Pickford Ave. 5-9494
PRINCETON (See Trenton, N. J.)
RAHWAY—2105-2119 U. S. Highways Nos. 1 and 25 Rahway 7-3411
RED BANK—Front St. & Maple Ave. Red Bank 6-0308
SETERBORO—See Hackensack, N. J.
TOMS RIVER—Main & Snyder Sts. Toms River 8-1214
TRENTON—19 Heil Ave. EXport 2-5125
101 S. Clinton Ave. OWen 5-9097
(Across from Penn R.R. Station)
WINELAND—(Station to be opened 1956)
WHIPPANY—Rte. No. 10 Whippany 8-0371
WRIGHTSTOWN—Railroad Avenue Raymond 7268

NEW MEXICO

ALAMOGORDO—Rocket Court 1280
ALBUQUERQUE—713 W. Central 7-1561
213 Copper Avenue, N.W.
CARLSBAD—Municipal Airport,
Term. Bldg. 5-5236, 5-6124
Main & Greene Sts. 5-6161
CLOVIS—117 E. Grand Ave. 3443
FARMINGTON—Municipal Airport, Term. Bldg. Davis 5-9371
GIBBS—400 N. Turner 3-5343
ROSWELL—Municipal Airport 3788
SANTA FE—
Washington & Marcy St. 3-6181, 3-5152

NEW YORK

ALBANY—Municipal Airport, Term. Bldg., Watervliet, N. Y.
72 Hudson Ave. 5-4539
AUBURN—Holder Driv-Ur-Self, Inc.
BATAVIA—12 Ellicott St. Batavia 1229
BINGHAMPTON—Broome County Airport
Hotel Arlington Garage, Chenango and Lewis Sts. 4-2401
BUFFALO—Municipal Airport, Term. Bldg. PL. 4772
75 W. Huron St. Cleveland 6441, 6935
CROTON-ON-HUDSON—
365 Riverside Ave. Croton 1-8418
ELMIRA—853-863 Dickinson St. 3-5588
FREEPORT—(See Hempstead, New York)
GENEVA—Castle & Main Sts.
Geneva 2258, 2522
GLENS FALLS—Hotel Queensbury 2-8525
GREAT NECK—21 Maple Drive Great Neck 2-1276
HARMON-ON-HUDSON
See Croton-on-Hudson, N. Y.)
HEMPSTEAD—181 N. Franklin St. Ivanhoe 3-6229
HILTON—(Gulf Service Station)
ITHACA—Albany & Seneca Sts.
JAMESTOWN—Holder Driv-Ur-Self
LAKE GEORGE (See Glen Falls, N. Y.)
LAKE PLACID—Main Street & Mirror Lake Drive Lake Placid 47
LAWRENCE—368 Central Ave. Cedarhurst 9-4475
LOCKPORT—4 Center St. Rockwell 9-2475
MONTAUK—East Main Street & Montyatt Avenue MOunt Kisco 6-5727
NEW ROCHELLE—281 North Ave. New Rochelle 3-9300

NEW YORK—
East Side Airlines Terminal,
38th St. & First Ave. MUrray Hill 8-7744
West Side Airlines Terminal
436 West 42nd Street LOngacre 3-4436
310 E. 48th St. MUrray Hill 8-7744
41 Vanderbilt Ave. (Reservations only) MUrray Hill 8-7744
Plaza Hotel, 59th St. Entrance Plaza 5-9481
407 E. 61st St. Plaza 5-9481
115 E. 75th St. Regent 7-2525
219 W. 77th St. Susquehanna 7-4100
Grand Central Terminal MUrray Hill 8-7744
Pennsylvania R. R. Station MUrray Hill 8-7744
BROOKLYN—920 Union St. Nevins 8-9326
10 Clinton St. Triangle 5-3590
QUEENS—LaGuardia Airport (Adjacent to Gate 7) Twining 8-1153
New York International Airport (Idlewild) Olympia 6-5934
70-09 Austin St., Forest Hills Liggett 4-2042
78-02 Roosevelt Ave., Jackson Heights Havemeyer 9-7110
BRONX—1941 Jerome Ave. Cypress 9-2345
NIAGARA FALLS—125 Main Street 8531
OGDENSBURG—Holder Driv-Ur-Self, Inc.
PLATTSBURGH—Plattsburgh Municipal Airport 411
Court & Marion Sts. 411
POUGHKEEPSIE—11 Raymond Ave. 277
ROCHESTER—Airport, Hyland Flying Service, Scottsville Rd. Genesee 7657
39 Stone St. Hamilton 0535
SARANAC LAKE—Saranac Lake Airport
SARATOGA SPRINGS (See Glen Falls, N. Y.)
SCHENECTADY—Albany Airport, Watervliet, N. Y.
900 State St. 6-6181
SOUTHAMPTON—50 Nugent St. SOuthampton 1-0140
SYRACUSE—537 S. Warren St. 74-6578
TROY—Albany Airport, Watervliet, N. Y. Ashley 2-3142
2329—6th Ave. Ashley 2-3142
UTICA—62-64-66 N. Genesee St. 5-1133
WATERTOWN—219 Franklin St. 300
WHITE PLAINS—268 Westchester Ave. 8-3024
YONKERS—12 Hudson St. 5-0411

NORTH CAROLINA

ASHEVILLE—Haywood and Page 7754
CHAPEL HILL—Cor. Franklin & Columbia Sts. 8458
CHARLOTTE—Douglas Municipal Airport, Term. Bldg. 7-5579
435 W. Trade St. EDison 3-9160
DURHAM—Raleigh-Durham Airport, Terminal Bldg. 4-5862
Cor. Cleveland & Liberty 4993-4
FAYETTEVILLE—100 Green St. 3-0469
GREENSBORO—Greensboro High Point Airport Terminal Bldg. 4-7101
121 S. Davie St. 4-7101
HICKORY—Municipal Airport Terminal Bldg. 3-6366
127 - 33rd St., S.W. 3-6366
HIGH POINT—Greensboro High Point Airport Terminal Bldg. Greensboro 4-7101
117 S. Wrenn St. 7975
RALEIGH—Raleigh-Durham Airport, Terminal Bldg. 3-6657
609 Fayetteville St. 9646
WILMINGTON—300 North 3rd St. 4144
WINSTON-SALEM—Smith Reynolds Airport 2-9134
Corner 5th and Spruce Sts. 4-6559

NORTH DAKOTA

BISMARCK—323 - 4th Ave. 57
FARGO—Hector Airport 2-7115
723 N. P. Ave. 2-7115
GRAND FORKS—University at 3rd 4-4264
MINOT—24 N. Main St. 4-1104

OHIO

AKRON—Akron-Canton Airport Canton 9-7836
Akron Municipal Airport Stadium 4-1211
61 S. High St. Jefferson 5-5050
Union R. R. Station Je 5-5050
Sheraton-Mayflower Hotel Je 5-5050
Howe Hotel Je 5-5050
Portage Hotel Je 5-5050
CANTON—Akron-Canton Airport HYacinth 9-7836
210 Walnut Ave., N.E. GLendale 6-8161
Onesta Hotel GL 6-8161
St. Francis Hotel GL 6-8161
Belden Hotel GL 6-8161
Penn R. R. Station GL 6-8161
CHILLICOTHE—171 Bridge St. 6396
CINCINNATI—Greater Cincinnati Airport
Boone County, Ky. Dixie 1-8080
Lunken Airport EA 1-7711
1130 Sycamore St. Cherry 1-8079
Sinton Hotel Cherry 1-8079
Union Station—Main Lobby CH 1-4410, CH 1-8100
CLEVELAND—Cleveland-Hopkins Airport ORchard 1-4400
1790 E. 11th St. CHerry 1-4400
1906 E. 40th St. EXpress 1-0188
Union Terminal Concourse,
Public Square EX 1-0188, CH 1-4570
Pennsylvania Railroad Station
55th & Euclid EXpress 1-0188
COLUMBUS—Airport—Administration Bldg. Douglas 6063, CApitol 1-4949
84 N. Front St. CApitol 1-4949
88 North Front Street CApitol 8-4507
Union Depot CApitol 1-4949
COSHOCTON—235½ S. 5th St. 2271, 3254
DAYTON—Municipal Airport, Lobby, Term. Bldg. Mo 4-5961
117 W. 2nd St. Hemlock 6301
Dayton Union Railway Hemlock 6301
DELAWARE—11 Spring St. 2-2432
DOVER—(See New Philadelphia, Ohio)
ELYRIA—372 Broad Street Elyria 3385
Greystone Hotel Elyria 3483
JACKSON—(See Waverly, Ohio)
LIMA—Municipal Airport, Aviation Corp. RFD No. 4 8-9341
125 W. North St. 9-8266
MANSFIELD—29 S. Walnut St. 3474-6
Pennsylvania R. R. Station 3474-6
MARIETTA—Cor. 2nd & St. Clair Sts. Marietta 1652
MARION—170 E. Center St. 2-9973
MASSILLON—219 Lincolnway, E. 2-0126
NEWARK—Cor. 5th & Church Sts. FAirfax 9-0871
NEW PHILADELPHIA—1st Drive & Allen Lane, S.W. 4-2316, 4-2945
PORTSMOUTH—730 5th St. Elmwood 3-7040
SPRINGFIELD—27 N. Fisher St. 3-9611
TOLEDO—Toledo Express Airport LU-7-2475
410 Jefferson Avenue CHerry 4-3747
Toledo Union Terminal CH 4-3747
Pennsylvania Station CH 4-3747

WARREN—Municipal Airport
Youngstown Airways, Inc. Warren 3400-1
345 High St. 5-2177
WAVERLY—Emmitt & Clough Sts. 9367
YOUNGSTOWN—Municipal Airport Liberty 5-6417
Youngstown Airways, Inc. Warren 3400-1
326 W. Boardman St. 4-5007

OKLAHOMA

ENID—216 West Maple ADams 4-6165
OKLAHOMA CITY—Municipal Airport Melrose 4-4437
6 W. Main St. Central 2-3104
Union Depot Central 2-3104
Santa Fe Terminal Central 2-3104
Downtown Airpark Central 2-3104
PONCA CITY—Municipal Airport Rogers 5-7106
TULSA—601 S. Boulder Ave. CHerry 2-8151
Union Depot CH 2-8151
Alvin Plaza Hotel GI 7-7181

OREGON

EUGENE—495 W. 7th 5-4257
KLAMATH FALLS—927 Klamath Ave. 2-1234
MEDFORD—Municipal Airport 3-4293
29 S. Bartlett 2-2395
PENDLETON—Temple Hotel Garage 108
PORTLAND—Portland Int'l Airport
5720 Northeast Marine Drive Atlantic 2-3000
Portland-Troutdale Airport Lincoln 5581
1225 S.W. 12th Ave. Capitol 2-9696-7-8
SALEM—195 S. Commercial St. 4-1451
Southern Pacific Depot 4-1451

PENNSYLVANIA

ALLENTOWN—421 Linden St. Hemlock 4-6385
ALTOONA—Blair County Airport, Martinsburg, Pa. Altoona 3-7388
1020 Green Ave. 2-3200
Pennsylvania Railroad Station 2-3200
BRADFORD—356 W. Washington St. Ext. 9360
BRISTOL—4th Ave., U.S. Rt. 13 St. 8-4321
CARBONDALE—Main St. & Lincoln Ave. 2382
CARLISLE—288 E. High St. 559
CHAMBERSBURG—S. Main St. Extension 1241, 1225
CHARLEROI—15 McKean Ave. Hudson 3-5587
CHESTER—1125-31 Edgemont Ave. Chester 4-2248
EASTON—See Phillipsburg, N.J.
ERIE—Erie Airport—12th & Asbury Rd. 3-1109
117 W. 10th St. 4-6486
GREENSBURG—624-632 S. Main St. 384
HARRISBURG—131 S. 3rd St. CEdar 3-4576
JOHNSTOWN—315 Bedford St. 5-2211
LANCASTER—223 Queen St. N. 2-6326
Pennsylvania R. R. Station 2-6326
McKEESPORT—5th Ave. & Huey St. Orchard 2-6145
MT. POCONO—(See Stroudsburg, Pa.)
NEW CASTLE—125 W. Grant St. 5130
NORRISTOWN—300 W. Elm St. 8-8450-1
PHILADELPHIA—International Airport Saratoga 7-9988
North Philadelphia Airport ORchard 3-3347
1301 Race St. Rittenhouse 6-6065
1616 Hunting Park Ave. (Near N. Phila., R.R. Sta.) Gladstone 5-8080 & 5-6400
No. Philadelphia Penn. R. R. Station BAldwin 3-7101, GLadstone 5-6400
Pennsylvania Railroad 30th St. Station Rittenhouse 6-6065
Baltimore & Ohio R.R. Station Rittenhouse 6-6065
PHILIPSBURG—Black Moshannon Airport Philipsburg 6-R-4
PITTSBURGH—Greater Pittsburgh Airport Amhurst 4-5515
County Airport Homestead 1-6800, 1-4300
631 Stanwix St. Grant 1-5050
20 Tunnel St. Atlantic 1-4838
1127 Western Ave. Allegheny 1-7180
450 Melwood St. Mayflower 1-0333-4-5-6
READING—235 N. 4th St. 3-5201
SCRANTON—Wilkes-Barre-Scranton Airport
Avoca, Pa. GL 7-5980
311 N. Washington Dlamond 3-1414
Delaware, Lackawanna & Western R.R. Station DI 3-1414
SHARON—Sharon Airport 2-0610
Budd Ave. 5508
Kimberly St. 2-6881
STATE COLLEGE—(See Altoona and Philipsburg)
STROUDSBURG—Main & William Sts. Stroudsburg 9181
WEST CHESTER—High & Chestnut Sts. West Chester 9856
WILKES-BARRE—Wilkes-Barre-Scranton Airport, Avoca, Pa. OL 5-1161
150 N. Main St. VA 3-4223

RHODE ISLAND

PAWTUCKET—18 Goff Ave. PA 3-3700
PROVIDENCE—Rhode Island State Airport Hillsgrove 1-1968
1 Dorrance Street Gaspee 1-0522
WESTERLY—N. Y., N. H. & H. Railroad Station WE 2166
WOONSOCKET—664 Front St. 5000

SOUTH CAROLINA

CHARLESTON—Municipal Airport 141 Calhoun St. 3-4522
COLUMBIA—Columbia Airport 4-8939
Lobby, Wade Hampton Hotel 4-8939
GREENVILLE—Municipal Airport 236 W. Washington St. 3-8178

SOUTH DAKOTA

ABERDEEN—Municipal Airport 23 Third St. 3996
HURON—356 Dakota Ave., South 6440
PIERRE—202 E. Capitol St. 622
RAPID CITY—325 West Blvd. Fillmore 2-7350
SIOUX FALLS—Municipal Airport 2-3141
320 S. First Ave. 2-3141
WATERTOWN—115-10th Ave., N.W. 2417

TENNESSEE

BRISTOL—Tri-Cities Airport
Lobby, Hotel General Shelby North 2188
CHATTANOOGA—Municipal Airport 9-6612
119 E. 9th St. 7-6528
CLARKSVILLE—(Station to be opened 1956)
JACKSON—107 Main St. 7-3311
JOHNSON CITY—Tri-Cities Airport
906 Claibourne Ave. 2779
KINGSPORT—Tri-Cities Airport
KNOXVILLE—Knoxville Municipal Airport
703 S. Gay St. 3-0378 3-6183

MEMPHIS—Airport Term. WH 2-5061
110 S. 2nd St. (Adjacent to Peabody Hotel) 37-6326
Hotel King Cotton 83 PL 136
Hotel Claridge 83 PL 133
Union R.R. Station 83 PL 5
Ill. Central R.R. Station 83 PL 134
NASHVILLE—Municipal Airport 5-7361
221 McLemore St. 5-5618
175—8th Ave., N. 6-8123
OAK RIDGE—Oakridge Turnpike 5-7664

TEXAS

AMARILLO—Municipal Airport DRake 6-6686
509 Pierce DRake 6-8173
Herring Hotel DR 6-8173
AUSTIN—Municipal Airport 53-4953
110 E. 7th St. 53-4953
BEAUMONT—Jefferson County Airport 4-3052
BROWNSVILLE—International Airport
8th & E. Levee Sts. 2-3561, 2-3914
CORPUS CHRISTI—Municipal Airport, Lobby Term. Bldg.
706 North Carancahua St. TU-4-6580
DALLAS—
Love Field Airport Dixon 2621
Amon Carter Field Andrew 2-2447
1326 Commerce St. (Adolphus Garage) Randolph 7800
Union Station Randolph 7800
EL PASO—International Airport,
Term. Bldg. 2-6044
400 N. Mesa Ave. 3-3798
FT. WORTH—Greater Ft. Worth Int. Airport (Amon Carter Field) Main Bldg. ATlas 4-2593
Love Field Airport Dixon 2621
809 Commerce St. (Biltmore Garage) Fortune 2326-7
Texas Hotel Fortune 2326
Hilton Hotel Fortune 2326
Texas & Pacific Railroad Fortune 2326
HARLINGEN—1000 W. Harrison 3800
HOUSTON—Municipal Airport
8320 Travelair OLive 4-1580 & 4-1331
1919 San Jacinto CApitol 8-9583-4-5
Shamrock Hotel Garage MOhawk 5-5702
Ben Milam Hotel Garage CApitol 2-1510
Union Station 114
Southern Pacific 431
KERRVILLE—Schriener Field
700 Water St. 64
LUBBOCK—Municipal Airport
1313 Main St. POrter 3-4747
McALLEN—1621 W. Highway 6-7411
MIDLAND—Midland-Odessa Air Term.
Airport Office 6-4032
Midland Mun. Airport No. 1 4-4001
Midland-Odessa Air Terminal 6-4032
Scharbauer Hotel Lobby 2-8645
ODESSA—Midland-Odessa Air Term.
Airport Office 6-4032
ORANGE—(See Beaumont, Texas)
PAMPA—Lewis Aircraft Service
526 N. Dwight 4-9019
PORT ARTHUR—(See Beaumont, Texas)
SAN ANGELO—Municipal Airport 4484
Twohig and Oakes 4484
SAN ANTONIO—International Airport
Lobby Terminal Bldg. TA 6-6561
230 Nacogdoches St. 3-6693
Plaza Hotel Garage, Corner of Villita St. and Dwyer Ave. CApitol 2-8122
TERMINAL—See Midland-Odessa
WICHITA FALLS—Municipal Airport 3-2280
903-8th St. 3-2280

UTAH

CEDAR CITY—Municipal Airport 657
198 N. Main St. 476
LOGAN—Logan Cache Airport
Valley Airmotive, Inc. 651-W, 2113
MOAB—Moab Airport
(Byrd Aviation Co.) 20-R-2
OGDEN—1970 Washington Blvd. 4-0511
Union Pacific R. R. Station 4-0511
PRICE—Carbon Airport
Carbon Emery Flying Service 083-R2
304 East Main 909
PROVO—175 N. 1st W. FRanklin 3-9500
SALT LAKE CITY—Municipal Airport Administration Bldg. Lobby Elgin 9-4904
449 S. Main St. EMpire 4-5050
Union Pacific Station EMpire 4-5050
D. & R. G.—W. P. Empire 4-5050
VERNAL—Municipal Airport 480W

VERMONT

BURLINGTON—Municipal Airport 2-3102
Central Terminal 4-6811
MONTPELIER—107 State St. CA 3-9035
Central Vt. R.R. Station CA 3-5292
RUTLAND—122 Merchants Row Prospect 3-2774
WHITE RIVER JCT.—Cities Service Station West Lebanon 1156

VIRGINIA

BRISTOL—Tri-Cities Airport
Lobby, Hotel General Shelby North 2188
CHARLOTTESVILLE—Preston Ave. at 9th 2-8191
DANVILLE—544 Patton Street 4011
LYNCHBURG—Lynchburg Airport 7-2424
NEWPORT NEWS—Patrick Henry Airport 8-2436
NORFOLK—Municipal Airport Lowel 3-0709
204-210 Boush St. MAdison 2-1019
PETERSBURG—104-110 W. Bank St. Regent 2-9845
RICHMOND—Richmond Byrd Airport 97-2040
107 N. Sixth St. 2-1800
Broad Street Railroad Station 2-1800
Main Street Station 2-1800
ROANOKE—Municipal Airport
Woodrum Field 4-7611
111 Commonwealth Ave., N.E. 7532
WILLIAMSBURG—Williamsburg Restoration, Inc. 330
WINCHESTER—210 N. Loudon St. 3848

WASHINGTON

BELLINGHAM—1200 Cornwall Ave. 764
ELLENSBURG—8th and Main Sts. 5-5444
EPHRATA—(Stiltner's Shell Service) 228
MOSES LAKE—Broadway and Alder Sts. Rockwell 5-4033
OLYMPIA—618 S. Columbia St. 5733
PASCO—609 W. Lewis 9085
PORT ANGELES—107 E. Front St. 3585
PULLMAN—(Martin's Garage) 8511
RICHLAND—Desert Inn 7-3360
SEATTLE—Seattle-Tacoma International
Airport (Lobby) CHerry 2020
1413 - 7th Ave. MUtual 5050
King Street Station MUtual 5050
Union Station MUtual 5050
SPOKANE—Municipal Airport
Geiger Field RIverside 2777
1103 W. Sprague Ave. RIverside 2777
TACOMA—Seattle-Tacoma International
Airport CHerry 2020
714 Broadway Market 8165
Union Pacific Depot Market 8165
WALLA WALLA—20 E. Alder St. 130
WENATCHEE—1st & Columbia Sts. NOrmandie 2-5520
YAKIMA—132 North First St. 2-9965

WEST VIRGINIA

BLUEFIELD—Mercer County Airport,
Terminal Bldg. 8901
Scott St. 8901
CHARLESTON—Kanawha County Airport,
Term. Bldg. 6-4134, 3-7679
220 Virginia St., W. 3-7679
CLARKSBURG—415 Traders Ave. 4-7751
HUNTINGTON—Tri-State Airport 7161
915-6th Ave. 7161
PARKERSBURG—Wood County Airport
Terminal Bldg. GArfield 2-6427
614 Juliana St. GArfield 2-6427
WHEELING—Wheeling Ohio County Airport Wheeling 1693
2110 Main St. Wheeling 1693
WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS—
Greenbrier Hotel, Box 200B 110 Extension 54

WISCONSIN

APPLETON—112 W. Washington St. 3-1381
BOULDER JUNCTION—Boulder Junction Airport (Open May 1 to October 31) 202 3-1381
EAGLE RIVER—Richmond Standard Service 388
EAU CLAIRE—505 S. Dewey St. 2-3493
FOND DU LAC—Merrill & Main Sts. 472
GREEN BAY—311 N. Monroe Hemlock 5-7469
HURLEY—(See Ironwood, Mich.)
KENOSHA—5313 - 13th Ave. OLympic 7-3141
LA CROSSE—Fourth and King Sts. 2-7100
MADISON—313 W. Johnson St. Alpine 5-4577
MANITOWOC—8th and Chicago Sts. 8744
MARINETTE—450 Bridge St. 2-3334-5
MILWAUKEE—Milwaukee County Airport
Mitchell Field SH 4-3413
Curtis Wright Airport Hilltop 5-7222
1001 N. Jefferson BRoadway 1-1147
710 N. 5th St. BRoadway 6-8692
Chicago & Northwestern Railway Depot BRoadway 1-1147
Milwaukee Railroad Depot BRoadway 6-8692
Northshore Ry. Depot BRoadway 6-8692
Medford Hotel BRoadway 6-8692
Plankinton Hotel BRoadway 1-1147
Pfister Hotel BRoadway 1-1147
MINOCQUA—(See Woodruff)
OSHKOSH—Main and Polk Sts. Blackhawk 3842
PRAIRIE DU CHIEN—123-127 S. Beaumont Rd. 26
RHINELANDER—120 S. Brown St. 798
SHEBOYGAN—Corner 9th & St. Clair 7077
STEVENS POINT—115 Church St. 2825-6
STURGEON BAY—15 S. Third Ave. 950
SUPERIOR—1226-39 Ogden Ave. Export 4-4409
WAUSAU—530 Washington St. 5855
WOODRUFF—Arbor Vitae Airport 9333

WYOMING

CASPER—200 W. 1st St. 2-0923
CHEYENNE—Municipal Airport 2-3366
415 W. 16th St. 8-8601
Plains Hotel 3-3323
CODY—1125 - 13th St. 971
JACKSON—Jackson Airport — 026J12, 234M
Francis Standard Service, P.O. Box 557 380
LARAMIE—Municipal Airport 3566
100 S. 3rd St. 2918
MORAN—Jackson Lake Lodge 2231
NEWCASTLE—Main & Summit 61
POWELL—Okay Chevrolet Company
P.O. Box 270 348
RIVERTON—108 N. Third East 800
ROCK SPRINGS—110 Elk St. EM 2-5351
SHERIDAN—30 N. Brooks St. 75
WORLAND—300 Culbertson 242-J

CANADA

ALBERTA

CALGARY—113 - 7th Ave., E. 2-1030
DRUMHELLER—Excelsior Motors 450
EDMONTON—10341 - 106th St. 2-5262
MacDonald Hotel Office
No. 3 Ground Floor 4-2514
LETHBRIDGE—1234 - 3rd Ave., S. 4038
RED DEER—5073 - 43rd St. 2503

BRITISH COLUMBIA

CRANBROOK—Cranbrook Airport
145 S. 8th Ave. Jupiter 6-4644
KAMLOOPS—465 Victoria St. 1200
NANAIMO—Island Motors and Supply Bldg., Terminal Ave. 320
PENTICTON—2 Front St.
Day—4245-4156, Night—5747-2165
PRINCE GEORGE—487 George St. 377
QUALICUM BEACH—Qualicum Beach Garage
TRAIL—1299 Bay St. 286
VANCOUVER—Vancouver International Airport Richmond 0646
1148 West Georgia Street Pacific 4922
VICTORIA—Patricia Bay Airport, Sidney, B. C. Sidney 192
927 Douglas 4-5511
800 Douglas St. 4-4423

MANITOBA

BRANDON—11th and Rosser 4464
WINNIPEG—Municipal Airport
174 Lombard St. 936-249, 927-555
Royal Alexandria Hotel 936-249
St. Regis Hotel 936-249
C. P. R. Station 927-555

NEW BRUNSWICK

FREDERICTON—Embledon Bros.
Woodstock Rd. 9039
LANCASTER—(See Saint John, N. B.)
MONCTON—1677 W. Main Street 4-7348, 4-5418
SAINT JOHN—20 Smythe St. 3-3634

NEWFOUNDLAND

SAINT JOHN'S—115-119 Duckworth St. 4847
Newfoundland Hotel Lobby 5623

NOVA SCOTIA

GLACE BAY—(See Sydney, N. S.)
HALIFAX—Top of Blower's St. 3-9311
Canadian National R.R. Station 3-9311
NEW GLASGOW—216 Stellarton Road 2-6141
NEW WATERFORD (See Sydney)
NORTH SYDNEY (See Sydney)
SYDNEY—191 Argyle St. 6472, 5066
SYDNEY MINE (See Sydney)
WINDSOR—Stannas St. 3307
YARMOUTH—Yarmouth Airport 1097
Hillcrest Motors, Ltd., Main St. 1097

ONTARIO

ANSONVILLE—Lornie's Taxi 63
BELLEVILLE—424 Beecker Ave. 311
BRACEBRIDGE—Manitoba St. 103
BRANTFORD—257-259 Colborne St. 3-2959
CHATHAM—80 William St., S. 2580
COBOURG—377 William St., East 28
DRYDEN—59 King St. 65
FORT FRANCES—265 Scott St. 508
FORT WILLIAM—May and Myles St. 3-7411
GUELPH—101 Macdonnell St. 5350
HAMILTON—193 King St., West Jackson 9-8171-2
KAPUSKASING—75 Dominion Ave. 793-W
KENORA—221 Main St. 9443
KIRKLAND LAKE—151 Government Rd., W. 177
KITCHENER—73-75 Frederick St. 2-3400
LONDON—345 Dundas St. 4-5283
NIAGARA FALLS—1871 Falls St. 840
NORTH BAY—113 Main St., E. 101
OSHAWA—143 King St., East 5-3541
OTTAWA—Cor. O'Conner & Slater Sts. 4-5094
Union Station 4-5094
PETERBORO—203 King St. 2-0419
PORT ARTHUR—76 N. Cumberland St. 5-5615
PORT HOPE (See Cobourg, Ontario)
ST. CATHARINES—77 Geneva St. MU 2-8695
SARNIA—Corner Front & Exmouth St. ED 7-2381
SAULT STE. MARIE—844 Queen St. E. AI-3-5111
SUDBURY—813 Copper Cliff Road Osborne 4-4975
THOROLD—(See St. Catharines, Ontario)
TIMMINS—241 Pine St., S. 2035, 2036
TORONTO—Malton Airport CHerry 1-9347
25 Dundas St., W. EMpire 4-4101
2378 Yonge St. HUdson 9-1881
Union Station EMpire 4-4101
Gray Coach Lines Ltd. Terminal EMpire 4-4101
Ford Hotel EMpire 4-4101
WATERLOO—See Kitchener
WELLAND—64 Niagara St. 3317
WINDSOR—196 Park St. West Clearwater 4-7212
WOODSTOCK—47 Norwich Ave. 2216W

QUEBEC

MONTREAL—Peel-Windsor Garage
Dominion Square Building UN 6-3415
QUEBEC—Airport (Ancienne Lorette)
571 First Ave. 4-2200

SASKATCHEWAN

MOOSE JAW—
Caribou & First, N. W. 3545
REGINA—1864 Broad St. 6633
SWIFT CURRENT—151 First Ave., E. 4381

ALASKA

ANCHORAGE—5th Ave. and "I" St. 22201, 22211
FAIRBANKS—Third & Wickersham 4004
KODIAK—Mission Road 3081

MEXICO

ACAPULCO—Calazda M. Aleman 167 1-89
MEXICO, D.F.—Municipal Airport 22-48-42
Colon 33 21-26-79
Reforma 26 13-56-44
TIJUANA, B. C.—Calle Segunda y Avenida Madero 13-70

HAWAII

HILO, HAWAII—Big Island U Drive 3185
HONOLULU, OAHU—Honolulu International Airport, 2400 Kalakaua 9-5221
LIHUE, KAUAI—Achor's Kauai Motor Tours 2931
WAILUKU, MAUI—Paschoal's Gray Line Motor Tours 32-3162

NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND—22 Wakefield St. 44-085
18 Clarence St. 71-608
CHRISTCHURCH—92 Gloucester St. 65-479
NELSON—Achilles Ave. 3789
WELLINGTON—10 Egmont St. 52-238

CUBA

HAVANA—Calle 23 esq. a O
Vedado U-8837

HAITI, W. I.

PORT-AU-PRINCE—16 Rue Eugene Bourjolly 3742, 3731

PUERTO RICO

SAN JUAN—Lobby, Normandie Hotel (Main Office) 2-0404, 2-1575
Condado Beach Hotel (Puerto Rico Tour, Inc.)

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

KINGSTON—83 Harbour St. 3041

VIRGIN ISLANDS

ST. CROIX—9 King St., Frederiksted 89

ENGLAND

LONDON—7 Eccleston St. Sloane 0022
Victoria, S.W. 1

IRELAND

DUBLIN—Collinstown Airport 46851
Ex 267
Haddington Rd., Baggot St. Bridge 62005, 69492
LIMERICK—Shannon Airport
62 O'Connell St. 266

FRANCE

NICE—10, Avenue Cyrille-Besset 819-97
PARIS—99-101 Avenue de Neuilly
Neuilly, s/Seine Sablons 98-13

BELGIUM

ANTWERP—104, rue Haringrode 39.39.80
Cable address—Behermdrive—Antwerp
BRUSSELS—96, rue de Livourne 37.28.29
20 a 68, rue de Hennin 48.65.70
Cable address: BEHERMDRIVE—Brussels

HOLLAND

AMSTERDAM—7 Lodewijk Boisot St. 82103

SWITZERLAND

GENEVA—11, Rue Mont-Blanc 32 81 23
Cable: Swissrentcar
LUCERNE—Horwerstrass 81 2 75 55
Cable Address: AUTOEPPER
ZURICH—Zurich Airport 93 74 71
Ext. 27.20
Muellerstr.12 23 66 66
Cable Address: HERTZCAR—Zurich

ITALY

ROME—E.T.A.—Via Sicilia 36-38 485-054

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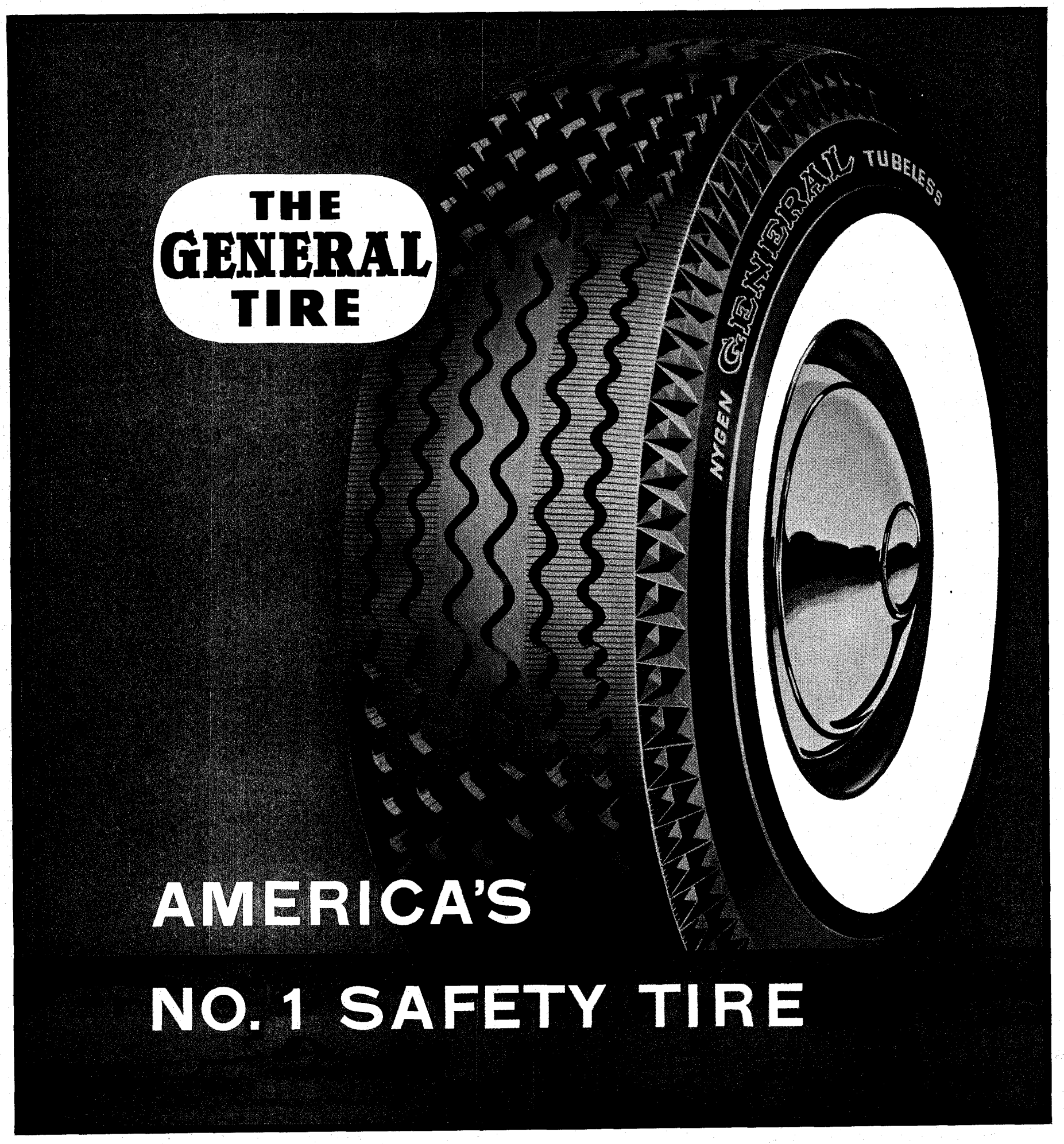

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THE GENERAL TIRE...GOES A LONG WAY TO MAKE FRIENDS

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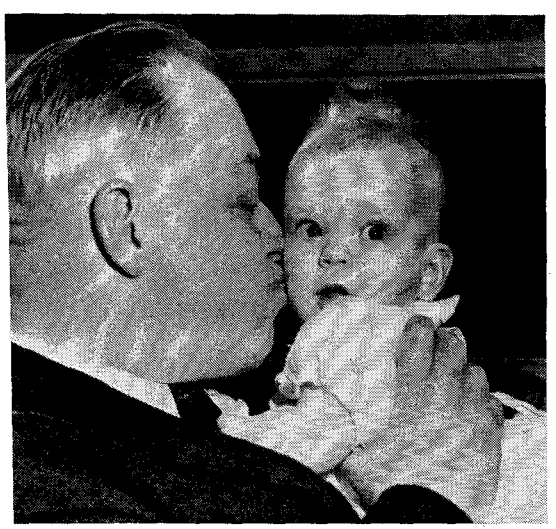
The Saturday Evening
POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY
Benj. Franklin

THE COLOSSAL MAYOR OF KANSAS CITY

BY HARTZELL SPENCE

His Honor. He is for God and country, home and fireside, virtue, freedom and Kansas City. Of him his wife says, "Papa can do anything."

H. Roe Bartle refused to run for office until convinced it was his duty as a citizen and ex-Boy Scout. But now that he's mayor, just look at that fat man go!



Campaigner at work. In the election, he received twice as many votes as his nearest opponent.

Kansas City, Missouri, is currently annexing seventy square miles of additional territory, and the town's humorists assert that this expansion has only one purpose: to give the new mayor elbowroom.

The mayor needs plenty of space. He weighs 300 pounds, stands six feet three, and speaks in a mating-moose voice audible for an eighth of a mile. He eats two-pound steaks and pickled beets for breakfast, and his name is also a mouthful: Harold Roe Bennett Sturdyvant Bartle.

Kansas City and Bartle have converged at an hour of manifest destiny. The Midwest metropolis came suddenly of age in 1955 when it acquired a major-league baseball team. Now the city is self-consciously trying to be big league instead of cow town, even if this means paying thirty cents for a hot dog at the new ball park or adopting daylight-saving time.

Bartle has been big league in a half-dozen fields, and is the town's liveliest booster. He was inaugurated for a four-year term on April 11, 1955, the very day the Detroit Tigers arrived in Kansas City to help celebrate the inaugural of big-time baseball. If you like symbolism, make the most of this conjuncture, for Bartle's ambition is to make his city the economic axle of America, the prototype of municipal virtue, and a World Series winner—in sum, urban champion of the world.

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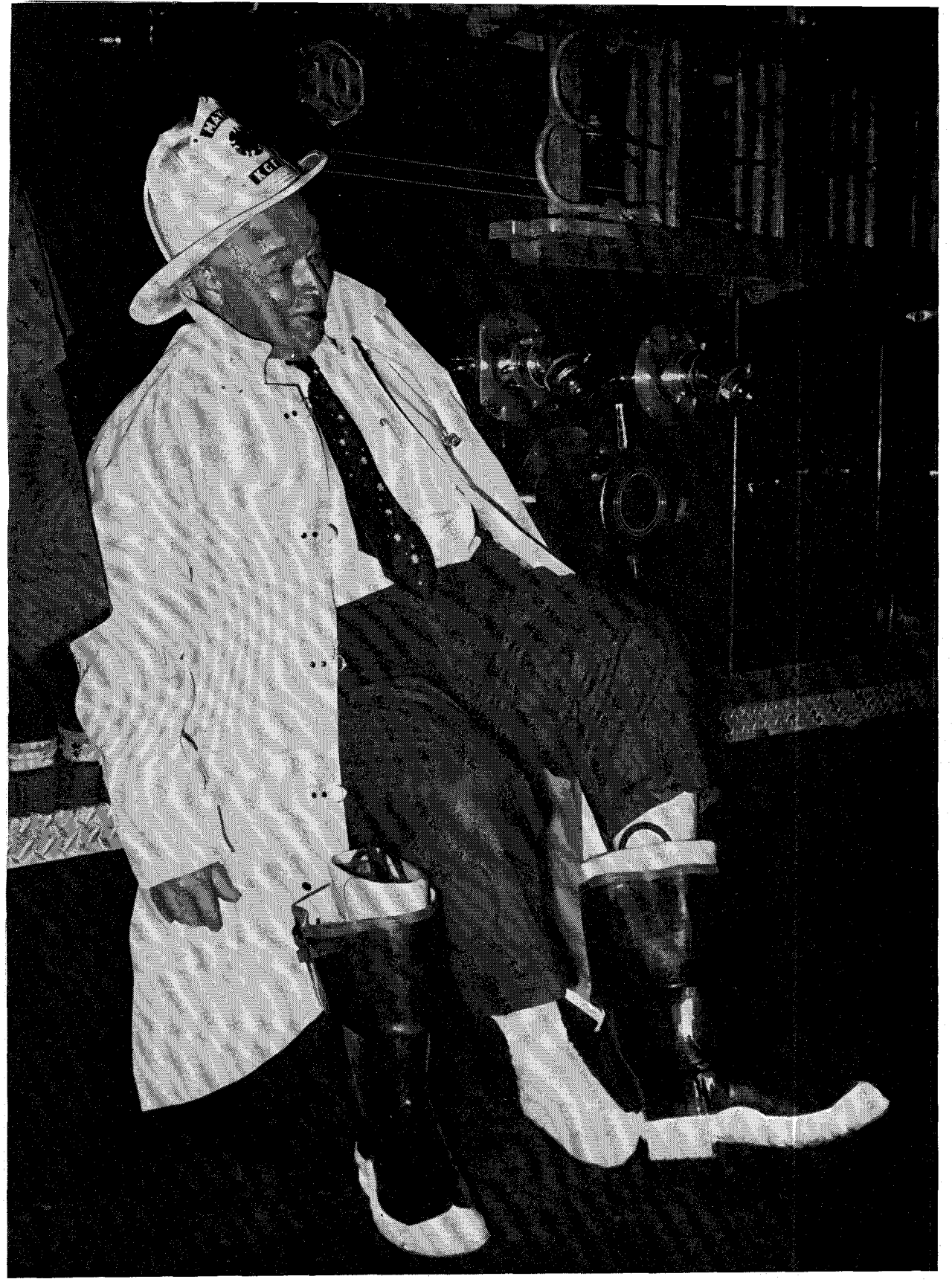
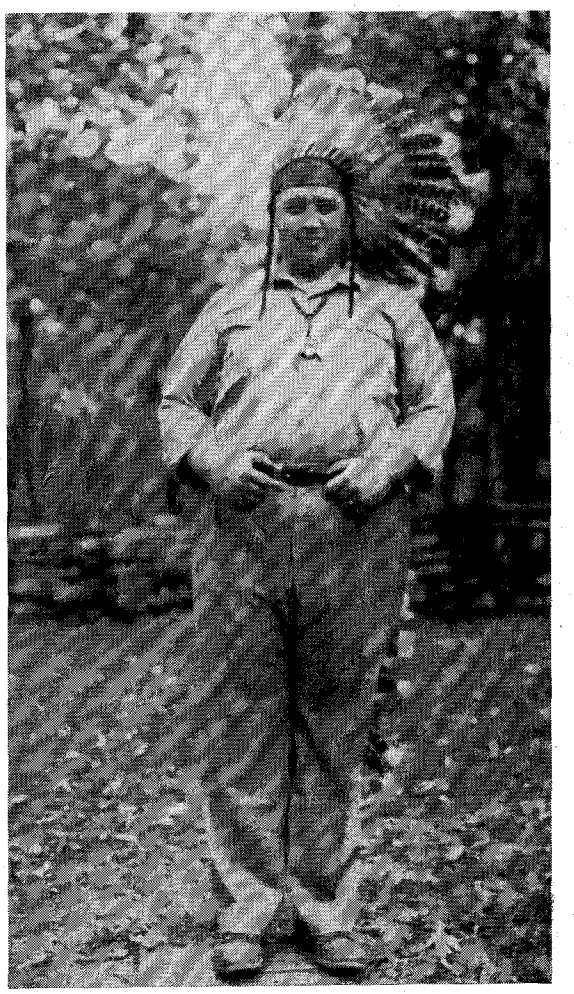


A tireless 300-pounder, Mayor Bartle tries on a king-sized outfit given to him by Kansas City firemen.



As chief of the Mic-O-Says, a Boy Scout tribe, in 1929.

Outwardly, but only outwardly, Bartle is a noisy show-off. Many Kansas Cityans think he is merely a big, windy Boy Scout. For twenty-seven years he was chief executive of the Kansas City area of the Boy Scouts of America. In this capacity, he has donned Size 52 shorts to hike with his Scouts, paraded on horseback in silver spangles, and war-danced as Chief Mic-O-Say in an Indian headdress six feet long. Once he made a speech while clad in a purple suit, pink vest and red necktie, to prove that in America a man may dress as he pleases.

Almost everyone in Kansas City has heard Bartle, for he speaks publicly at least once a day, and often five times. He has orated in schools, hospitals and stadiums, at factory picnics and sales meetings, on radio and television. He has covered the male and female luncheon- and dinner-club circuits *in toto*, with repeats, and volubly presented tens of thousands of awards to an entire generation of Boy Scouts. When not otherwise engaged, he occupies church pulpits, at the rate of forty engagements a year.

Bartle loves to exhort important citizens to contribute to noble, tax-deductible causes. He whoops it up for the Boy Scouts, the Community Chest, college scholarships or Protestant, Catholic and Jewish philanthropies. On the record, he is probably the greatest oratorical money snatcher in America. Every year he travels afar to speak at some fifty fund-raising banquets; he also makes at least fifty similar appearances annually in the Kansas City area. Much of his fund-raising oratory for several years past has been for clients of Cumeford, Inc., a fund-raising agency. By a happy coincidence, Bartle is the organizer of Cumeford, Inc.

When he raises his voice no amplifier is needed. In 1937, keynoting the Rotary International convention in Nice, France, his opening salvo blew the tubes in a public-address system. "That's all right," Bartle assured his audience. "I'm wired for sound myself." When he addressed the Rotary Club, of Phoenix, Arizona, the Optimists Club was in session at the same hotel. The Optimists complained that even through two closed doors, Bartle was drowning out their own speaker. "Then open the doors," Bartle retorted, "and I'll talk to both clubs at once."

It is doubtful if anyone in Kansas City understands the multiple personality that makes the mayor at once an exhibitionist, a passionate do-gooder, a sentimentalist and a self-made millionaire. As a Scout leader, he favors sober self-denial; as a practical man of affairs, he serves as chairman of the finance committee of Milgram Stores, grocers, and the biggest independent liquor dealers in Missouri.

He seems to enjoy small mystifications. For example, he conceals his age, even from his wife and daughter, though he is obviously about sixty years old. He even puzzles Roy A. Roberts, the astute president and editor of the Kansas City Star. Says Mr. Roberts, "You can say almost anything you like about Roe Bartle—call him demagogue, opportunist, tycoon or dedicated saint—and you will be correct, but you will speak only half truths. Nobody knows Bartle. He is too complex to be figured out."

Bartle did not want to be mayor of Kansas City. "It was put upon my heart and soul," he says, "to accept the mantle of honest leadership." But there is more to the story than that. He had already decided to retire from Scouting in 1956, and channel his energies into a new project. As a Scout leader, he was convinced that nowhere were young men and women educated specifically for youth-leader-

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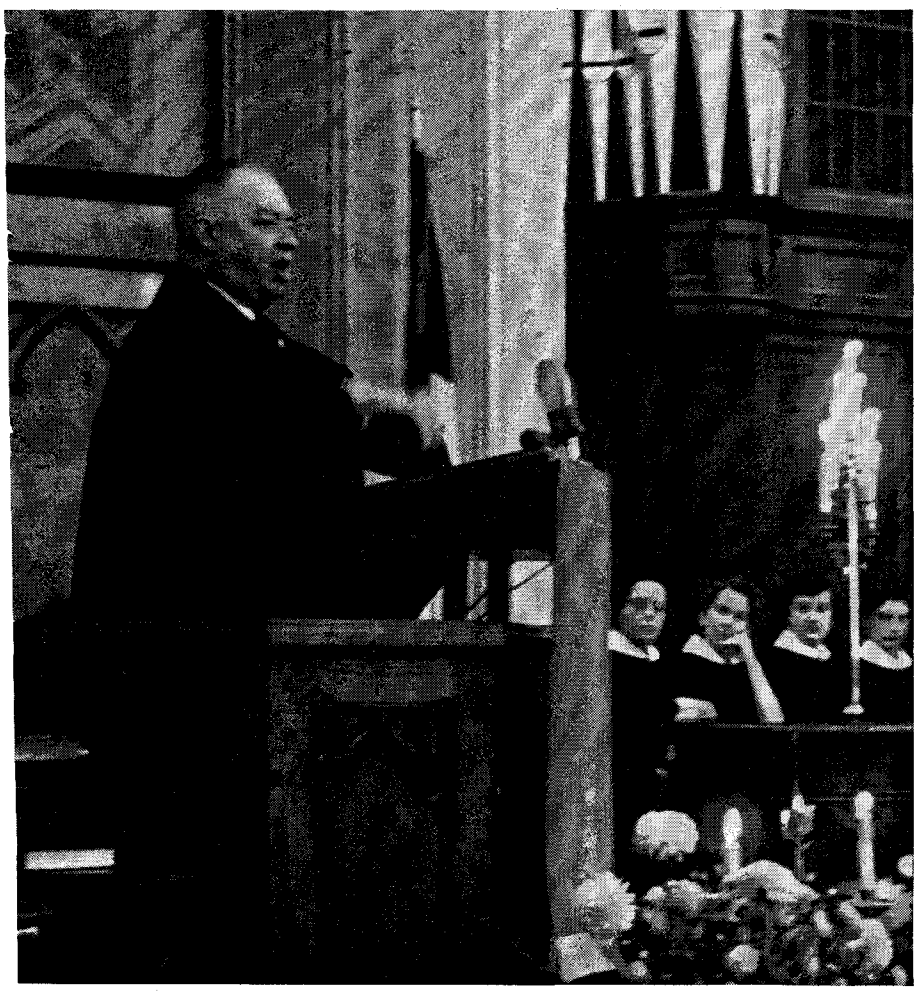
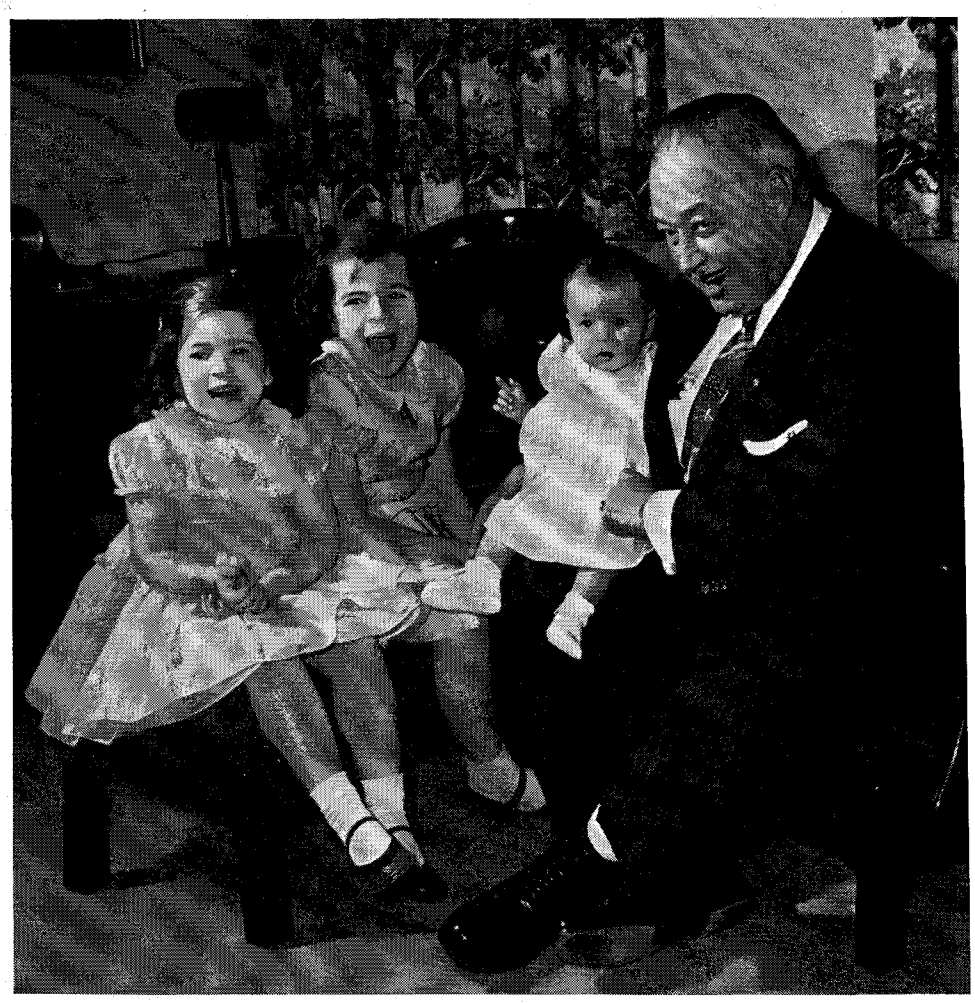


The pious son of a Presbyterian clergyman, Bartle is a popular lay minister.



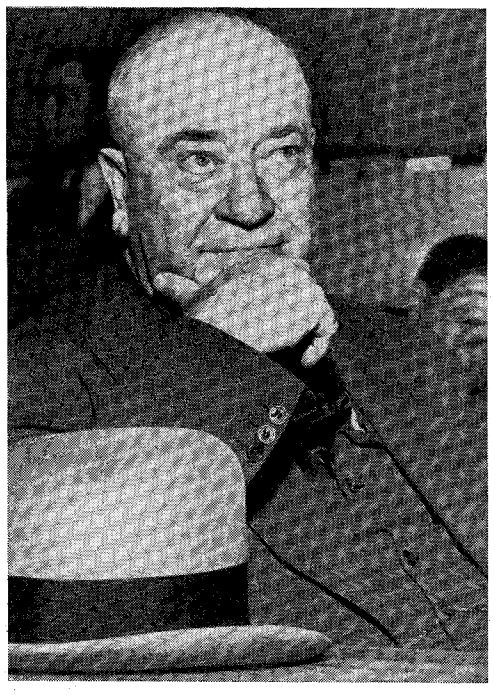
A proud grandfather with his granddaughters, Sandra, Pamela and Lynnda Taylor.

ship careers. In 1947 he had organized the American Humanics Foundation, Inc., to finance such training at the college level. Into this scheme he had put $100,000 of his own money, plus large contributions he had talked friends into making. He wanted to spread American Humanics across the nation.

So he spurned the pleas from the Citizens Association to accept its nomination for mayor. At the time, the political situation was critical. Since the overthrow of the Thomas J. Pendergast machine, Kansas City had been governed by the nonpartisan Citizens Association. Bartle had been one of its founders in 1934, and for this impudence he had been punished by the Pendergast regime; his property tax had been quadrupled. The citizenry ousted the machine in 1940 and installed a city-manager government which has since become a national model. But the passage of time robs political reforms of their impetus. By January, 1955, the Democrats, who can command a 20,000 plurality if they are united, appeared ready to reassert their power. Leaders of the Citizens Association were panicked. They asked one another: Who could translate the impersonal efficiency of city-manager government into dynamic human terms?

The committee of 200 which makes policy for the Citizens Association had an obvious answer—H. Roe Bartle, the portly Boy Scout. Since he was a Democrat, he could split the opposition. Thousands of former Boy Scouts, now voters, loved Bartle and called him "Chief." He was a Presbyterian elder who said grace before meals even in public restaurants, a trustee of the Catholic Youth Organization, and a national-executive-board member of the Conference of Christians and Jews.

He belonged to fifty-seven organizations and clubs, and was praised by labor leaders, some of whom were Scoutmasters. He was a combat veteran of World War I. Possessed of an adhesive memory, Bartle knew thousands of citizens by name, and had done sentimental favors for hundreds of them. He was loudly on the record in favor of every virtue known to man, against sin of every description. He could attract the electorate with his magnetic tongue. He was an organizer without peer in the city. For some reason not clearly understood, he was the choice of business and industry. As a clincher, it was pointed out that everybody loves a fat man. He couldn't miss.



In the 1930's, good-citizen Bartle battled Tom Pendergast (above) and his Kansas City machine.

When Bartle rejected the candidacy, an unusual delegation was sent to him. This group consisted of forty-seven men who in their youth had received from Bartle the Eagle Award, which is the highest rank attainable in Scouting. On Bartle's desk they placed a copy of the Boy Scout citizenship-merit-badge manual, open to passages underlined in red ink. Bartle cast his eyes on the words: "Adult citizens have not only the right but the duty to take part in elections. . . . The participating citizen volunteers for office if he believes himself capable . . . even at the sacrifice of his own time and pleasure."

The Eagles' spokesman, an insurance broker named Clinton W. Knaey, said, "How can you ever again pin a citizenship badge on any Scout if you refuse to do your own duty?" Tears dampened Bartle's puffy face. He dismissed the delegation and sat for an hour in lonely meditation. Emerging, he announced his acceptance of the nomination.

He was a difficult candidate. He refused to make any political deals or promises. "I will take my honor, integrity and ability to City Hall, and nothing else," he reiterated at every speech. He would not malign his opponent, an automobile dealer named Berl Berry. Asked by the Citizens Association publicity men for some disparaging comment about Berry, Bartle produced this, "Any man who would take unto himself and adopt four homeless orphans, and endow them with all the rights and privileges of a Godly home, can't be such a bad fellow."

Told that such a statement was inadequate, Bartle tried (Continued on Page 79)

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He learned about hush puppies at the city of Florida in Tallahassee.

The American

By PAUL GALLICO

If there is one thing longed for by the average honest middle-class Frenchman even more than a competence for his old age, it is to wear the rosette of the Legion of Honor.

By virtue of his diligence and superb mastery of his art plus the caution and thrift of madame, his faithful partner through life, M. Armand Bonneval, chef of the Cordon Bleu and honorary member of the Académie Culinaire de France, retired, and now owner of the Auberge Château Loiret, was reasonably well secured for his declining years.

The supreme decoration of France, however, had eluded him. Nor was his position in such a modest village as Loiret on the placid Loire, even though it was on the trail of the tourists visiting the châteaux in the summer, likely to bring him the prominence that might result in such a coveted reward. But one could always hope, and each time the stout and graying little chef read of the cross and rosette having been bestowed upon some scientist or man of letters, he would sigh with longing.

And Madame Bonneval, as rotund as he, clad in honest cashier's black, seated at her accounts in her tiny office off the foyer of the *auberge* would comfort him with "It is you who deserves it if anyone does."

"It is for your sake even more than mine," Bonneval once said, glancing down at his immaculate white chef's jacket almost as though the rosette were already looming in his buttonhole. "When we went for a promenade and the decoration was admired, everyone would look to see this paragon of a wife who had assisted her husband to such eminence."

"Ah, Armand! I do not need any ribbon to convince me of your worth!"

Yet the yearning remained, even after the good fortune of their holiday trip to the United States. This was the gift of an impetuous Texas oil millionaire steered to the *auberge* by the famous Guide Michelin's rating of four crossed spoons and forks and two stars.

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Ingredient

Mr. Bonneval's Secret Ingredient made him the greatest cook in France. So he wanted to be the greatest cook in the world.

After a delicious dinner he fell into conversation with the little chef, saying, "Boy, that was a sure enough tasty meal, I don't mind telling you. But we got some mighty fine cookin' back home too. You ever eat barbecued spareribs?"

Bonneval indicated politely that he had not.

"What? Don't tell me you never had a real Southern fish fry with hush puppies or hog jowl with collard greens and pot likker?"

Baffled, Bonneval shook his head.

"Why, monsoor," cried the Texan, "you jes' ain't never lived! You and madame gotta come over and be my guests! We got the finest cookin' in the world in the U.S.A.!"

Have you ever encountered a Texas oil millionaire suffering from an aggravated fit of hospitality? They have not only the necessary persuasiveness but also the cash. The result was that when Monsieur and Madame Bonneval closed the *auberge*, as they always did from January to April, they embarked at the expense of the millionaire upon a coast-to-coast gastronomic tour of the United States.

And the interesting part was that Monsieur Bonneval discovered that the Texan was quite right. For the chef was too great an artist himself with the skillet and saucepan to be a chauvinist. He greeted and acknowledged perfection where he encountered it. And he was enthralled by some of the recipes and dishes he discovered in America.

However, upon their return, life resumed its normal tenor and his ambition to achieve the final honor to crown his career remained strong.

Now there is this about an *auberge*, honestly conducted and starred by Michelin—namely, that you serve many hundreds of people in a month; they arrive; they order; they consume; they call for the bill and depart, and you do not know whom you have entertained, satisfied or even charmed.

One day a letter arrived at the *auberge* out of the blue (Continued on Page 94)

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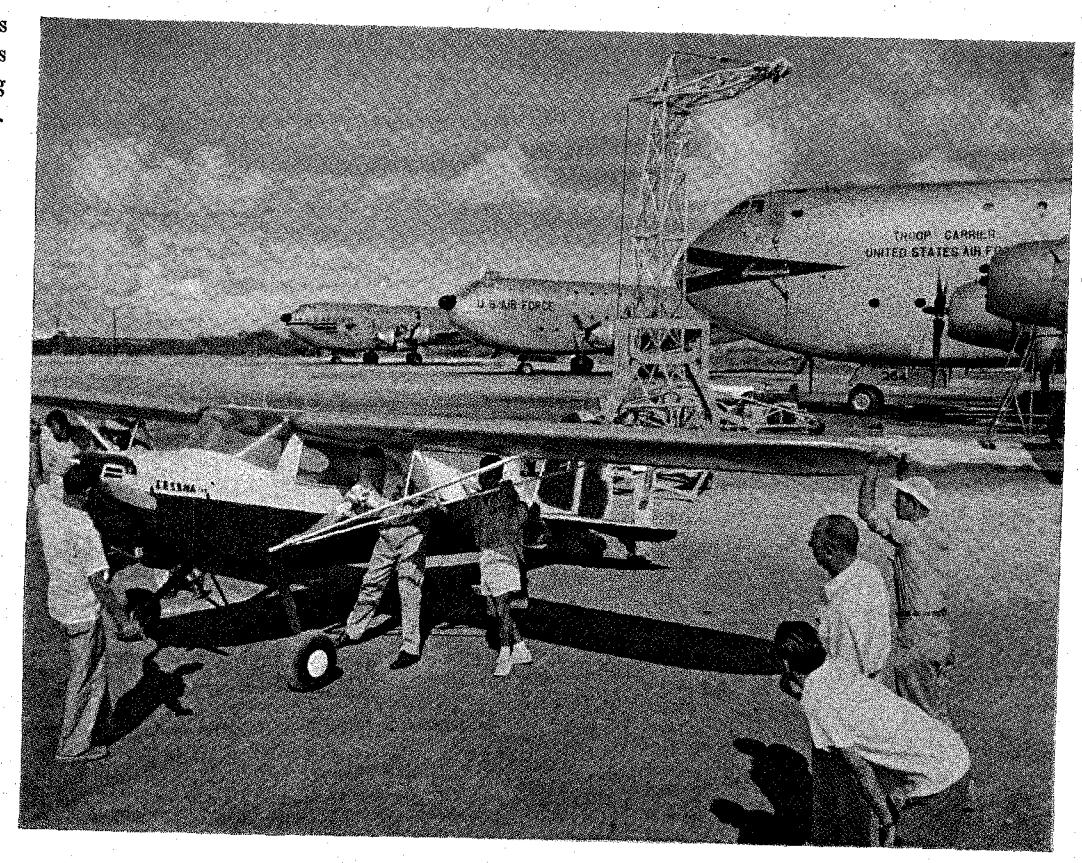
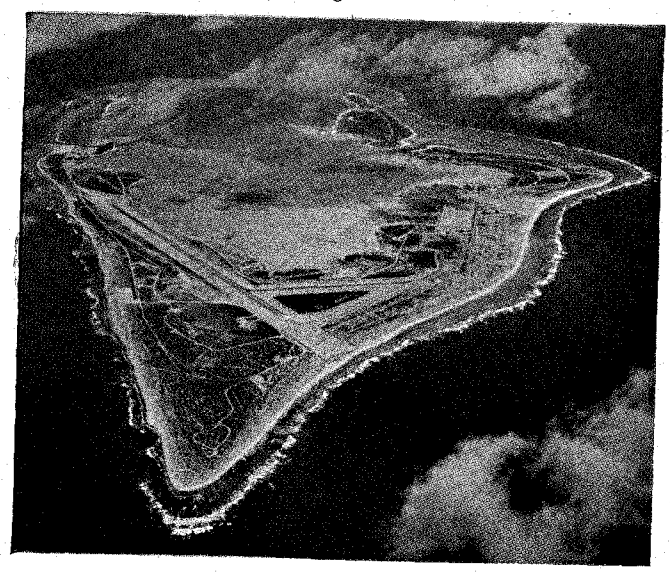
The Wake Island Flying Club owns this four-place Cessna. The big transport planes in the background refueled here during a trans-Pacific troop airlift.



Looking west over the Wake atoll. Wilkes Island is at upper left and Peale Island is at upper right.



Exiles on a Pinpoint

How does it feel to live a million miles from nowhere? Here's how 500 American men and women keep from going rock-happy on Wake Island.

By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

Peale Island's Toki Point is a favorite nesting place for swarms of terns. Anyone who fancies fishy-tasting birds' eggs need never go hungry on Wake.

John Keenan works in Wake's airstrip control tower. As a profitable side line, he sells coral to passengers during stopovers. His enthralled customer is stewardess Pat Gulbransen.

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Spear fishing
is a favorite pastime among
the aviation workers stationed here.
Below is the hulk of the Suwa Maru,
a World War II vessel
which we torpedoed when
it tried to run supplies
to Japanese troops
on the island.

WAKE ISLAND, WESTERN PACIFIC OCEAN.

Sleep-fogged and confused, the rumpled traveler stumbles out of an airliner into a blast of heat and sunlight. Blindly squinting, he is more aware of the sudden surprising weight of his light wool suit than of anything he sees in a hundred-foot hike to a bus. A few minutes later, when he crunches across coral from the bus to the welcome dimness of a dining room, most likely he's worrying about why there should be full daylight when his Tokyo watch reads four o'clock in the morning.

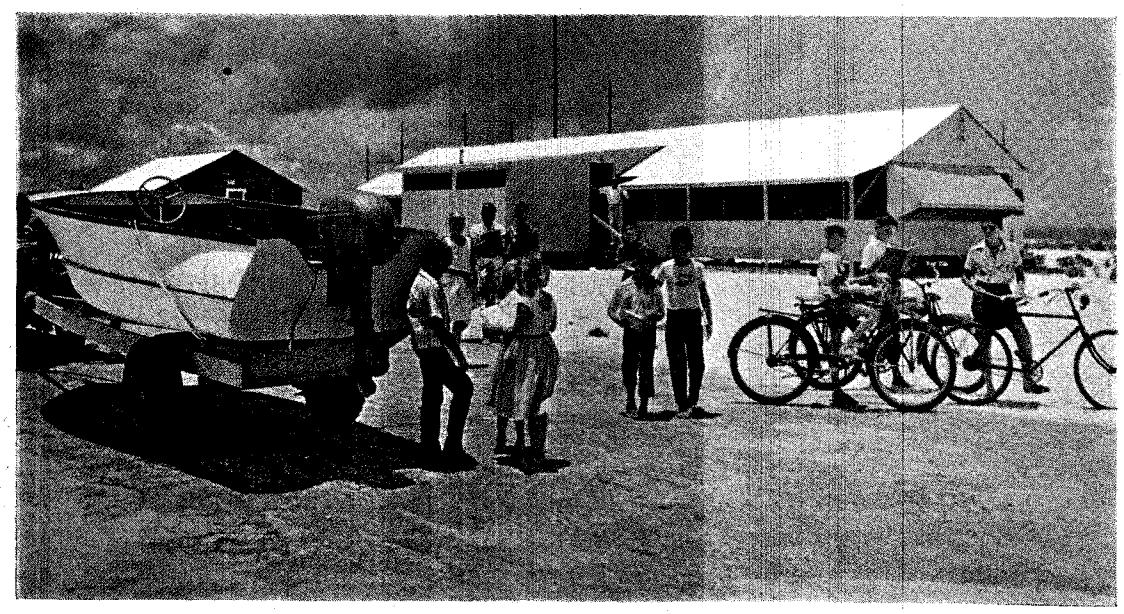
Fifty minutes later, he's back on the plane, too full of food and wondering whether he can get to sleep again. As the plane races from one end of the land to the other, lifting its wheels just before they roll into the sea, he sees one flash of color—white coral ringed with brilliant underwater blues and greens. Then nothing more but the empty ocean far below.

This is a typical trans-Pacific airline passenger, who could be almost any one of some 3,000,000 people who have stepped on this map maker's coral dot 2010 nautical miles west of Honolulu. If he is completely typical, he still isn't sure just what time it is, he's not positive where he is, he hasn't really seen Wake, and he couldn't care less.

Nor, for good reasons, could the 500 persons who live their personal lives here—with good homes, sports, beekeeping, bird study and boondocking—as if air travelers were only statistics. Wake's business is the refueling of aircraft and, incidentally, aircraft passengers. But nobody pays attention to them outside of working hours, and nobody wants them to stay long. Two worlds meet here, but rarely mix.

Presidents and kings have set their distinguished tootsies on this coral, and uncounted admirals and generals. But a world reputation can get cut down to size quickly on an atoll, and woe to the stuffed shirt who tries to stay starched under the Wake sun. Wake has seen the famous before—for an hour each. It isn't always impressed. Typical is an island official whose several duties (Continued on Page 84)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LARRY KEIGHLEY



Thirty-eight youngsters attend the island school (background).

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He came to his feet, light and quick, and moved to his cell door. "My oh my," he said. "Where'd you come from?"

To Monte, it was worth getting thrown in the hoosegow just to be near

The Jailkeeper's Daughter

By JACK SCHAEFER

The horse rose in the air, spine arched, and switched ends and came down stiff-legged. Monte Walsh, easy in the saddle, took the jolt with a grunt and raked the wet flanks with his spurs. The horse doubled its forelegs under and rocked down on its side and Monte stepped out of the saddle going down. "That won't get you nowheres," he said.

The horse bent its head backward and rolled the white of an eye at him. It lunged to its feet and Monte stepped into the saddle coming up. The horse stood, head hanging, legs braced.

"Watch 'im," said Chet Rollins from his perch on the gate of the small circular corral. "He ain't done yet."

"Who's riding this thing?" said Monte. "Think I was weaned just ——"

The horse exploded, coming off the ground with legs spread-eagled, and hit again, running, and streaked straight for the corral fence. Monte wrapped the reins around his hands and yanked its head around to the left till the nose almost hit the straining shoulder and it swung in an arc, stumbling, fighting its own forward weight for footing. It lined out again straight for the opposite curve of the corral.

"Go ahead break your fool neck," said Monte. He loosened his toes in the stirrups, ready to leave the hurricane deck. The horse saw the rails ahead and faltered and swung this time on its own and raced around the inside curve.

The horse stopped. Its head drooped. It was a statue of disgust and dejection, motionless except for heaving ribs and a slight quivering of the legs. Monte swung down and walked around by the drooping head.

"Well, now," he said. "You behaved medium to good, considering ——"

He leaped backward. The horse's head was up and a forehoof slashed the air half an inch in front of his shirt. He leaped in close and grabbed an ear in each hand and hung his weight on the horse's head, pulling it down.

Chet jumped down and ambled forward through the settling dust and loosened the double rigging and pulled the breaking saddle off the horse. He ambled back and set the saddle on the top rail and opened the gate leading into the big main corral. Monte let go of the ears and took hold of the headband of the bridle, and in one sweeping motion stripped the bridle down and off the horse's head and jumped aside. In a swirl of dust the horse sliced through the open gateway.

Monte Walsh and Chet Rollins sat on the top rail of the fence, backs to the circular corral. In amiable silence they watched the half-broken horses in the big corral move with restless twitchings and roll off the sweaty itch of the day's working. Monte inspected his blunt, battered fingers. He pulled a jackknife out of a

(Continued on Page 98)

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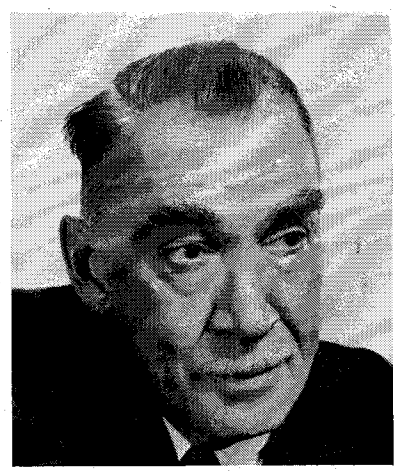
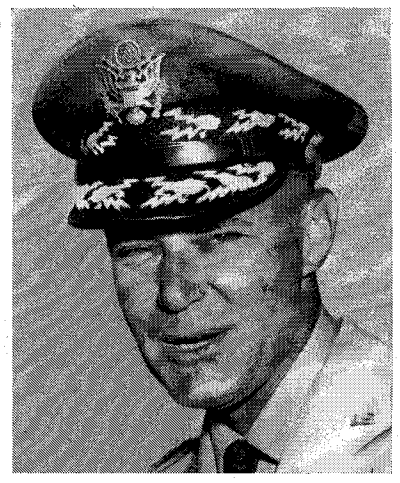
Auto wrecks kill far more men than women. A recent victim: James Dean.

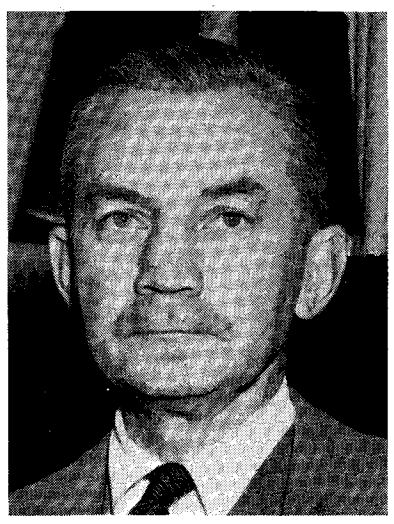


A heart attack also took the life of playwright Robert Sherwood, age 59.



Cancer killed Air Force Gen. Hoyt Vandenberg, 55, a year after he retired.

John Hodiak, only 41, had a fatal heart attack while working on a film.



His cares as Defense Secretary crushed James Forrestal. He committed suicide.

Our Men are Killing Themselves

What makes so many men die so young of heart disease, cancer, suicide? Intolerable pressures in the scramble for success, says this author, who puts the blame on her own sex.

By Hannah Lees

There seems to be a conspiracy among men to play down the fact that we are rapidly becoming a country absolutely awash with widows. Whether this is because most men don't want to think about the unpleasant fact or don't want to worry women with it, I don't know. But we had all better think about it, because it seems clear that the American way of life is not agreeing very well with the people who are working hardest to produce it—men.

The gap between how long a man can expect to live and how long a woman can expect to live has almost doubled in the last twenty-five years. In 1900 the gap was less than three years. In 1930 it was still less than four years. But a girl baby born today, say statisticians, is likely to outlive a boy baby by six or seven years. If we must choose between men and progress, I'd like to cast my vote right now against progress. And we may have to choose, because most of what is killing off American men seems to be linked with what we think of as progress.

Doctors and statisticians are incredibly bright-eyed about the disturbing vital statistics. "Everyone is living longer," they say cheerfully. "Women have just benefited more from scientific progress. They don't die from childbirth the way they used to. They don't have such big families. Modern appliances lighten their work. Women have always lived longer than men. It's normal."

But how much longer is normal? Is three times as many widows as widowers normal? Is a million and a half more widows in the last fifteen years normal? Not mostly war widows, mind you, but widows of men in the prime of life who died on the job. The typical widow, averaged from the 7,500,000 widows in the country today, is fifty-one years old and will live on in loneliness another twenty years or more.

Statistics from the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company and the United States Public Health Service show that practically everything kills more men than women except diabetes and childbirth. Other people can worry about diabetes and childbirth, and plenty of them do. I'm worried about why so many more men than women are dying of heart disease, cancer of the lung, suicide, ulcers and accidents, and also of appendicitis, (Continued on Page 111)

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Despite dire predictions, Americans and Spaniards get on well together. Here, sailors from the USS Tarawa, on liberty in Valencia, attend a bullfight held in their honor.

This young Spaniard, Severiano Casanova, is one of hundreds of workers we trained to use modern machinery.

Ambassador John Lodge and Rep. Edward Miller, with Maj. Gen. August Kissner, inspect our base at Torrejón.

A few years ago such a thing would have been unthinkable, but now Uncle Sam is building huge naval and air bases in Franco's sunny land. As the Americans move in, some perplexing problems arise. A Post editor reports on

The American Invasion of Spain

By JAMES P. O'DONNELL

CÁDIZ, SPAIN.

On the northern reach of the shimmering blue Bay of Cádiz the small Spanish fisherman town of Rota dozes inside its whitewashed houses. The seaward view on the green Atlantic is superb, lonely and restful. From this corner of Europe, Columbus, the Admiral of the Ocean Sea, once gazed on these waters before sailing into the western sun. Walled Cádiz was his supply port. He weighed anchor from Palos, some miles up the beach from Rota. And here in Rota itself the great explorer recruited several members of his crew, including pilot-navigator Bartolemé Perez.

Face about today, away from the sparkling sunlit sea and back toward the continent of Europe, and another of history's moving scenes is unfolding—the American discovery of Spain. Just behind Rota, and jarring it out of the siesta of centuries, construction stiffs are jockeying about giant earth-movers, bulldozers, graders and compacters. These mechanical gauchos are giving the tough, parched red soil of Spain a vigorous face lifting. Down come the beautiful umbrella pines, the cork trees and the scrubby junipers. Whisked away are the fences of cactus and prickly pears, and plowed under

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One of the first U. S. airmen to wed a Spanish girl was Salvatore Iacobucci, shown leaving a Madrid church with his bride, the former Señorita Pilar Vert.

A group of U. S. engineers and their wives take in a flamenco dancer at the Bodega, a Seville night spot. Most of the Americans stationed here have gone Spanish in a big way.

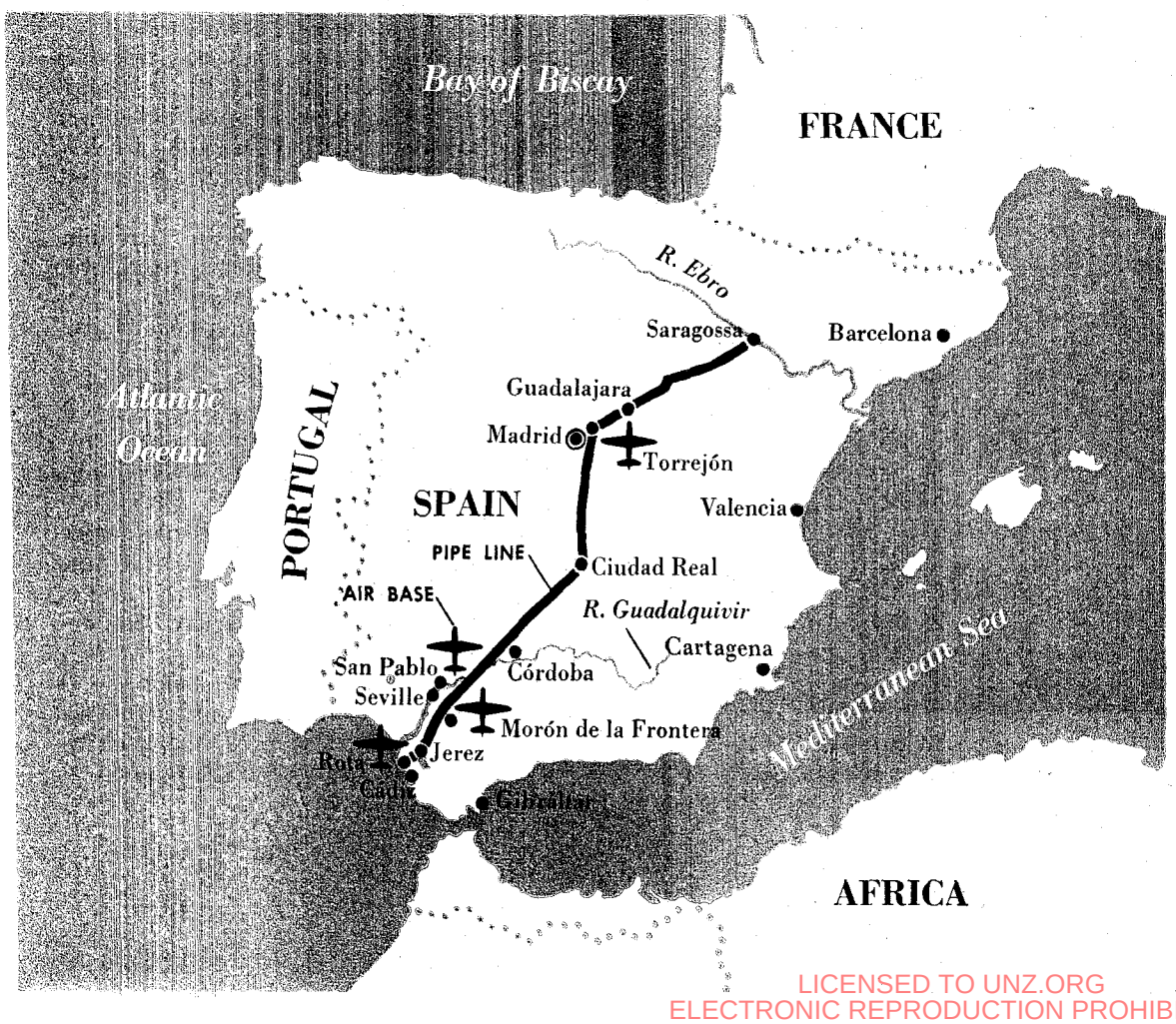
are the tawny grazing pastures of sheep and goat. What is emerging here is called in the blueprints a naval air station, a very mild name for something a good deal grander than that.

What the United States Navy is building behind Rota is a giant air base, unique in this corner of the world, a main runway 8500 feet long, with ample provision for overruns—a field capable of taking any Navy bomber now flying or any on the drafting boards. What this means in terms of carrier and naval strategy, both for the 6th Fleet inside the Mediterranean and the Atlantic Fleet outside, is tremendous. It is the precise geography of Rota that deserves underlining. Rota lies only thirty miles north of Cape Trafalgar, which is just around the outside corner of Gibraltar, two symbolic memorials of British sea power. When Rota is completed, our Navy most definitely will have replaced Her Majesty's Navy as the dominant sea power at the Gates of Hercules, the narrow water crossroads between Europe and Africa, guardians of the Mediterranean inland sea.

Moving now just a few miles down the beach, inside the bay and toward Cádiz, we come to the second major building project at East Rota, a man-made harbor designed to be linked intimately with the naval air base. Today on the reddish-golden sand one sees nothing more dramatic than two young American naval officers and a Spanish engineer, blueprints in hand, examining the spot where dredging is about to begin. It will be two and maybe three years yet, at the leisurely flamenco pace in which this whole program has been pitched, before this harbor is operative. East Rota will then be able to berth the supercarriers Forrestal and Saratoga at the same time, with a special trick "tow way," more than a mile long, designed to move their planes directly from finger piers to the naval land base just behind the dunes. An equally important part of this breakwater harbor, programmed to be completed sooner, is a T-shaped petroleum pier, capable of taking the largest tankers from the Atlantic and pumping their POL load swiftly, through a catwalk pipe, to the tank farm on shore. [POL is routine abbreviation for "petrol, oil and lubrication."—Editors.]

This tank farm, halfway along the bay shore toward Cádiz, is another major installation, more than seventy-five tanks ranging from whopping 85,000-gallon tanks down, for storing aviation gas, jet fuel, diesel oil and petroleum, all underground. Work here is progressing at a faster clip, for, although some of the storage is for the Rota naval air base, most is destined to be pumped onward and upward, in a diagonal line across the heart of Spain, to four mammoth Strategic Air Command bomber bases.

The pipeline, 485 miles long, a Big Inch averaging ten inches in diameter, is still another major (Continued on Page 87)



Work on our new bases in Spain will probably be completed in 1959. The author's estimate of the total cost of the project: $1,000,000,000.

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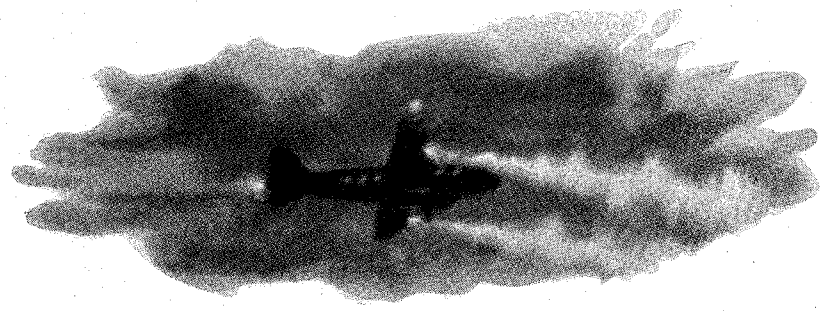


The smoke was a blackness swallowing the powerful light beams.

When does a pilot have the right to risk the lives of his passengers?

Visibility Zero

By HAROLD LIVINGSTON

The C-47 approaching the island's northern coast was three thousand feet above the water, ten miles out. From this distance you could look up at a clear starry sky; down, at water shimmering white in the rising moon.

But ahead, inland as far as you could see, was the smoke. It rose from the earth as a gigantic gray curtain. It covered the whole island and extended far out over the sea. Behind the smoke, flashing like lightning on a dark, foggy night, the mountain still erupted. Not violently now, but yellowly gentle, as though reminding you quietly, menacingly, of what it had just done; what it was capable of doing again.

In the airplane the copilot leaned forward in his seat, his head bent low over the instrument panel. "This is great," he said. "What happens now?"

The pilot did not answer. He stared at the approaching smoke, his chin cupped in one hand, his other hand resting on the control wheel. His name was Michael Ryan and he was a lieutenant colonel in the United States Air Force. He was a slight, dark-haired man who, slouched in his seat, did not appear as tall as he really was. You might also, in the cockpit's darkness, believe he was a young man. But you could not see his command pilot's wings, nor the deep, furrowed scar down the entire right side of his face. And you would never notice his eyes. Bitter eyes that did not smile with his face.

"We'll never get in there," the copilot said. He was a second lieutenant and his name was Richard Shaeffer.

Mike Ryan sat up. He turned and looked at the closed cabin door. In his mind he saw the five passengers. Three Air Force doctors and two nurses. Still looking at the cabin door, he said to the copilot, "Find out what the ceiling is."

"Are you kidding?" Shaeffer said, and quickly added, "Sir." He switched on the VHF radio. "Salanjan tower, this is Air Force Eight-six-two," he said into the microphone. "Ten miles north your station at three thousand. Request latest Salanjan weather."

"Eight-six-two, this is Salanjan tower," a clipped, Filipino voice answered. "Salanjan weather: Visibility one eighth mile in heavy smoke. Ceiling ten to twenty feet. Wind calm. I say again, wind calm."

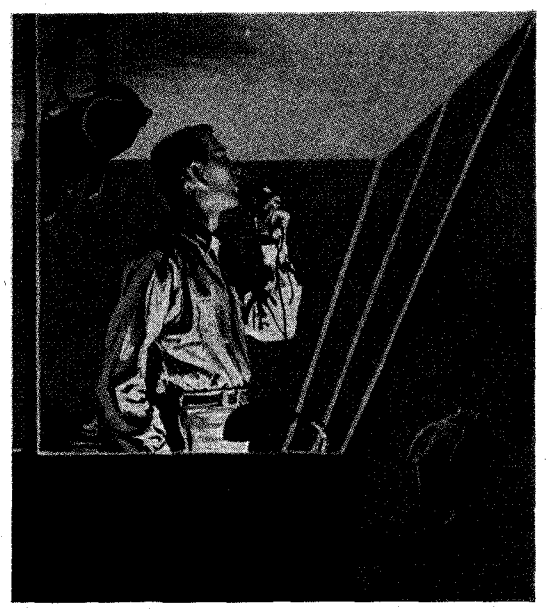
Ryan listened, thinking of the row of green-painted boxes lining one side of the cabin wall, and the white stenciled letters on the boxes: PLASMA. KEEP UNDER REFRIGERATION.

"Eight-six-two, what is your fuel remaining?"

"Fuel remaining," Shaeffer said, "four hours fifty-five minutes."

Ryan removed his earphones, thinking now of the other, smaller boxes in the cabin. These boxes were heavy cardboard and he did not remember their markings. But he knew what they contained. Typhoid vaccine.

Now he looked away from the cabin door. He sat erect and fingered the loose buckle of his safety belt. They could see the smoke just ahead, swirling blackly, thick with lava ash.



"Eight-six-two. What is your fuel remaining?" the tower operator asked.

"What are you going to do?" Shaeffer asked Ryan.

"I don't know," Ryan said, peering at the smoke. He knew what lay behind it. A mountain that had vomited out its lava, and earth that had slipped and shuddered. At the mountain's base, a once-peaceful, mirrorlike lake was a churning, steaming caldron, rushing tidally over its banks, toppling like straws the houses on stilts around the shore. In the villages buildings had vanished into the earth, highways had become great, open fissures.

He knew all this. What he did not know was how he would land his cargo of doctors and nurses and medicine. Land them on a strip hacked out of the jungle. A strip so black with smoke and night now not even the most powerful high-density lights ever conceived could penetrate. If Salanjan had high-density lights, which it did not. If Salanjan had a radio range, which it did not.

"Think it might break soon?" Shaeffer asked.

"Depends on the wind," Ryan said.

They were over it now, at twenty-five hundred feet. It slithered beneath the airplane's wings like a black blanket held over a lighted window. It spread far off to the south and west.

"What if it doesn't break?" Shaeffer asked.

"I don't know," Ryan said.

"We can't hold here more than thirty minutes," Shaeffer said. "And with our gas, even thirty minutes slices it pretty thin."

"Ask the tower about alternate fields," Ryan said.

"I already did," Shaeffer said. "San Luis is closed."

"What about Fontamara?"

"Closed," Shaeffer said. "Everything's closed."

"You are above the field," the tower operator said into their earphones. "I hear your motors."

"All right," Ryan said to Shaeffer. "Let's go down and take a look."

He felt Shaeffer staring at him and for a moment he felt like telling the second lieutenant that he, Mike Ryan, was in command of this airplane. But he (Continued on Page 56)

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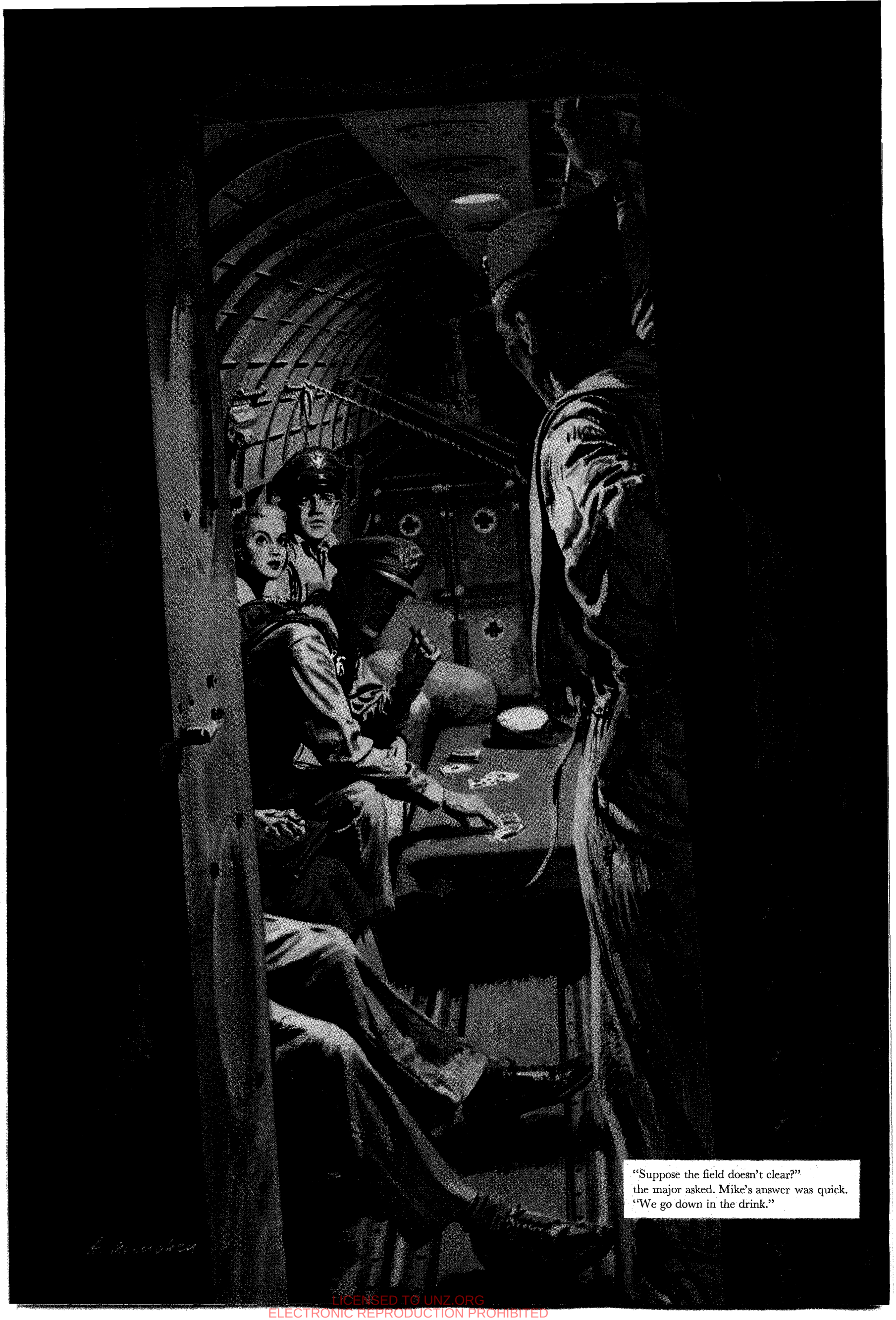

"Suppose the field doesn't clear?"
the major asked. Mike's answer was quick.
"We go down in the drink."

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30

Girl in High Gear

By CAMERON SHIPP

Vivacious Nanette Fabray, fugitive from grand opera, had a nervous breakdown at the height of her Broadway career. Then she became Sid Caesar's TV wife—and got conked by a ten-foot pipe.

Sid Caesar consoles his costar. Nanette was hospitalized when a 75-pound scenery weight fell on her head during a TV show last November.

Nanette Fabray clowns with comedian Milton Berle at a recent Hollywood party. According to Nanette, her strenuous role on the Sid Caesar show helped her recover from her nervous collapse.

Miss Nanette Fabray, the Size-10 soubrette with the improbable show-girl name, is the actress who takes Sid Caesar in stride three Monday nights a month on television. Mr. Caesar is admired on Broadway as a fine, generous fellow, kind to the help and all that, but he is also regarded as a difficult actor to take in stride. His Sid Caesar's Hour is a painstakingly rehearsed production of uproar and satire that demands a full week of eight hours a day to get on the air at the last minute. Three floors of office space are required by its thinkers.

After a week's toil to reach diamond-cut precision in sketches and musical numbers, Mr. Caesar himself often departs wildly from script. He inserts new quaint sayings, sometimes in strange tongues that sound like a man with a beard eating goulash. He "fumfs." "Fumfs" is a Broadway word meaning that Caesar has forgotten his part again.

Miss Fabray first appeared on the show on November 8, 1954, scared silly, but not of Sid Caesar. She was an accredited soubrette who had already coped with Danny Kaye in Let's Face It, Ray Bolger in By Jupiter, Sid Silvers in High Button Shoes, and Fred Astaire in the movie, Bandwagon. She had won two Donaldson awards for High Button Shoes, an Antoinette Perry award for Love Life, and had starred in three musical shows—Arms and the Girl, Love Life, and Make a Wish—especially written for her. But when she met Caesar she was honestly convinced that she might never work again.

(Continued on Page 90)

Nanette (left) as a Broadway soubrette of a decade ago, and as she looks today, after having her nose "bobbed."

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Ilga heard someone behind her laugh. It was the laugh of a big man.

The Mating of Ilga

She wanted a man she could look up to. The trouble was, she was six feet plus.

By DOROTHY SHERRILL

Main Street, Oakton, Illinois, lay sleeping hotly in August-afternoon sunshine. It was so quiet that the buzzing of flies over Niccola's fruit store next door to the five-and-ten sounded like the drone of an airplane squadron. The five-and-ten itself, behind its scorched red front, was almost deserted. There had been so little traffic in and out of its swinging doors for the last quarter of an hour that a dirty white dog had gone to sleep up against them in the narrow strip of shade.

Suddenly the dreaming silence was split wide open by a loud scream, followed by smaller screams and the clatter of heavy footsteps from the dim interior of the dime store. The screen doors were violently pushed outward. The dirty white dog, yelping, scrambled across the pavement to avoid being hit by the body of a disheveled little man who came hurtling through the air to land in the dusty road.

The hurtler stood in the doorway, arms akimbo, six feet four by 44 bust by 43 hips of solid female pulchritude. She was a Valkyrie, a Titan, an Olympian as luscious as Venus, as formidable as Juno. Her hair had the sheen of sun-bleached wheat, her eyes were blazing blue, her face was peony pink, and her voice was that of a Minnesota hog caller. "You make honest in here—or out!"

Two women rushed from the corner drugstore to see if an atom bomb had fallen. The fruiterer Niccola exploded from his establishment, followed by a big bumptious-looking salesman wearing a lavender sports shirt, sea-blue trousers and a tan straw hat.

Mr. Spivak, manager of the five-and-ten, pushed his way under the elbow of the blond Hera who blocked the doorway. "What's the matter?" he demanded. "What's going on?"

The angry goddess bent her head to look down at him. Her Mother Nature breasts swelled alarmingly under her sheer white blouse. "Jelly beans he took—och, by handfuls! And no paying!"

At that moment the human projectile in the road picked himself up. "You'll be sorry!" he screamed, shaking his fist. "Wait'll I tell my brother!" He limped off down the street.

Spivak wheeled on the big blonde. "Stupid!" he shouted up at her. "Now you have positively and conclusively done it!"

"Where I come from," she retorted stolidly, "people pay for what they take."

"Oi, you better go back there then! Indubitally!" He ducked past her into the store.

(Continued on Page 104)

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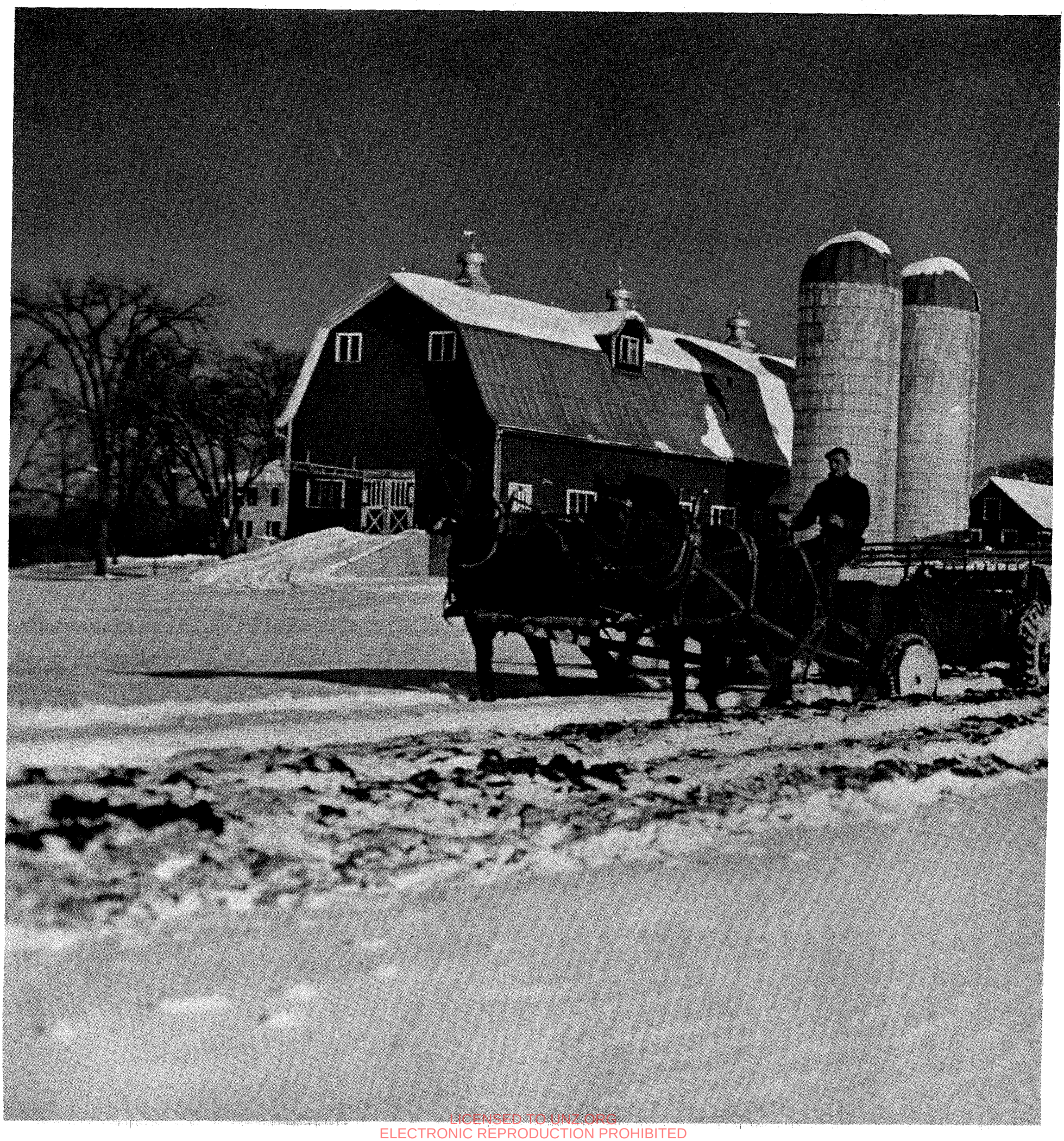
The Face of AMERICA

DAIRY FARM IN VERMONT



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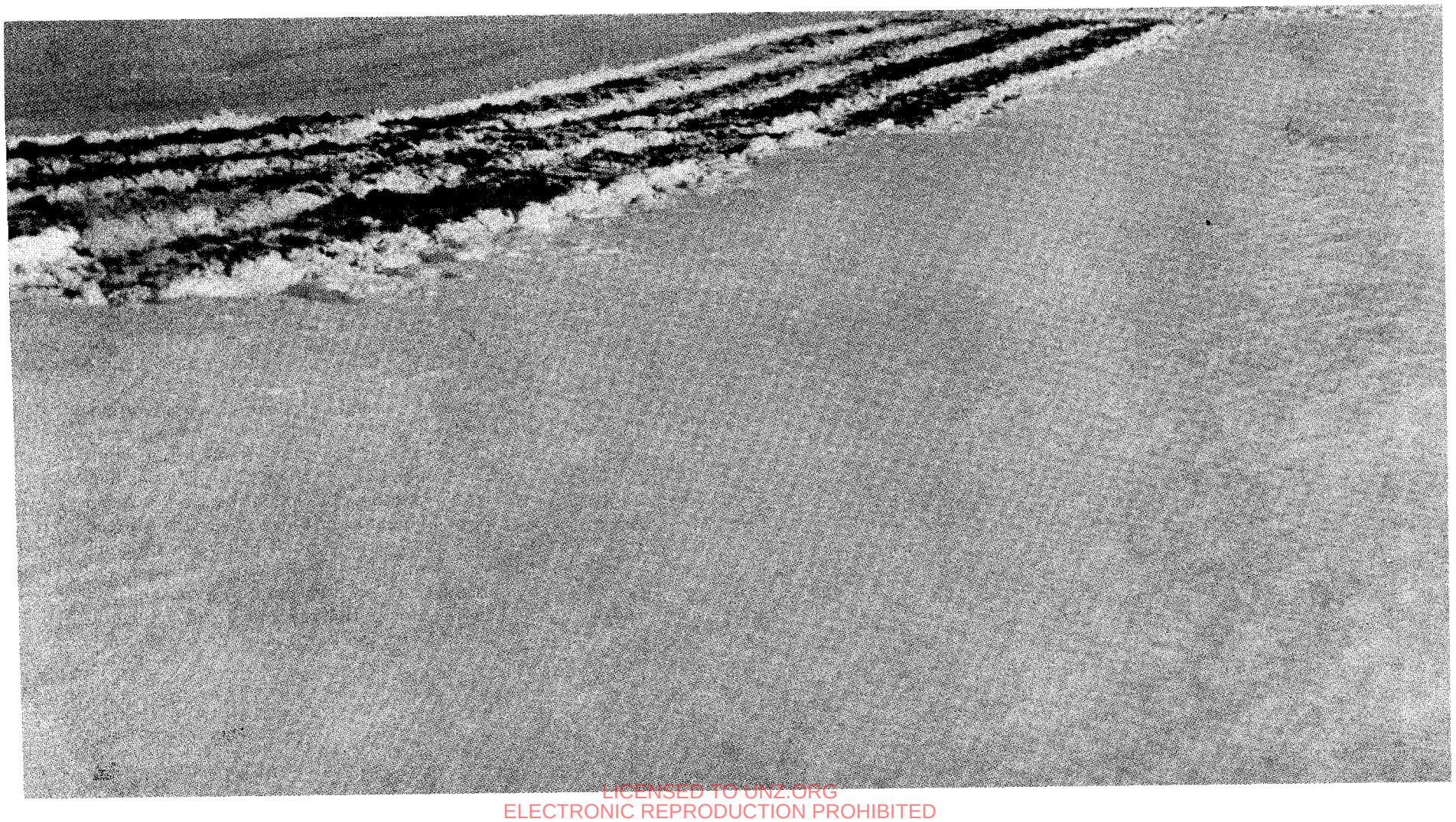

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"It is my sincere conviction," says the author, "that we are falling again into the error which cost us so much blood and agony in Korea—the delusion that the foot soldier is obsolete, and that naval power and air power alone can insure a peaceful world."

MY BATTLES IN WAR AND PEACE:

★ ★ ★ ★

PART TWO:

"KEEP THE ARMY OUT OF POLITICS"

By GENERAL MATTHEW B. RIDGWAY

AS TOLD TO HAROLD H. MARTIN

General Ridgway tells how
political pressures hampered him in his duty,
and explains why overemphasis on
air power can be dangerous.

Early in my service as Chief of Staff of the Army it became clear that there were three major tasks confronting me. First, to preserve the spirit and pride of an Army that was rapidly being reduced in numbers and was steadily being deprived of those small perquisites which make a military career attractive. Second, to deploy the Army's waning strength in such a way that combat units would be as effective as possible in the event of war. And third, while doing these other things, to lay the groundwork for a totally different Army—an Army that could fight and win a nuclear war.

I was well aware that my attack on these problems was subject to misinterpretation. My efforts to protect and preserve the integrity of the military profession were sometimes construed as an effort to subordinate civilian control of the military to the will of a hierarchy of professional soldiers. My opposition to overemphasis on air power, and my repeated assertions that the Army of the future might require more, not fewer, men, were at times presumed to reflect a desire on my part to retain in being a mass Army, armed and trained to fight the wars of the past.

Neither interpretation of my views or my motives could have been further from the truth. My attitude toward air power was in no degree whatever a reflection of a foot soldier's distrust of a new and more glamorous branch of the service. As an airborne commander in World War II, I jumped to battle from the air, and I believed with complete conviction that the principle of vertical envelopment, when properly employed, was the keystone of the attack. In the first hours of combat on the ground, before paratroops and glidermen

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could make contact with other friendly ground elements, my life and the lives of the men under my command literally depended upon aerial fire support, and upon aerial resupply of every item we needed, from guns and ammunition to food and medical supplies.

My arguments regarding air power were therefore in no sense a protest against emphasis on the air arm. They were in protest against what I believed to be an overemphasis on one form of air power—the long-range bomber—to the neglect of other methods by which that magnificent weapon, the military airplane, can be employed. To me it was clear that the Army of the future must be almost completely dependent upon aircraft of one form or another. It must be an air-transportable Army, possessed of both strategic and tactical mobility far beyond anything ever known in war before. To fight the war of the future, we must not only possess the capability to transport the nuclear bomb for great distances and drop it with fine accuracy on a target; we must (Continued on Page 72)

"The tendency of civilian secretaries making military decisions on a basis of political expediency constitutes a danger to this country," says Ridgway. At left: Secretary of Defense Wilson speaks to outgoing Secretary of the Army Stevens, and Stevens' successor, Wilber Brucker.

General Ridgway Speaks Out . . .

In 1952, on his return from duty in Korea, General Ridgway became the fourth U.S. military commander since VE Day to address a joint meeting of Congress.

"The possibility that Syngman Rhee of Korea may send his armies north at any moment still exists. And nobody . . . knows what we would do if that should happen." Here Rhee greets Ridgway in 1951.

"The incessant attack on so-called fringe benefits"—such as commissary privileges, medical care for dependents, and adequate housing—"profoundly affected the esprit of the Army." Right: a trailer camp at Fort Riley, Kansas.

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The killer had saved her life. Now what was he going to do with her?

THE FLOODS OF FEAR

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

"My father happens to be a very important man in this state," said Elizabeth defiantly.

Hello! Hello!" Elizabeth Matthews answered. There was doubt in her voice, fear that her ears had tricked her. Then the man called again and Elizabeth knew a gladness and a relief that made her almost senseless. "Yes. Yes, I'm here! Oh, thank God! I'd given up hope!"

"Steady," Bruce Donavan said quietly. "I'll be right with you."

Elizabeth had been trapped by flood waters as she was trying to reach her home near Biddleford. Donavan, too, was caught by the river, but for him the flood meant freedom.

A convicted killer, Donavan was one of a crew of twelve convicts recruited from the state prison to work on the dikes. He was set free when the river overran the dike on which his gang was working. Donavan had been born beside this river. He knew its every mood and feared none of them. And could swim as few men could. He let the river carry him downstream toward the town of West Mills, where he had been tried for murder, and where some unfinished business waited for him.

Of the other convicts, only Peebles, an armed robber, survived. Tom Sharkey, the guard sergeant, also lived. They were being carried downstream by the same currents Donavan rode.

The river washed Donavan up along the highway near Elizabeth's car. He was resting there when he heard her cry. Donavan argued with himself that he couldn't safely help anyone. Why should he help anyone? But still he went to Elizabeth's rescue.

With Elizabeth clinging to him, Donavan swam and waded until he reached a partially flooded farmhouse. He led the exhausted girl to one of the bedrooms and, in the darkness, helped her into bed.

"Rest now. Sleep," he said, turning away. "I'll be near."

II

Elizabeth went to sleep in darkness, in a room filled with the sound of drumming rain. She awakened sometime after daylight to find the room almost still. The rain had stopped. The bawling of cattle was a distant sound; the voice of the flood was muted. She was tired, drowsy and warm. The weight of the blankets told her that another had been added during the night, and that realization brought others,

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awakening her fully. She sat up, holding the covers about her shoulders.

She was alone in the room. The door was closed. Her underthings were draped over the rail at the foot of the bed. Beside them was a faded pair of jeans, torn but serviceable, and a faded sweat shirt. A worn pair of tennis shoes was on the floor beside the bed. She got up and dressed hurriedly. The nylon underthings were dry, the jeans and sweat shirt were too small for her, the shoes were much too big.

He was a growing boy, she thought. *All hands and feet.*

Elizabeth was tall, slim almost to the point of being angular, but well formed. Her legs were long, her hips compact. There was angularity in her face, too, a minimum of flesh molded over good bone structure. Her eyes were gray and large; her mouth was wide, the sloping line of it clean and honest. She was not an extremely pretty girl; her rangy figure, the strong proportions of her features, prevented that. But she had the beauty of a well-bred girl, carefully and gently reared.

She found a comb on the dresser and brought order to short-cut, ash-blond hair. Then she opened the bedroom door and called. There was no answer. She moved into the narrow hallway and called again. Still no answer. A door across the hall was open, the bedroom beyond it was empty.

"He didn't leave me!" she said. "He couldn't!"

She called again, loudly. No answer. She ran to the head of the stairs. The steps went down and disappeared into water, a floating table was canted and jammed in the lower hallway. She ran to the window at the rear end of the hall.

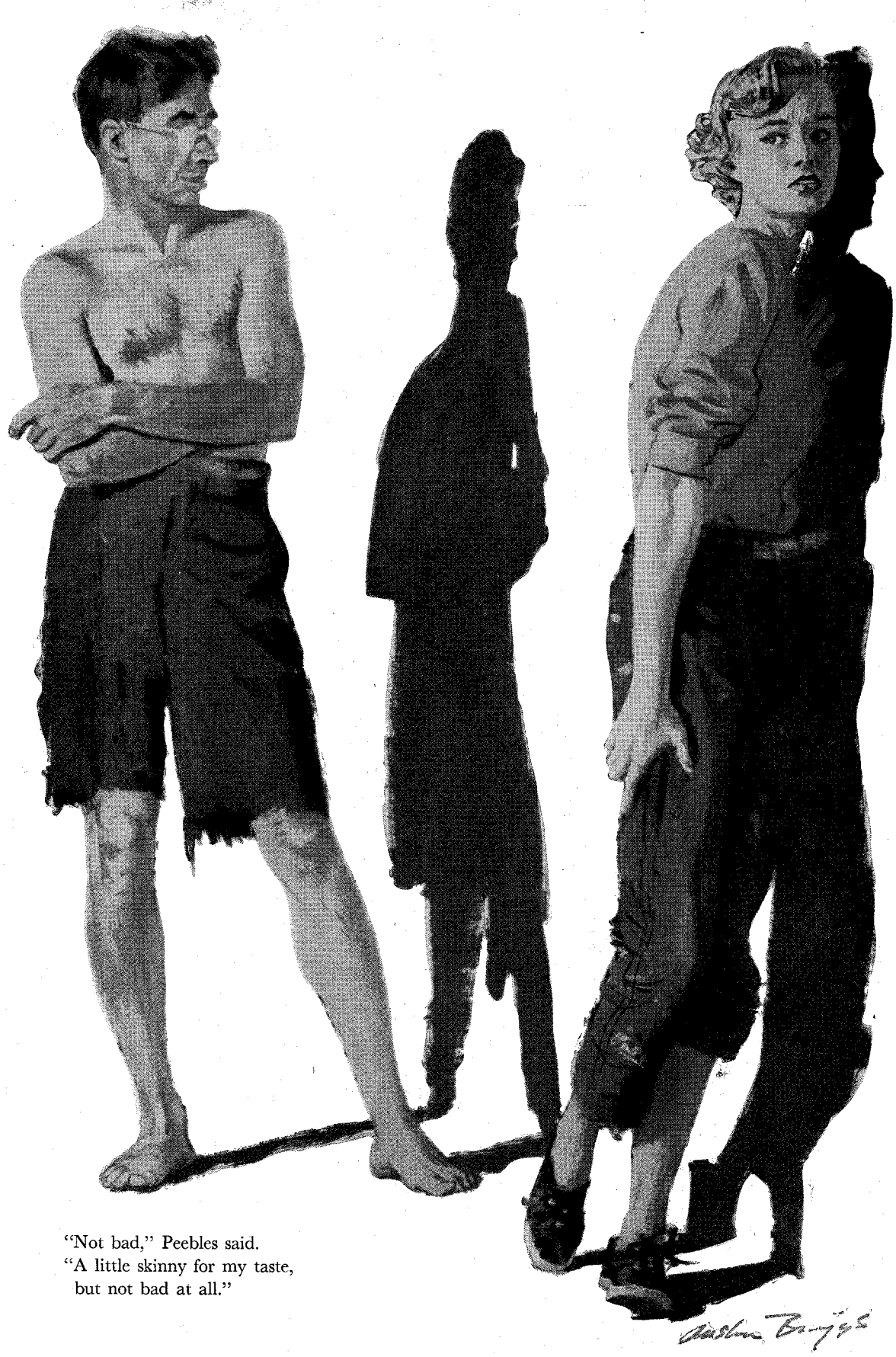
"Dear God ——"

The clouds had broken; there were patches of blue sky and warm sunlight, but ugly, muddy, wind-scuffed water had covered the land. She could see only an occasional tree and a few rafts of brush and wreckage. She found the window latch and lifted the window. The depth of the water was clearly marked on the wall of the house; the windows of the floor below were half submerged. She remembered that the water had been only knee-deep in those rooms the night before. During the night, then, the water had risen three feet, perhaps four.

Leaning far out, she looked toward the main channel of the river. She could not distinguish it. With the exception of a few small islands of high ground, a few houses standing with porch roofs awash, a drunken line of telephone poles that marked the submerged north-south highway, the flood had covered everything. There was no movement anywhere, human or animal.

She turned from the window and ran to the window at the opposite end of the hall. She broke fingernails on the latch, she tore her hands getting the window up. Again she leaned far out—and almost wept with relief at what she saw.

The flood was not all-prevailing. There was land and life in this direction. A small herd of white-faced cattle was huddled on a bit of an island, bawling forlornly. A quarter of a mile distant a hogback of land, three feet above water, ran like a dike to the north; beyond that, across more water, was the dark rise of endless high ground. Close at hand there was a wooded lot where huge oak trees were standing in quiet water, and closer still were the barn and two outbuildings, still on their foundations.



"Not bad," Peebles said. "A little skinny for my taste, but not bad at all."

But she was alone, and because of that, her fear did not leave her until she saw Donavan again. She knew at once he was the man who had helped her the night before; he was helping another man in the same way. They came into view from beyond the wall of the barn, Donavan first, swimming an easy, powerful breast stroke, the other man floating behind, his hands on Donavan's shoulders. Elizabeth turned from the window when they reached the back porch. She went to the stairway.

The deep, quiet voice that had spoken to her in the darkness the night before was speaking again, "Can you stand up, Peebles? Can you walk? All right; through there, to the left, you'll find the stairs. There are two bedrooms on the floor above. The girl is sleeping in the one on the right. Take the other one. Get dried off, get in bed. I'll be back."

"Don't be a fool!" Peebles said. His was a thin voice, choked and shaking with exhaustion and cold, but it was full of snarling protest. "Leave 'im there!"

There was no answer.

"What's he to you?" the snarling voice said. "Leave 'im there! Let him get outa this mess! Listen to me, Donavan! I ——"

The voice broke off with a curse. Elizabeth heard the man raging to himself as he splashed his way toward the stairs. She ran to the hall window again. Donavan was swimming away from the house toward the wooded lot. She called to him. He stopped, turned and looked up at her, treading water.

"You all right?" he asked.

"Yes. Are you coming back?"

"Yes. There's a man in a tree. I'm going to bring him in."

(Continued on Page 62)

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Post Scripts

Here's the Pitch

The long slow curve:

"You're right, honey; now the Christmas flurry is all over, I can see that I did overdo a little, what with taking care of all your office gifts and all the family's gifts and everything."

"I certainly admire that purchasing agent you told me about—the one you said might give you that $100,000 order. I mean, it's wonderful that things are on a pure-friendship basis and Christmas gifts like that case of Scotch won't influence his decision one teeny bit, and I know you wouldn't have it any other way."

"Dear, I'm so glad you and my brother have such a marvelous sense of humor! I was laughing today over those dribble glasses you picked out for him and that card you sent—'Merry Christmas, you slob, these remind me of the shape you're usually in'—and, of course, as you said, nobody would get mad at a little joke like that."

"Darling, I agree with you absolutely—we ought to retrench a little. I believe I'll cancel that course at the Aphrodite-Rising-From-the-Waves Beauty Salon, and actually I don't need a new dinner dress at all!"

And the fast break:

"It's the strangest thing, dear—we got a letter from my brother today thanking us for a case of Scotch, and I just remembered, I sent those dribble glasses and the Scotch the same day, and I must have mixed up the labels, and ——"

PEG BRACKEN

"Let's use the money we're saving for a rainy day and take a taxi."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Science Creates Life!

As you have probably read in your newspapers or magazines, science has succeeded in creating life. Some experts put some dead viruses together with some chemicals and produced living viruses. They deserve all the publicity and renown they are getting, but I don't mind telling them they are about thirty years behind me.

In July, 1926, I first created life. I did it in my bathtub in Greenwich Village in New York. At that time I was living in an apartment about three feet square and earning fifteen dollars a week. My only relaxation came on Saturday night, when friends came in and we sat down and had a drink. In those days we had prohibition, which was an ancient law requiring everyone to make his own alcoholic beverages. I believe it was an attempt to bring industry back into the home and reverse the Industrial Revolution. To a certain extent it succeeded.

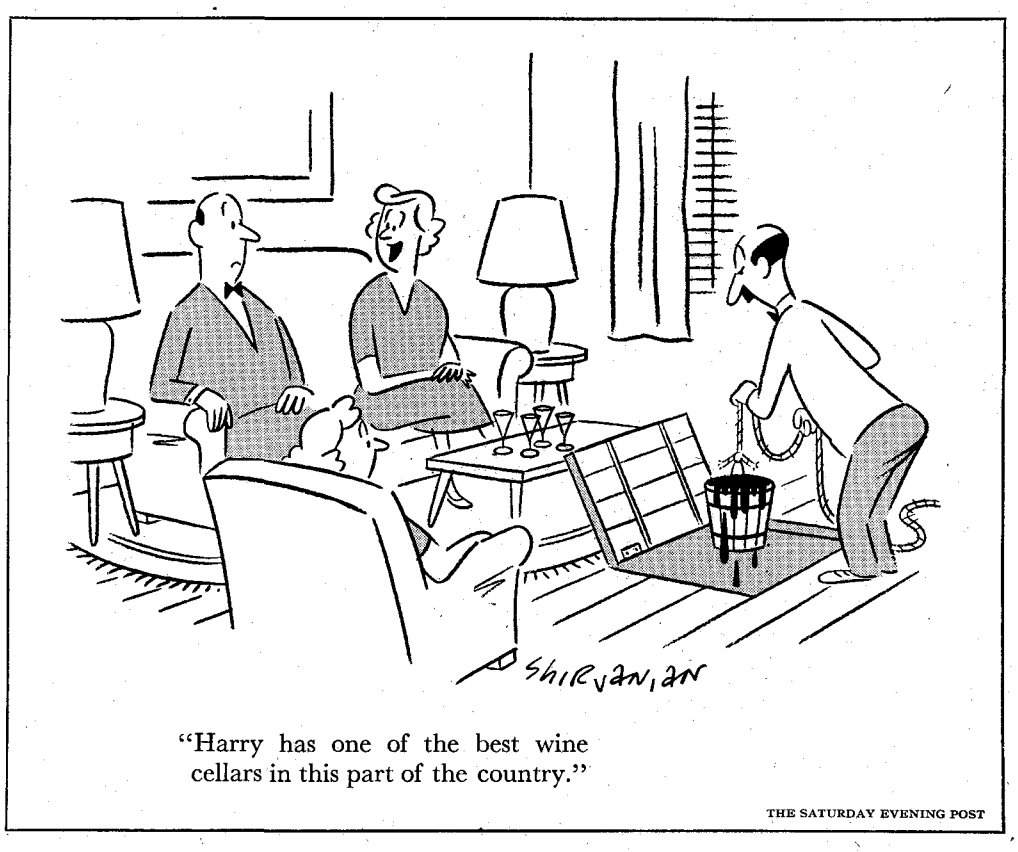
Well, this hot Saturday afternoon in July everybody had their apartment doors open, dogs and cats ran back and forth, phonographs ground out songs, young married couples had their spats and life went on in its usual pattern.

I decided to make up a batch of imported gin, so I filled the bathtub with water and alcohol—one half tub water to one half tub alcohol. The recipes in those days were always by the tub. Then I added one fiftieth tub juniper extract and one eightieth tub imported gin extract to give it that foreign flavor. I mixed it all well with a broom handle, and then went next door to chat.

I came back about twenty minutes later to examine my handiwork. It looked good until I started to stir it again. As I did, a reddish, animated object sprang from the tub, shook himself thoroughly and then dashed away. I had created a cocker spaniel!

July 8, 1926, was therefore a historic day in science, although no one has ever recognized it. Trouble is, no matter how many times I tried after that, I could never get the right proportions. Got some pretty fair gin, though.

ROBERT FONTAINE



"Harry has one of the best wine cellars in this part of the country."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Now I Lay Me Down to Wake

A cross I often have to bear
Is wakefulness, but why despair?
It may not put me in the pink,
But I get extra time to think
Of pleasant things. And furthermore,
To hear my lord and master snore
Enchants me, for it proves my dear
Is where he ought to be—right here.

Such thoughts as these, delightful, too,
Keep hours, nocturnal, far from blue.
How fortunate am I, forsooth,
That I have not one aching tooth,
And that the rent is paid besides—
I'm quite the luckiest of brides.
My potted ivy's flourishing,
And though our bird won't talk, he'll sing.

What's more, my towering teen-age son
Is an outstanding sugar bun,
And though sometimes he's fresh as paint,
I'd worry if he were a saint;
So I maintain I'd be a creep
To squander time in wanton sleep
When I can brood on quelque choses
Like these assorted sweetheart roses.

MARGARET FISHBACK ANTOLINI

Exceedingly Small Talk

Our little talk today concerns the reprehensible manner in which too many parents tend to shunt their youngsters aside. We must recognize that a child has needs which—not right now, Junior—call out for satisfaction, and the very least we, as adults, can do is give him or her the courtesy of interest in his overtures.

Where else, I ask, can the small child turn when his little mind is pressing with a problem of moment to him, but which—daddy's talking, sweetheart—but which, in our absorption with our own immediate interests and activities, we all too often turn aside brusquely or, worse yet, ignore entirely?

In our roles as wise—leave daddy's trousers cuffs alone, dear—counselors to those precious youngsters who look eternally to us for guidance, we must never have the crassness, the harsh impoliteness, if you will, to turn aside their simple pleas—what is daddy's cutie pie doing down there?—for a shred of our attention.

What voice is more worthy of answer than the child's who is calling out to us in the wilderness of his immature confusion? Can we truly call ourselves—close your mouth and roll daddy's pants leg down, honey—honorable parents if we scorn the approaches of those who seek us out for participation —— Yeeow!

DICK EMMONS

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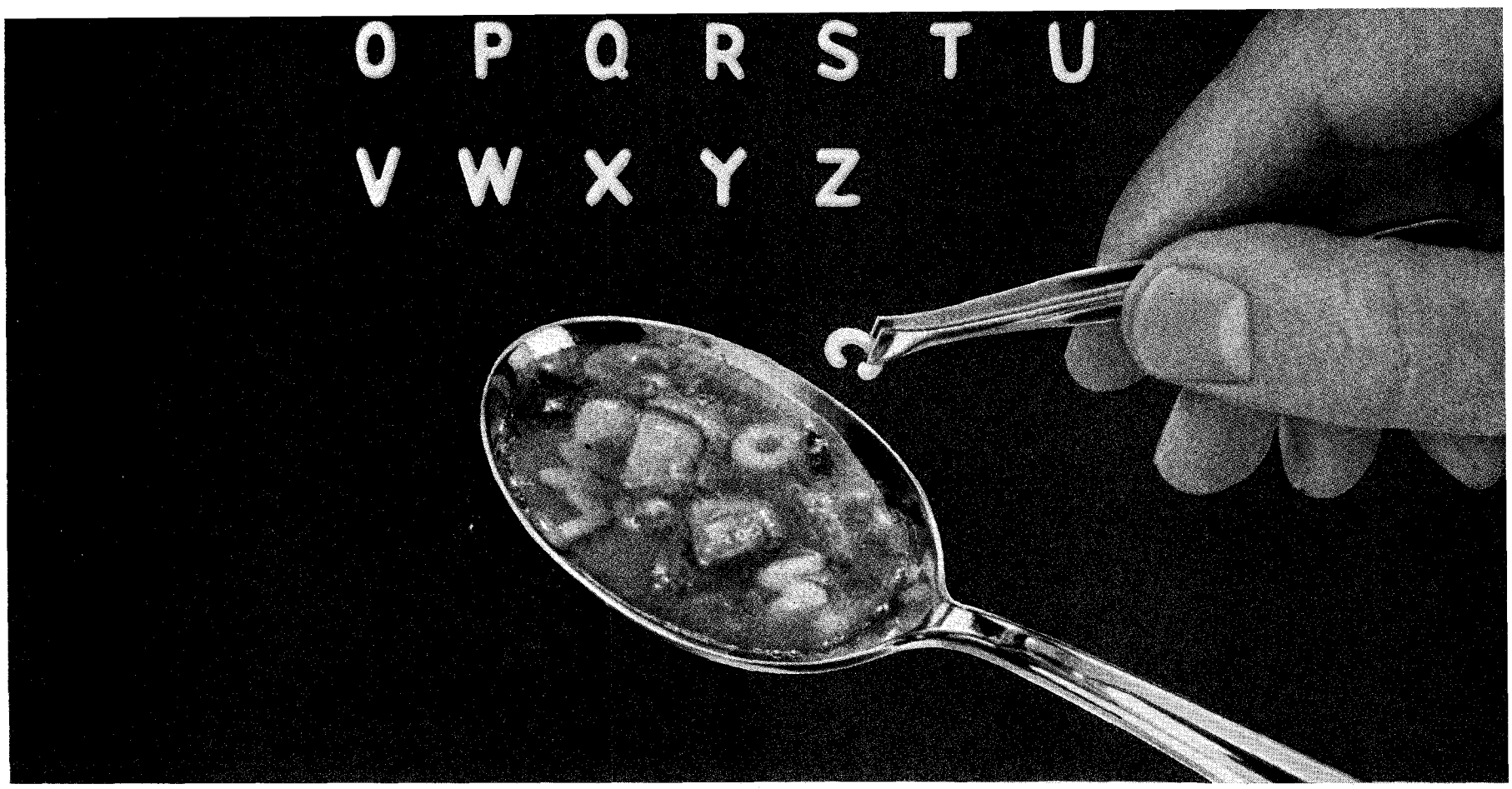


What makes the Campbell Alphabet letter-perfect?

The little alphabet letters and numerals that children like so much in Campbell's Vegetable Soup certainly aren't the most important things that go into it.

They do, however, give us an excellent opportunity to prove a point. This point: even the smallest part of any food that comes from the Campbell Kitchens gets the full treatment as far as Campbell care is concerned.

Campbell care starts in our purchasing department. These dainty alphabet letters are made of macaroni, and almost any macaroni would do very nicely for anyone but Campbell's.

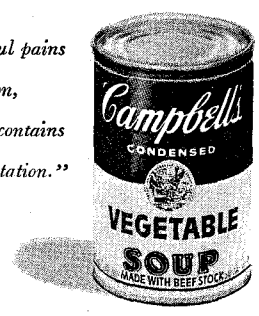
Our fussy purchasing people insist that alphabet letters be made of *high-protein* macaroni. And they're very particular to accept only finely formed, creamy-white letters. Then, before any letters go into the soup, a team of sharp-eyed women inspectors sorts them by hand and discards any broken or discolored ones that turn up from A to Z.

As a result, when the Campbell Alphabet goes into the soup, it's as close to letter-perfect as an alphabet can be.

Probably not one child in a thousand would know the difference if we didn't go to all this trouble. But *we* would. And here at Campbell we believe very deeply in this simple truth:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination,
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."



Campbell's

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans
V-8 *Cocktail Vegetable Juices*
Franco-American *Products*
Swanson *Products, including* **"TV"** *Brand Dinners*

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Once you've tried it, you'll never give it up

"It's wonderful!" Those are the words for how you'll feel when you and the new Royal Standard Typewriter meet up.

Try its touch. Light and easy, isn't it? Now, tabulate a bit . . . with a simple twist of the wrist. Or set margins. Click! That's all you do with Royal's famous "Magic"® Margin.

Try *every* control key. Easy, aren't they? They were built with you in mind.

Royal Standard Typewriters are preferred 2¼ to 1 by people in business who type. Royal Standards are rugged. They take less time out for repairs.

So, how about a free trial? Your Royal Representative will be glad to bring a new Royal Standard to the office.

This typewriter comes in green, pink, blue, yellow, brown and gray. Pick your color. Then, call him and tell him which color Royal Standard you would like to try.

They are beauties. But we warn you . . . once you've tried it, you'll never give it up.

ROYAL® *standard electric • portable • Roytype® business supplies*

Royal Typewriter Company, *Division of Royal McBee Corporation*

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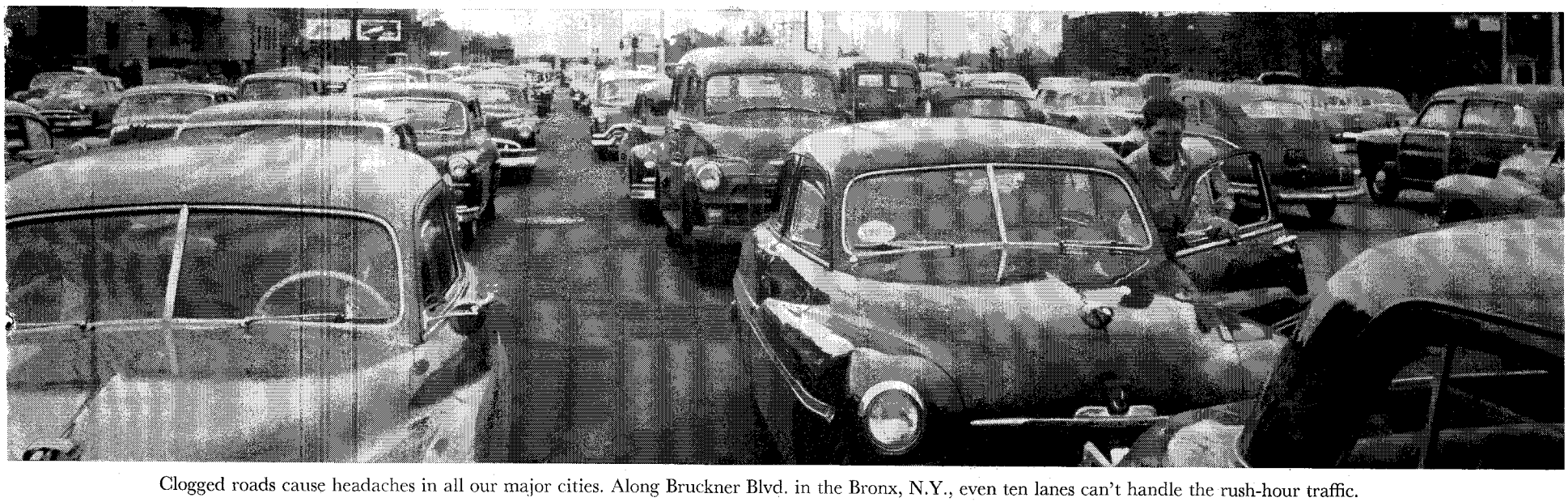
Traffic expert Wilbur Smith explains the mechanism of a signal to visiting European officials at the Eno Foundation.

TRAFFIC IS A MONSTER

As the heirs of the man who invented one-way streets, these scientists know more than anyone else about strangulation-by-traffic. Can they find a cure?



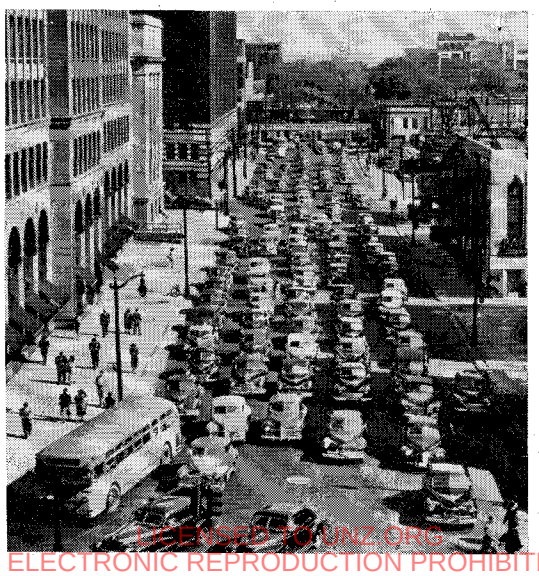
Clogged roads cause headaches in all our major cities. Along Bruckner Blvd. in the Bronx, N.Y., even ten lanes can't handle the rush-hour traffic.

By RUFUS JARMAN

At Saugatuck, Connecticut, a village on Long Island Sound some forty miles above New York, stands the only shrine in the world dedicated to traffic, a subject that seldom inspires adoration. This unexpected temple is a Georgian-style building of red brick, surrounded by manicured lawns and clipped boxwood, and it is a sort of Mecca for traffic men from New Haven to New Delhi.

This is the Eno Foundation for Traffic Control, Incorporated, the world's only institution that studies things like parking, congestion, accidents and traffic signals, and gives away all its findings free. It was set up thirty-five years ago by the late William Phelps Eno, a millionaire who died in 1945 after spending most of his eighty-seven years studying traffic as a hobby. He left the ornate foundation building and an endowment of $3,000,000 to carry on his work.

Detroit had to institute one-way traffic and a no-parking ban to keep things moving on Second Avenue.



Traffic engineers say that no agency has been as influential as the Eno group in helping communities reorganize their traffic policies, especially in providing off-street parking. The foundation gets its messages across through its various publications, including the Traffic Quarterly, which is to traffic what the Wall Street Journal is to finance. The Quarterly and the Eno traffic books are read by mayors, police chiefs and civic planners of 95 per cent of the major United States cities. Traffic folk as distant as Tokyo and Bombay are Eno fans. A day's mail may bring letters from half a dozen of them, such as: (Continued on Page 81)

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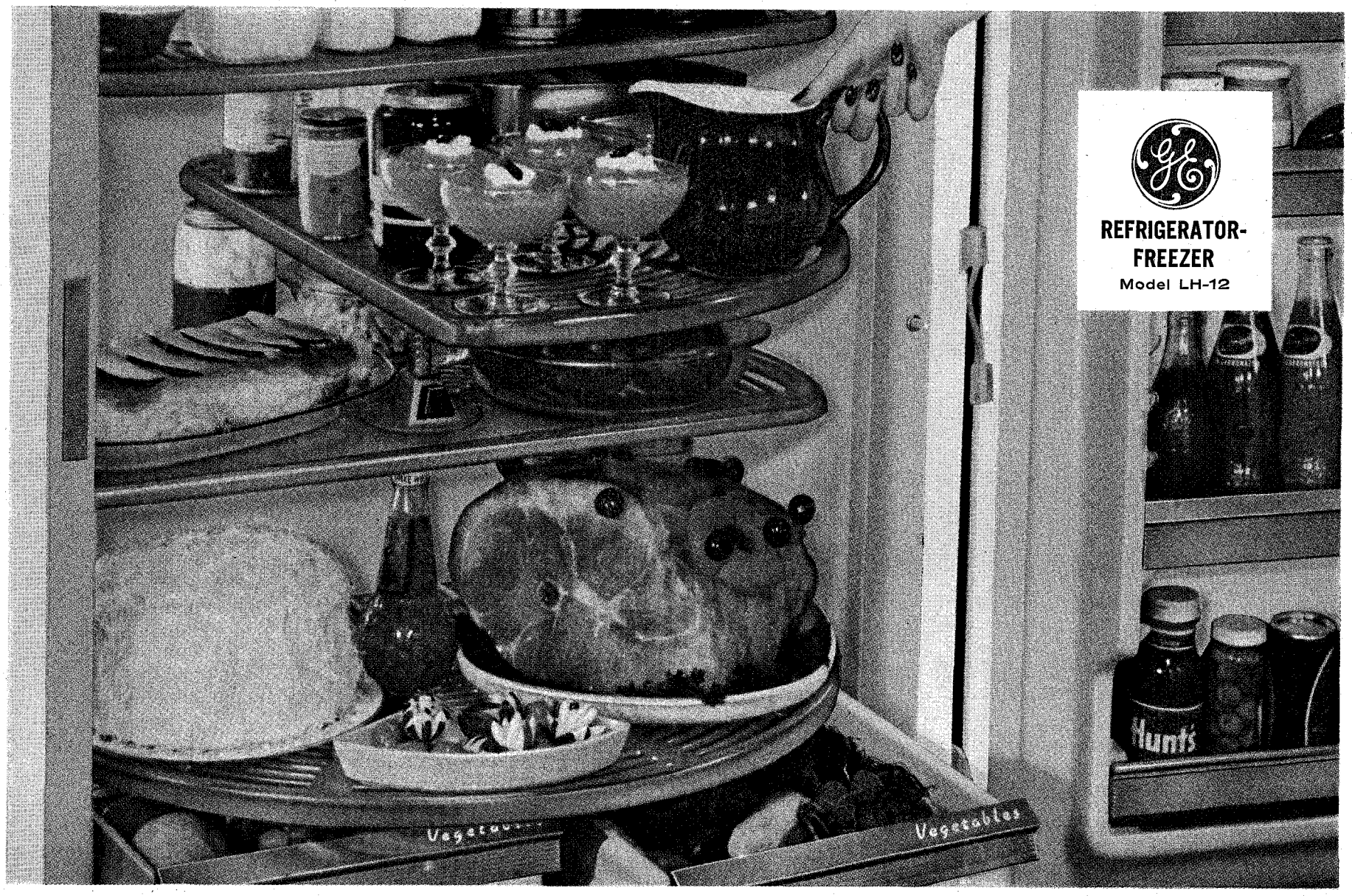
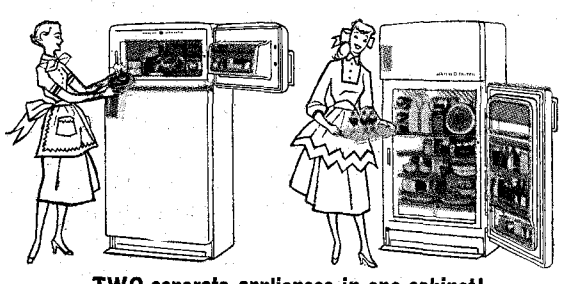


Available in G-E Mix-or-Match colors: Canary Yellow, Turquoise Green, Cadet Blue, Petal Pink, Woodtone Brown—or White. With left- or right-hand doors.



TWO separate appliances in one cabinet!

The true, zero-degree freezer has its own separate door, and separate refrigerating system. Keeps as many as 89 packages of frozen foods up to a year.

The big refrigerator section has completely automatic defrosting. And there's room for more foods on the sturdy G-E Revolving Shelves!

New, big G-E with Revolving Shelves and Magnetic Doors

REVOLVING SHELVES PUT ALL FOODS AT YOUR FINGERTIPS!
MAGNETIC DOORS CLOSE AUTOMATICALLY!

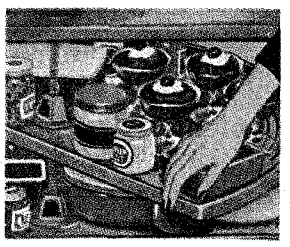
No other refrigerator, at a comparable price, can match this wonderful 12-cubic-foot General Electric Refrigerator-Freezer for worksaving conveniences and luxurious good looks.

Just look at all the features you can enjoy: General Electric Revolving Shelves, Magnetic Doors, automatic defrosting in the refrigerator section, automatic butter conditioner, adjustable and removable door shelves, separate zero-degree freezer that holds up to 77 pounds of frozen foods.

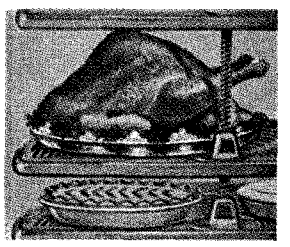
So safe, too! Children can't be locked inside because the latchless magnetic door can be opened easily from within.

See this big, economical Refrigerator-Freezer at your General Electric dealer's. Ask about the easy terms and generous trade-in allowance most General Electric dealers are offering.

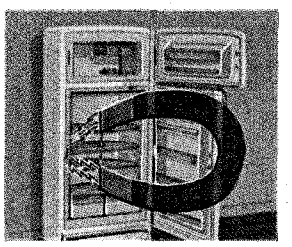
For his name and address, look in your classified telephone directory. General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.



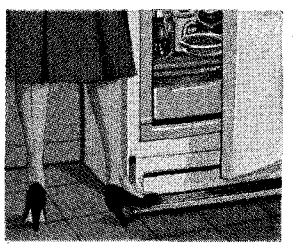
Revolving Shelves put all foods within easy reach. Just turn a shelf—food rides to the front.



Store Bulky Items without rearranging foods. Press button, turn shelf to adjust up or down.



Magnetic Doors. Permanent G-E Alnico Magnets close doors automatically, silently. Provide more efficient seal.



Foot Pedal. A touch of your toe opens refrigerator door, leaving both your hands free to carry food.

So dependable! More than 3,500,000 G-E Refrigerators in use 10 years or longer!

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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The Case of the Missing Poison

His client was in the clear, and it was up to Perry Mason to reveal the real murderer.

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

While under the influence of truth serum, Nadine Farr told her psychiatrist, Doctor Denair, that she poisoned her so-called uncle, Mosher Higley. Doctor Denair hired Perry Mason to investigate Nadine's story.

Nadine said that she'd intended to take the poison herself because she was so distraught over Higley's refusal to let her marry John Locke. When Higley died after drinking a cup of chocolate, Nadine was sure she'd unintentionally put poison in his drink instead of a chemical sweetening.

However, Higley's doctor reported he died of a natural cause, so Nadine decided to keep quiet. She threw the bottle of tablets into a nearby lake and tried to forget about Higley's death. But she suffered from a guilt complex. Doctor Denair learned her story when she went to him for help.

Perry Mason recovered the bottle of tablets from the lake. Nadine appeared innocent of any crime, for the tablets were only a harmless chemical sweetening.

Meanwhile, the police found out about Nadine's admission. They seized the tape recording of her talk with Doctor Denair. They also went to the lake, and they recovered a second bottle. It contained cyanide. District Attorney Hamilton Burger ordered Nadine arrested for murder.

Jackson Newburn told Mason that he planted the bottle of sweetening to protect Nadine. Newburn said he'd never admit this to the police. Newburn's wife, Sue, was Higley's niece and heir. Newburn explained that his wife would divorce him if she knew he tried to help Nadine.

Initially Nadine's trial hinged on the question as to whether her drug-induced confession was admissible evidence. Hamilton Burger insisted it was. Burger also said that he intended to prove Mason planted the bottle of sweetening to compound the murder.

As Burger produced the two bottles, Judge Ashurst looked accusingly at Mason. "This," said the judge, "is a very serious situation."

CONCLUSION

Mason said, "If the court please, I think I can account for the bottle which contains the harmless sugar substitute, and since there has been an insinuation that I was responsible for planting that, I would like at this time to call a witness who will testify on that phase of the matter."

"The court will permit that," Judge Ashurst said. "This witness, of course, is called in connection with a motion which is addressed solely to the discretion of the court or, rather, in connection with an objection to the admissibility of evidence on which the court desires to take evidence."

"That is correct," Mason said. "I'm going to ask Mr. Jackson Newburn to come forward and be sworn."

Jackson Newburn got up from the audience, came forward, raised his right hand and was sworn.

"Take the witness stand," Judge Ashurst said.

Mason said, "Your name is Jackson Newburn. You are married to Sue Newburn, who is a surviving niece of Mosher Higley. Is that correct?"

"That is correct."

"And as such husband and because of the relationship, you had access to the house of Mosher Higley, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were there from time to time?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were there on the day that Mosher Higley died?"

"Yes, sir."

"And after his death you learned, did you not, that the defendant had made statements to the effect that she had taken tablets of what she thought was a sugar substitute from a bottle kept in the usual place, that immediately after giving Mosher Higley the chocolate containing these tablets Mosher Higley accused her of having poisoned him, went into choking convulsions and died shortly thereafter?"

"Yes, sir."

"You were friendly with the defendant?"

"Not exactly friendly. At that time I sympathized with her."

"You say at that time?"

"Yes. At that time I thought she was being rather abused by Mosher Higley. I didn't, at that time, know certain facts which I discovered later—facts which indicated she was engaged in blackmailing my wife's uncle."

"Now, your wife is a relatively young woman?"

(Continued on Page 46)

"You welsher!" rasped Newburn's wife. "You double-crossing little rat!"

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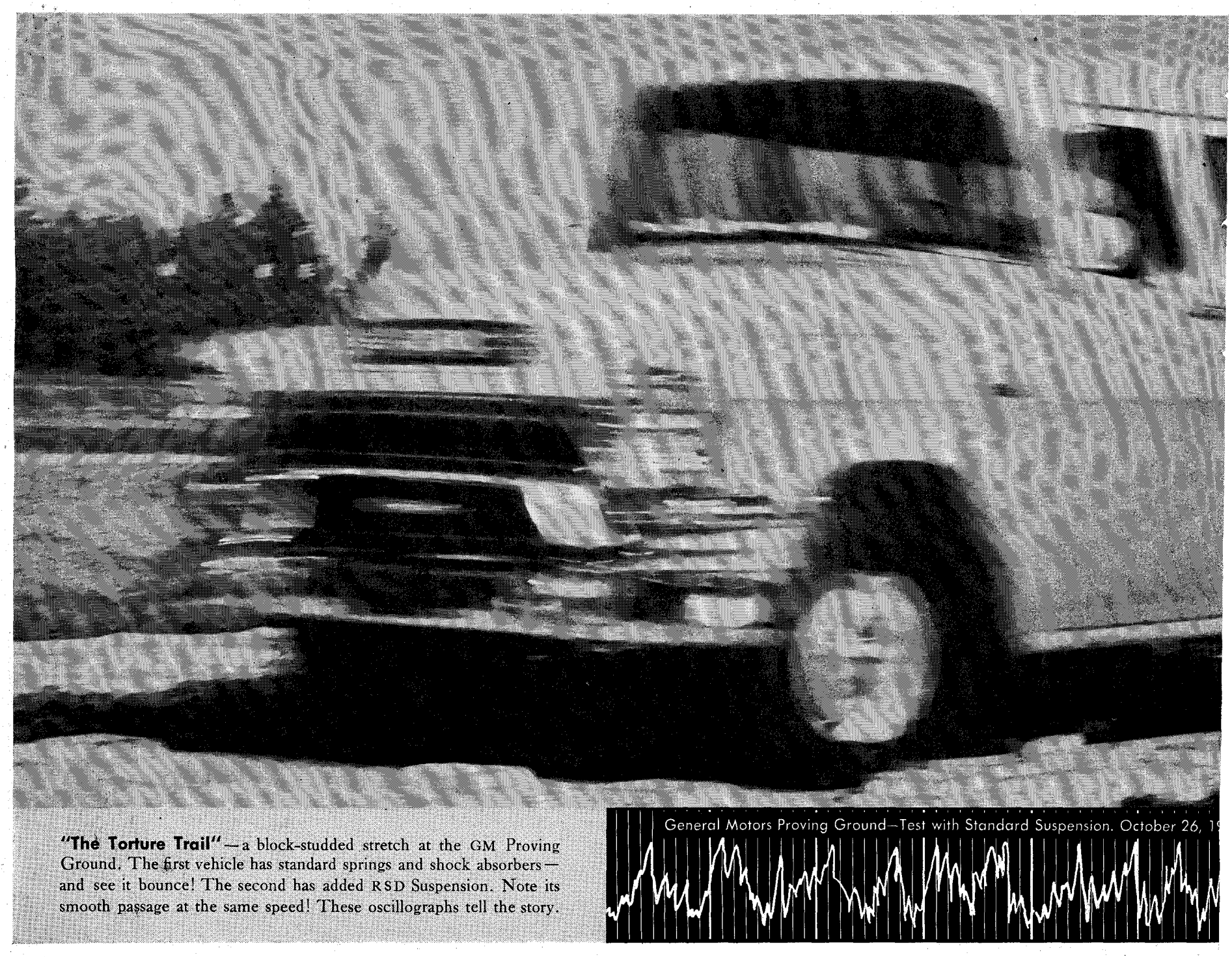

"The Torture Trail"—a block-studded stretch at the GM Proving Ground. The first vehicle has standard springs and shock absorbers—and see it bounce! The second has added RSD Suspension. Note its smooth passage at the same speed! These oscillographs tell the story.

We call it RSD Suspension

you'll call it a miracle!

EVERY ONCE in a blue moon there comes an engineering advance so sensational that it leaves the rest of the automotive industry far behind. Today, GMC brings you another—on our improved Blue Chip half-ton models.

It is RSD Front-End Suspension which means that the front wheels—in addition to regular springs and shock absorbers that lessen jolts—are equipped with an amazing new device known as a Road Shock Damper* that eliminates wheel bounce on the roughest roads.

The result is a ride so incredibly comfortable you can hardly believe it. A Blue Chip GMC pickup with RSD Suspension rides—not merely equal to a passenger car—*but with a miracul smoothness never known before in any wheeled vehicle!*

No longer need you slow down for rough going. Vehi slewing is eliminated. Steering is easier—driver fatigue grea reduced. Fragile loads are protected from breakage. Believe or not, you won't even feel tramp over the expansion joints concrete pavements!

Prove it to yourself: let your GMC dealer give you a demonstrat ride with RSD Suspension. Pick the most viciously stubb road you know. Then see for yourself how RSD Suspens *seems to repave it as you sail over it!* Make that date today.

GMC TRUCK & COACH—*A General Motors Divisi*

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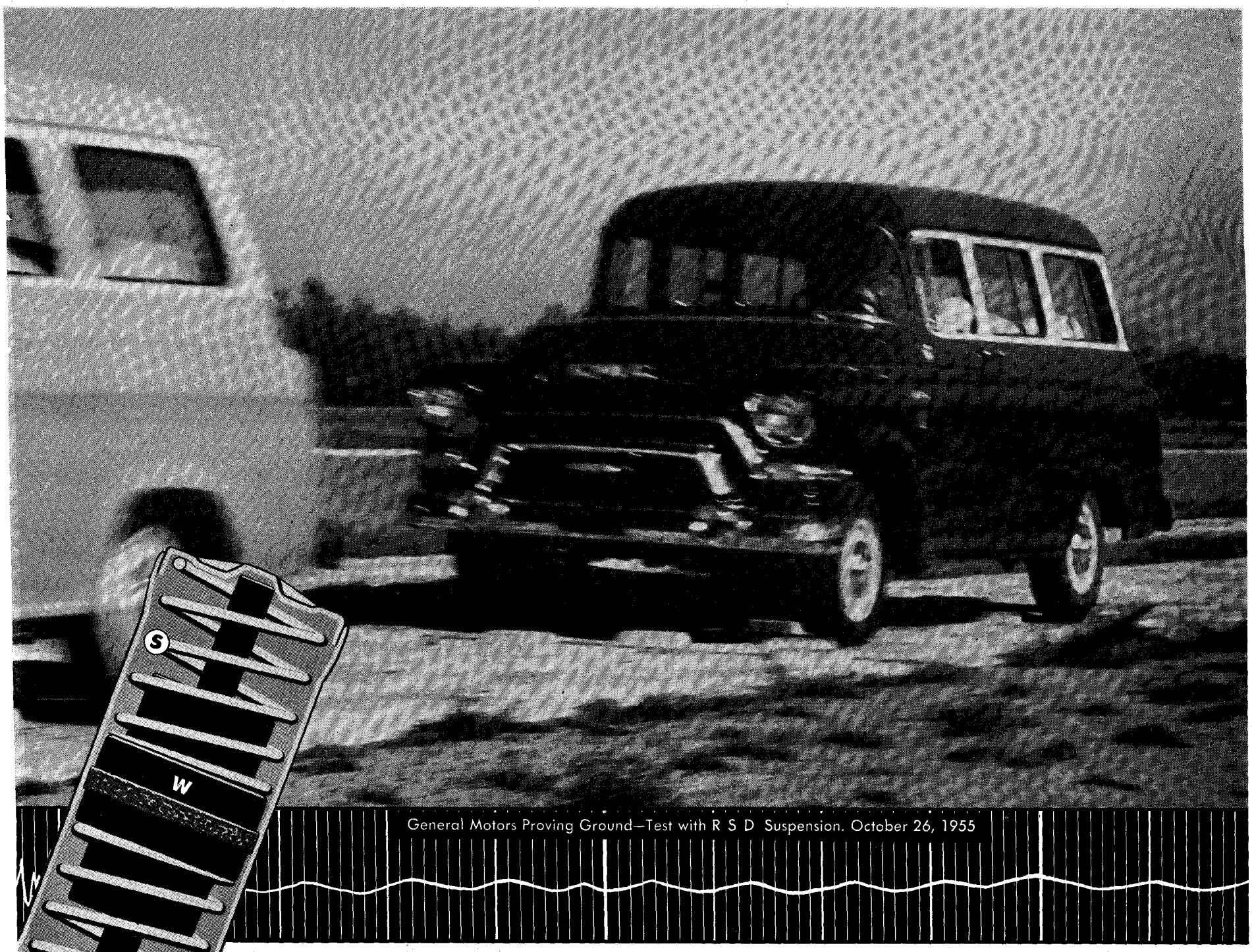


General Motors Proving Ground—Test with R S D Suspension. October 26, 1955

How RSD Works! The Road Shock Damper applies in reverse an age-old physical law which explains how the rhythmic steps of marching men can set a large suspension bridge into dangerous motion. In the Road Shock Damper attached to each front wheel the weight "W" floating on springs "S" is harmonically tuned to the natural frequency of the vehicle's unsprung weight. Its harmonic oscillation acts as a dynamic brake and reduces wheel-hop to a mere flutter.

IN MOTOR TRANSPORT

GMC

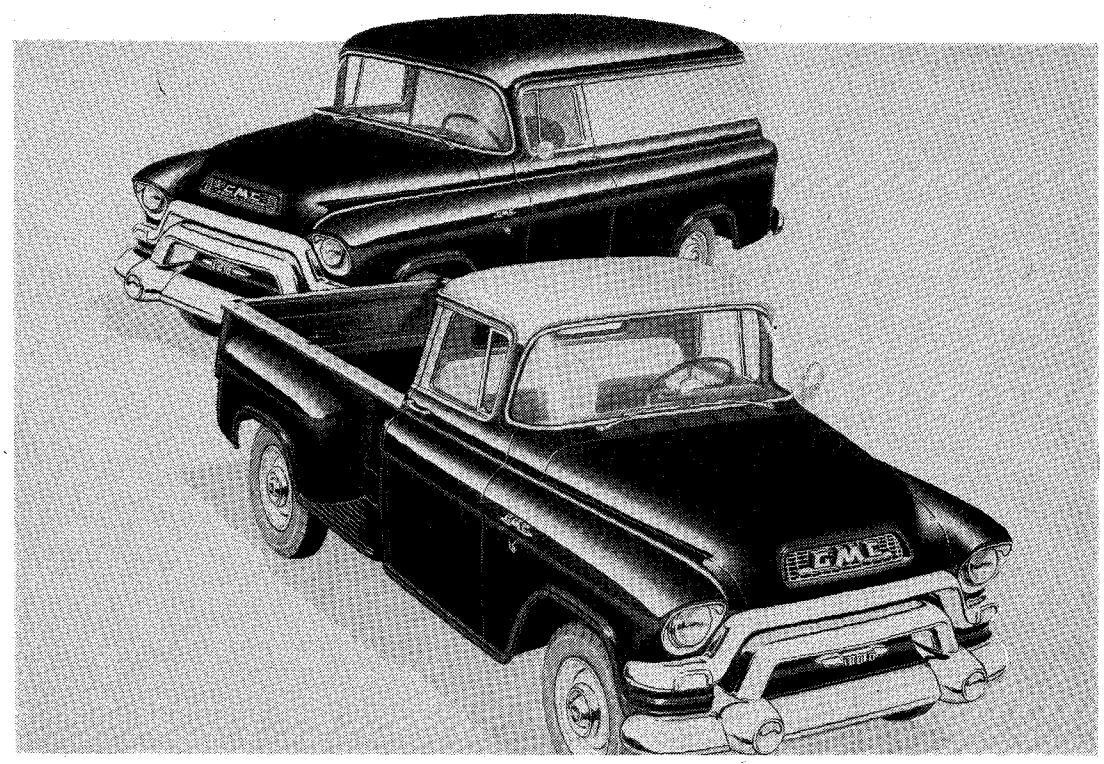
LEADS THE WAY

BLUE CHIP GMC TRUCKS

Your key to Blue Chip value

ADDITIONAL HIGHLIGHTS OF GMC's IMPROVED BLUE CHIP LINE OF LIGHT-DUTY TRUCKS:

New 180-H. P. V8 and 140-H. P. six engines with the largest displacement in the industry • New options include fast-cruising axle ratio and Safety Power Steering • New Kudu Stabilizer • Tubeless tires and 12-volt electrical systems are standard equipment.



**Standard on the Suburban; optional at slight extra cost on other ½-ton models*

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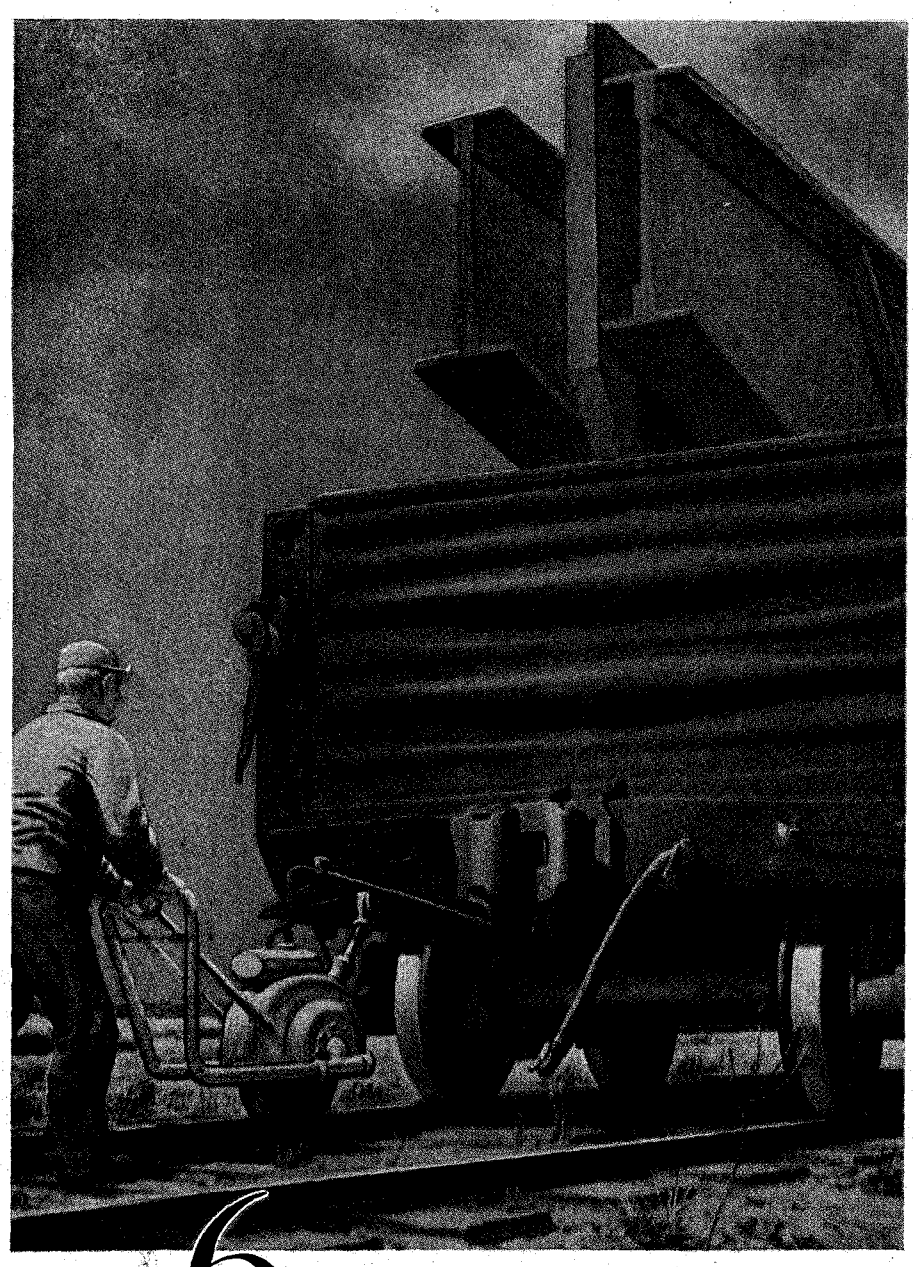


6 horsepower moves a freight car

This new Motor Oil can give your car 5 to 10 more horsepower this winter

You can treat your car to 5 to 10 extra horsepower by switching to Shell X-100 Motor Oil Premium. That's a big power bonus—enough to move a freight car.

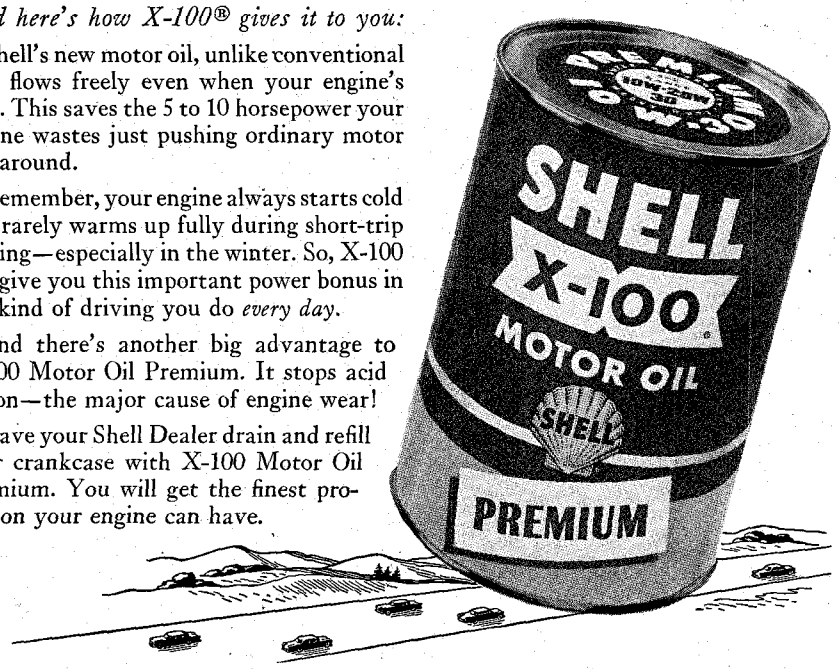
And here's how X-100® gives it to you:

Shell's new motor oil, unlike conventional oils, flows freely even when your engine's cold. This saves the 5 to 10 horsepower your engine wastes just pushing ordinary motor oils around.

Remember, your engine always starts cold and rarely warms up fully during short-trip driving—especially in the winter. So, X-100 can give you this important power bonus in the kind of driving you do *every day*.

And there's another big advantage to X-100 Motor Oil Premium. It stops acid action—the major cause of engine wear!

Have your Shell Dealer drain and refill your crankcase with X-100 Motor Oil Premium. You will get the finest protection your engine can have.



The Case of the Missing Poison

(Continued from Page 43)

"On the sunny side of thirty," Newburn said.

"She has a good figure?"

"I consider it a very good figure."

"She tries to protect that figure by a careful diet?"

"Yes."

"And in her house she has a certain chemical sugar substitute in the form of tablets which she uses for sweetening?"

"Yes, sir."

"In fact, it was through her recommendation of this chemical sweetening that Mosher Higley was induced to start using these same tablets?"

"Yes, sir."

"And after you found out that the defendant had stated she had placed the tablets she feared were cyanide in a bottle together with shot, and had thrown the bottle out into a lake known as Twomby's Lake, you tried to protect her by going to your home, taking a partially filled bottle of these same sugar tablets, filling it with shot and throwing it out in the lake?"

"I did not."

"What?" Mason exclaimed in surprise. "You didn't?"

"No, sir."

"Why, you told me you did. You admitted it."

"No, I didn't."

"Do you mean to tell me," Mason said, "that when I approached you there at a club on West Adams Street, a club known as the Wildcat Exploration and Development Club, you didn't tell me there on the porch of that club that you had done this very thing?"

"I did not."

Mason said grimly, "Now, your honor, I am faced with a situation where a witness is apparently committing deliberate perjury. I will state to the court on my honor as an attorney that this witness did make such a statement to me."

"That is not true," Newburn said calmly. "I made no such statement."

Hamilton Burger smiled. "Well, now, just a moment," he said. "We have a very peculiar situation. Counsel, having been accused of having prepared a bottle of sugar pills, filling it with shot, and throwing it out in the lake, now seeks to disclaim responsibility by claiming that Jackson Newburn threw that bottle out in the lake. Newburn says he didn't. Counsel says that Newburn told him he did. Here we have a direct conflict between counsel and Newburn. One of them certainly is lying. I leave it to the court to determine as to which is the more interested and which would be more apt to tell a falsehood for the purpose of protecting his reputation."

"Now, just a moment," Judge Ashurst said, his face stern. "Apparently one of these persons is making a false statement, a statement which is unequivocally false. . . . Mr. Newburn, I am going to ask you, did you make any such statement to Mr. Mason?"

"I did not."

"I propose to show that he did," Mason said.

"By your own testimony?" Judge Ashurst asked.

"Yes."

"Any corroboration?"

Mason hesitated a moment, then shook his head and said, "No corroboration which is of evidentiary value. My secretary was sitting in a car parked at the curb and I told her, as soon as I returned from the interview, what Mr. Newburn had said."

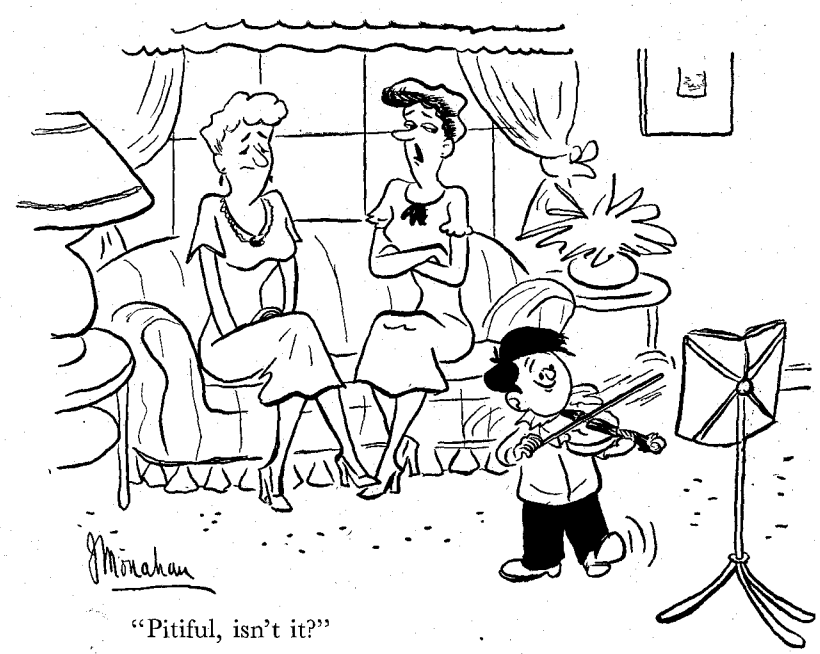
"That, of course, is no corroboration. That is simply a self-serving declaration," Hamilton Burger said.

"I think the court knows me well enough to know that while I will use certain methods which some persons may consider unorthodox for the purpose of bringing out the true facts in a case, I certainly will not jeopardize myself by making a false statement," Mason said. "Nor would I go to the extent of planting evidence for the purpose of confusing the officers or protecting a person accused of murder."

"That, of course, is a matter of debate," Hamilton Burger said. "You have your own peculiar standard of ethics in such matters and I don't profess to know what they are. However, I will state to the court that we now have a situation where this witness, Newburn, states definitely he did not have any such conversation with Mason. Mason proposes to swear that he did. For what purpose? All that Mason could do would be to impeach the witness. A person cannot impeach his own witness and, even if he did, that statement would be only for purposes of impeachment. It wouldn't go to establish the fact."

"That, of course, is true," Judge Ashurst said. "If Mr. Mason took the stand, all he could do would be to impeach the veracity of this witness, and this is his own witness, but even if he did impeach him, it wouldn't establish the fact that the witness had actually thrown this bottle out in the lake. That, of

(Continued on Page 48)



"Pitiful, isn't it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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GREATEST GUY IN THE WORLD!

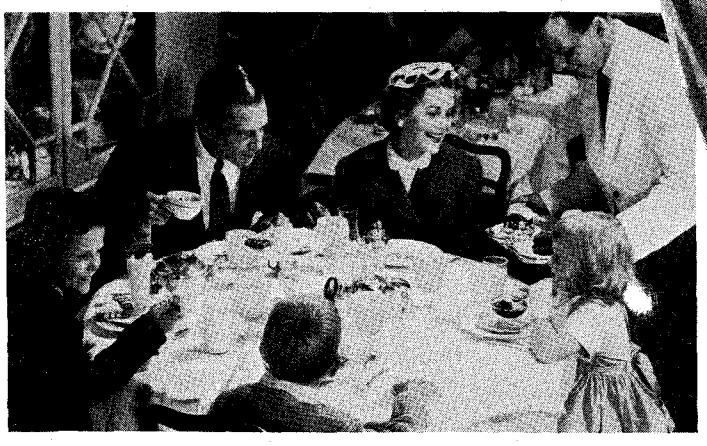
The man who takes his family OUT to dine!

He really *is* great! *He* understands women. Dad knows that even the best home cook in the world gets tired of eating her own cooking – three times a day – day after day.

So he gives the lady a break, and takes the whole family *out* to eat—once every week. And, whether they go to a famous hotel, a big popular restaurant, or to the friendly little local eating place—it's a big, bright day.

Mom feels young and carefree, the kids feel wonderfully grown-up. And Dad—who has fun, too—basks in the admiration justly due a Great Man with a Great Idea!

February is Family Dine-Out Month!



It's a happy family habit to eat out once a week!

P.S. This very sincere compliment to the Food Service Industry comes with the best wishes of that old friend of the family . . . General Foods Institutional Products Division.

IN COOPERATION WITH
NATIONAL RESTAURANT ASSOCIATION

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(Continued from Page 46) course, is a technical legal rule, but, after all, as counsel has pointed out, this is a case in which he intends to rely on technicalities, and the prosecution is entitled to protection under the law just as the defendant is."

Mason, his face flushed with anger, said, "Your honor, I'd like to have an adjournment of this case until tomorrow morning at ten o'clock. I'll certainly go into this matter. I intend to take some steps to ascertain the truth. I am certain of my facts, and I know that this witness made a definite statement to me, a statement such as I reported to the court."

Judge Ashurst deliberated for a few moments; then said, "Of course, while it is beside the point, the court has always found Perry Mason strictly scrupulous and accurate in any statements made to the court."

Hamilton Burger said, with what amounted to a sneer, "Counsel has continually resorted to all sorts of ingenious trickery in connection with his cases. This is one time he went too far, and now that he is trapped he realizes that his entire professional reputation is at stake. It is distasteful to me to have to make these comments, but I suggest that the court consider the motivation."

Mason, who had been studying the exhibits, turned to Burger. "Wait a minute. You want to introduce this confession of the defendant on the theory, among others, that it is corroborated by the discovery of the shotgun shells in the very place where she said she had left them, and that those shotgun shells constitute a sufficient corroboration so that the evidence can be received?"

"Exactly," Hamilton Burger said.

Mason smiled. "Very well," he said, "I'll meet you on that legal contention. If that will be your contention I'll withdraw all objection to the tape-recorded confession."

"Here, here! Wait a minute," Judge Ashurst said. "You can't do that, Mr. Mason. You have to protect the rights of the defendant. There is a very serious question here as to whether a confession under the influence of drugs can be used and there is also a very serious question as to whether this constitutes a confidential communication. The court isn't prepared to announce its ruling as yet on those objections, but they certainly are material objections affecting the substantial rights of the defendant and ——"

"And I'll withdraw the objection," Mason said, "provided the district attorney goes ahead as he has indicated. I'll accept his challenge and meet him on those grounds."

"I am trying to point out that you can't do that," Judge Ashurst said. "You can't waive the rights of the defendant. You may have some theory here, but the court is free to admit it can't realize what it is. However, the court does understand that you have a very potent technical objection, one which may result in a dismissal of the entire case if the court rules in your favor."

"And which would leave the defendant forever tarred with the stigma of having been a murderess who escaped through a technicality," Mason said. "No, your honor, I'm representing the defendant. The defendant is in my hands. I'll withdraw the objection. Go ahead. Call the jury back into court. Let the prosecutor put on his corroboration; then play that tape recording to the jury."

Hamilton Burger said triumphantly, "That suits me."

"I don't think you have the right to do this," Judge Ashurst said.

"As the lawyer representing the defendant I have a right to conduct the case the way I see fit," Mason told him.

"But you yourself have a direct interest in this case, Mr. Mason. I regret to have to point it out, but you are involved in this thing yourself. There is, of course, naturally a temptation to—to—the court was about to say, save your own skin, but that is too drastic an expression."

"Let it go at that," Mason said. "Let's suppose I am trying to save my own skin. Nevertheless I'm going to meet this issue head on and right here and now. The defendant doesn't want to go through life forever branded as having murdered her benefactor and having taken advantage of a technicality to escape justice. Let's meet this thing."

Hamilton Burger said eagerly, "The prosecution accepts that situation. . . . Your honor, the objection has been withdrawn and in the absence of any objection I feel that the court has nothing to rule on."

"The objection is withdrawn only to this extent," Mason said, "that you are going to introduce those shotgun shells and the bottle containing the poison."

"That's right," Hamilton Burger said triumphantly.

Mason turned and walked back to the counsel table, thereby terminating the discussion.

Judge Ashurst stroked his chin thoughtfully, looked at Mason speculatively.

"The objection is withdrawn. There's nothing before the court," Hamilton Burger insisted.

"Very well," Judge Ashurst remarked reluctantly. "Let the record show exactly what has transpired. Now then, the court is going to ask the defendant to stand up . . . Miss Farr, will you stand up, please?"

Nadine Farr stood up.

"You have heard what was said by your counsel?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Do you wish the court to appoint other counsel to defend you?"

"No, your honor."

"Are you satisfied with the position adopted by your attorney?"

"Whatever Mr. Mason says is all right with me," she said.

Judge Ashurst shook his head dubiously. "The court still doesn't feel right about this matter. The court is going to take an adjournment and give the matter further consideration. The court is frank to state that the technical objections in regard to the corpus delicti appear to the court to have a substantial foundation in fact; furthermore, the fact that this so-called confession was made under the influence of narcotics, and the further fact that this was a communication with a physician within the four walls of a doctor's office for the purpose of getting treatment, all tend to make a very serious technical situation."

"I have other authorities, if the court please," Hamilton Burger said. "When a patient confesses a crime to a doctor, the doctor cannot consider that as a confidential communication."

"But this doctor was a psychiatrist," Judge Ashurst pointed out. "I am familiar with the line of decisions indicating that a confession to a crime is not necessary to enable a doctor to make his diagnosis, and that therefore it is not a privileged communication, but here we are dealing with a psychiatrist who, according to your own words, was trying to probe the underlying causes of the patient's guilt feeling."

"I can short-cut all of that if you want," Mason said. "I can prove right here and now that the defendant never threw that bottle of poison into Twomby's Lake."

"How are you going to prove it?" Hamilton Burger demanded truculently. "That's another grandstand, another attempt to influence the press. You ——"

Judge Ashurst banged his gavel. "That will do, Mr. Prosecutor. . . . Mr. Mason, you wish to point out something to the court?"

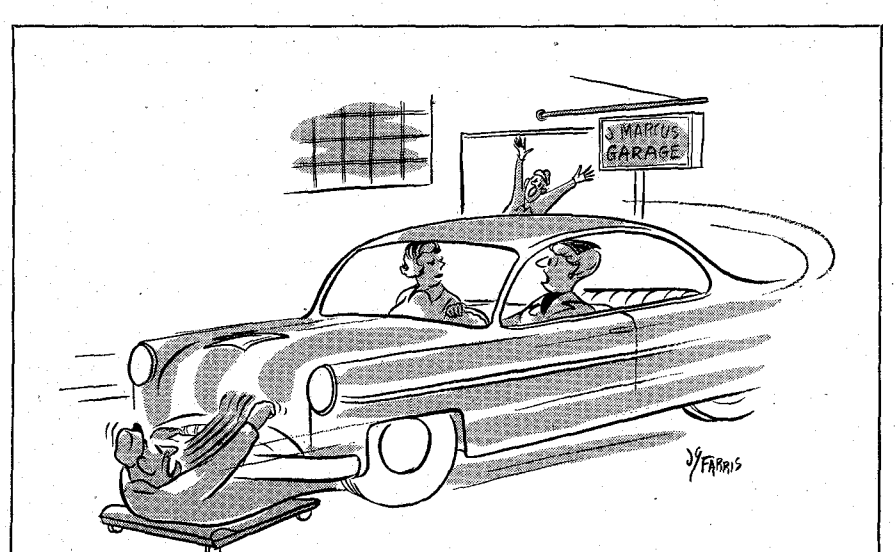
"Simply this," Mason said: "Look at the wadding on those shells. Those are sixteen-gauge shells filled with Number Five chilled shot. Look at the bottle marked Exhibit A containing the poison. Look at those shot. Those shot are Number Seven and a Half or Number Eight bird shot. They're very definitely not Number Five shot. And you can still see some of the Five shot which are left in the shell which was only half emptied.

"In other words, your honor, the bottle containing the harmless sugar substitute, Exhibit B, is the bottle that contains the Number Five chilled shot which came from the shotgun shells. The bottle, Exhibit A, containing the cyanide of potassium, contains Number Seven and a Half or Eight Shot. That load is a much finer bird shot intended for trap shooting or upland game, whereas the load in the shells which were found in the place mentioned in the tape-recorded statement contains shot used for hunting ducks.

"Now then, your honor, I ask that we bring in a pair of scales right here and now, before there's any opportunity to tamper with that evidence, and weigh the shot which are found in both bottles. I think you will find that the shot in the bottle containing the harmless sugar substitute represent the exact weight of the shot taken from the two shells found in the gun room; that the shot in the bottle containing cyanide of potassium definitely came from another source."

Judge Ashurst picked up the two bottles, glanced at Hamilton Burger.

"Oh, your honor," Hamilton Burger said, "this is another grandstand. This is—how do I know what happened? Counsel was in a position to switch those bottles. I definitely accuse him of having thrown one of those bottles ——"



"I still hear a strange knock in the motor!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Which one?" Mason asked.

"Exhibit B!" Hamilton Burger snapped.

"All right," Mason said; "then you contend that the defendant threw the bottle Exhibit A?"

"That's right."

"Then her confession can't be substantiated because the shot in Exhibit A didn't come from those two shotgun shells. You've stated that you're willing to submit your entire case on the theory that the confession, no matter how obtained, can be introduced if it is corroborated by independent physical evidence."

Hamilton Burger looked at the two bottles, scratched his head, said, "I don't know definitely. Of course, there is always the possibility these labels have been substituted."

"In that case," Mason said, "the bottle that you accuse me of having thrown into the lake then contains cyanide of potassium and the bottle you now claim the defendant threw into the lake contained the sugar substitute."

Hamilton Burger started to say something; then looked around at the newspaper reporters, who were literally crowding forward.

"Let's have an adjournment in this case," he said, "until we can get some of these facts unscrambled."

"Let's not have any adjournment or any possibility of having any substitution made until we get this thing straight," Mason said. "Let's get the ballistics expert from the sheriff's office into court, have him bring a pair of scales and find out about these shot."

Judge Ashurst nodded to the bailiff. "Get the ballistics expert from the sheriff's office, Mr. Bailiff."

Alexander Redfield was the ballistics expert who had featured so prominently in Perry Mason's previous case involving the redheaded waitress who had been accused of murder. Having completed the tests made in front of Judge Ashurst and the tensely, dramatically silent courtroom, he looked at Mason with a respect amounting to awe.

"Mr. Mason is absolutely correct, your honor. The shells which were found in the gun room and which I have previously examined at the request of the district attorney contain Number Five shot. These shot are twelve one-hundredths of an inch in diameter and average one hundred and seventy to the ounce. Each shell contains approximately one and one-eighth ounces of shot. The shot that are in this bottle which contains the sugar substitute, Exhibit B, came from these shells. The shot in this bottle are the exact weight of the lead shot missing from the two shells.

"On the other hand, the shot in the bottle of cyanide, which is marked Exhibit A, are a smaller shot and, frankly, I don't think they came from a shotgun shell. If the court will notice, there is a peculiar coating on these shot. I have not had time as yet to make a chemical analysis, but I think it will be determined that the substance coating those shot is ink."

"Ink!" Judge Ashurst exclaimed.

"Exactly, your honor. The court may have noticed that in certain hotels where pens are used there is frequently a glass container filled with small shot and in which pens are dipped. It is an old-fashioned custom which has largely become outmoded, but it still exists in certain places. A steel pen retains ink and in the course of time is corroded. An attempt is made to remove the ink from the pen by placing the pen in a container in which there's a large number of small shot. The ink has a tendency to leave the pen and cling to the shot, and I believe there is also some sort of chemical reaction which protects the steel pen from corrosion, although I am not in (Continued on Page 51)

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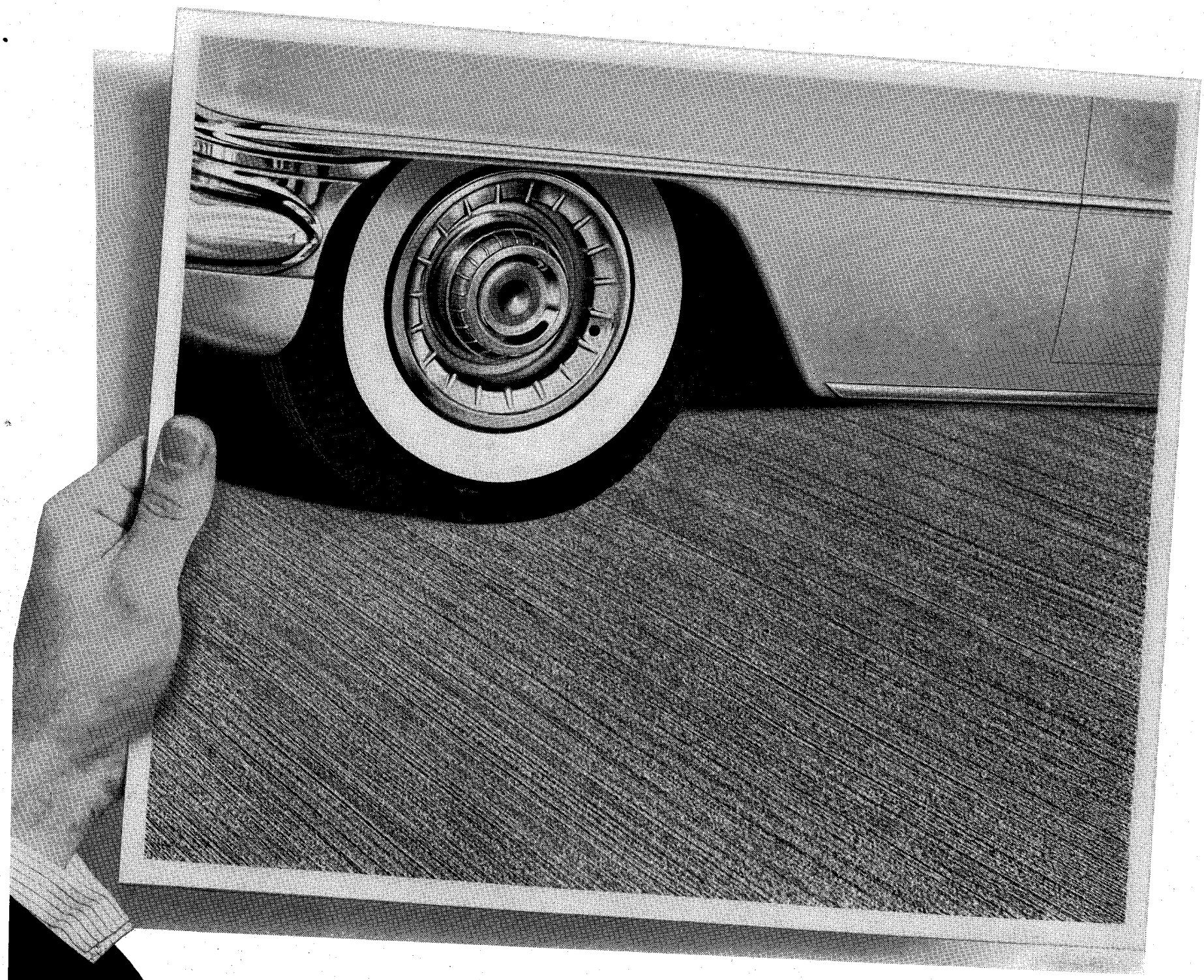

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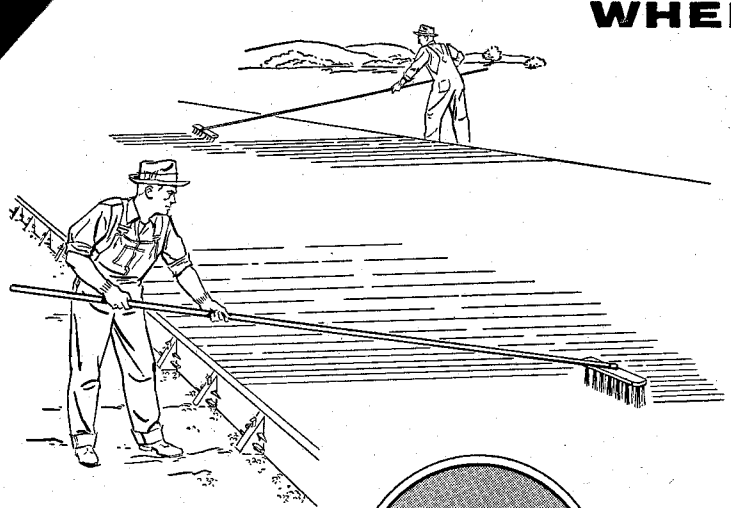

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(Continued from Page 48)

a position to make that as a definite statement. However, you will note that these smaller shot in the bottle containing the cyanide, Exhibit A, have a very definite discoloration which I think is ink."

"Now then," Mason interposed, "I want the court to order the police to go immediately to the club of which Jackson Newburn is a member—the Wildcat Exploration and Development Club on West Adams Street—and see if on the desks of that club, in the writing room, there are not glass containers holding shot similar to those found in this exhibit. I also want the court to have those shot impounded and the ink on them analyzed and see if it is not the same ink as is found on these shot in the bottle, Exhibit A. I think it is going to be possible to prove that the shot in this bottle containing the cyanide came from the writing room at that club."

Judge Ashurst glanced at Jackson Newburn. "The court will make that order," he said. "The court considers this matter of the greatest importance and ——"

"It isn't necessary," Newburn blurted.

"What?" Judge Ashurst exclaimed. "Come up here. Take that witness chair. . . . You may step aside, Mr. Redfield."

"Mr. Mason is right," Newburn said, his voice lowered so that it was with difficulty the court could distinguish the words. He eased himself into the witness chair. "I got the shot in that bottle from the glass containers at the club. They have a writing room in which there are half a dozen writing desks. Those desks have glass-filled inkwells and there is a container of shot on each one of those desks, shot in which the pens are kept. I—I took the shot from there."

In the lexicon of youth there is no such word as "fail"—or "lexicon."

SHANNON FIFE

"Now just a minute," Judge Ashurst said. "Let's see if I understand you correctly. Then you are the one who put the shot from these containers which you got at that club in this bottle marked Exhibit A?"

"Yes, your honor."

"The bottle containing the cyanide?"

"Yes, your honor."

"And what did you do with that bottle?"

"I threw it out in the lake."

"You are now referring to the bottle containing the cyanide, not the bottle containing the sugar substitute?"

"Yes, your honor."

"And you did tell Perry Mason you threw a bottle of sugar-substitute pills in the lake?"

"Yes, your honor."

Judge Ashurst said angrily, "I order this man into custody for deliberate perjury and suspicion of murder. I direct that the police go out to this club and impound this evidence immediately."

Mason said, "Perhaps the court would like to ask this witness where he got the cyanide."

Judge Ashurst turned angrily to Newburn. "Now," he said, "you are very plainly guilty of flagrant perjury in this court. You may well be accused of murder. Anything you say can be used against you. I want you to understand that. You have the right to consult an attorney if you desire. Now then, where did you get the cyanide that you put in that bottle?"

"From the laboratory."

"What laboratory?"

"The laboratory where John Locke works."

"And how did you get in there?"

"That laboratory is doing a job for an oil company in which I have an interest—in fact, I was instrumental in getting the job for Mr. Locke's company."

"Then," Judge Ashurst said, "you administered the cyanide which possibly was the cause of Mosher Higley's death?"

Newburn looked at the judge with panic in his eyes and shook his head.

"You did not?"

"No, I didn't," Newburn said, "but God knows how I'll ever prove it now."

"Why did you do all this?" Mason asked, his voice kindly.

"I did it to protect my wife."

"In what way?" Mason asked.

"At the time I did it, I was convinced this so-called confession of Nadine was simply a pipe dream, the hallucination of a disordered mind which was produced by drugs, but I knew that my wife—I thought that my wife had killed him, and I was trying to protect her."

"And how were you trying to protect her?" Mason asked.

"As soon as I knew that Nadine had made that confession on the tape recording, I knew that the police would go out to search Twomby's Lake. If they didn't find any cyanide in a bottle filled with shot, it would tend to make it appear that the confession was simply a—well, a pipe dream. But if they did, then they would have this confession authenticated."

"So what did you do?" Mason asked.

"The cyanide tablets I had had in my house for some time," Newburn said. "I got them some four weeks before Mosher Higley's death. We had been troubled with dogs that were tearing up my wife's flower beds. My wife determined to poison them. I pointed out to her that it was a crime to poison dogs, but she was bitterly vindictive. I told her that if she tried to buy poison that poison would be traced and —— Well, we discussed it and finally I agreed to get her the cyanide tablets from the jar that I knew was in the laboratory where John Locke worked. I was making frequent trips to that laboratory at that time because the company which employed Locke was making a chemical analysis of certain alloys which were being used in some of my oil-drilling operations."

"And you naturally assumed that your wife had used some of this cyanide to poison Mosher Higley?" Mason asked.

Newburn nodded.

"And so you felt that if the police did search the lake and did find the bottle just as described by Nadine, it would remove suspicion from your wife?"

"Everything would have been all right if it hadn't been for that crazy idea of Nadine's," Newburn said, "but once she got that idea I knew that they would exhume Mosher Higley's body. I didn't know enough about the effect of the embalming fluid to know that it would destroy the evidences of the cyanide, so I thought that they would trace the cyanide through me to my wife and —— Well, she had poisoned two of the dogs and the neighbors were already suspicious and —— You can see my situation."

"So then, when I talked with you," Mason said, "being afraid that it might appear that you had thrown one of the bottles into Twomby's Lake, you tried to clear yourself by stating to me you had thrown the bottle that contained the sugar substitute?"

"That's right."

"Now then, what made you think that your wife had poisoned Mosher Higley?"

"I thought she had at the time. Now I know that she did not."

"You know what?" Judge Ashurst demanded.

"I know that she did not."

"How do you know that?"

"Because she told me so."

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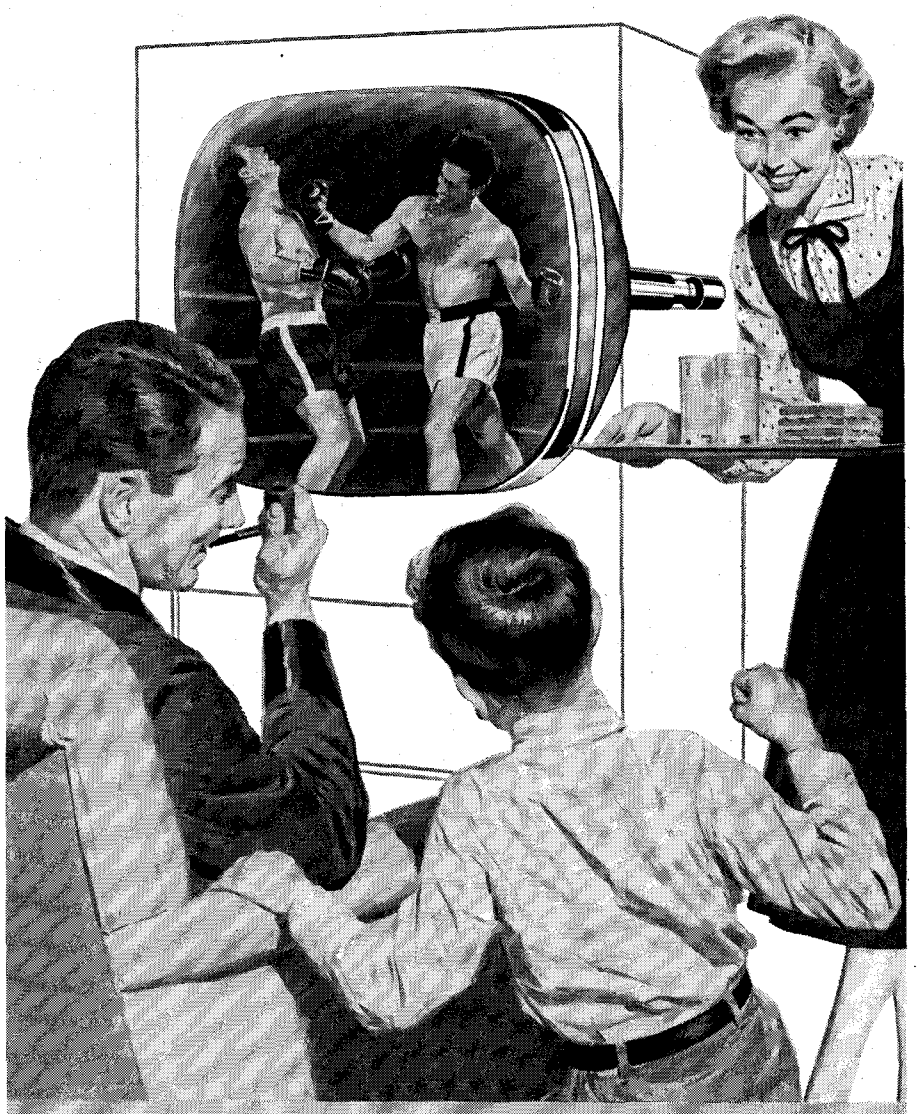

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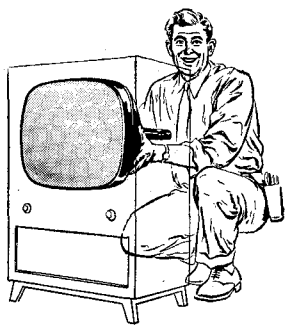

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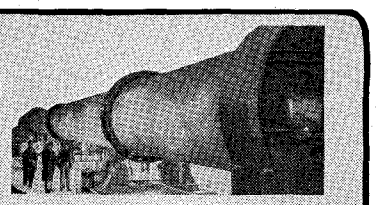

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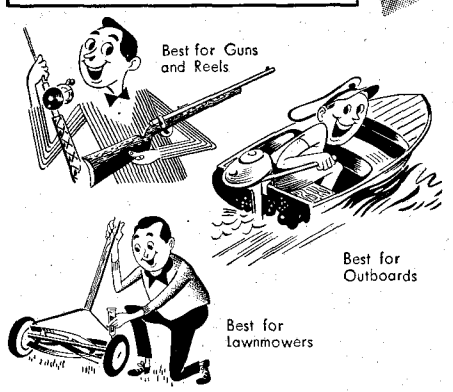

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Hamilton Burger said wearily, "Your honor, here we go again. This is another ring-around-a-rosy, another dramatic jiggling and juggling of evidence and witnesses ——"

"Sit down and keep quiet," Judge Ashurst said. "I'm doing this. I don't mean to be discourteous, but we're rapidly approaching a solution here. It may not be the solution you want, but it's the solution the court wants. Now, don't interrupt."

Judge Ashurst turned to Newburn.

"Now, you say that you know your wife didn't poison Higley because she told you so?"

"Yes, your honor."

"But what first made you think she had poisoned Mosher Higley?"

"Because she was there just before his death. I know that she went downstairs to the dining room while the chocolate was being mixed. She looked around for Nadine and couldn't find her. She called for Cap'n Hugo and he wasn't around. She could easily have gone on to the kitchen and seen the double boiler in which the chocolate was being melted, and I—I naturally assumed she had done that and had put in the poison."

"Why?"

"Because we had discovered something that was most disturbing."

"What?"

"We had discovered that Mosher Higley had murdered his partner some years ago, and that partner was Nadine Farr's father. Nadine had uncovered the situation and had demanded certain things from Mosher Higley. He had acquiesced because—because he was actually guilty, and he confessed to Sue."

"Sue is your wife?"

"Yes."

"When was that confession made?"

"The day before his death."

"So," Judge Ashurst said, "you and your wife felt that as a result of this confession your inheritance was in jeopardy, that because of this murder Nadine Farr had a claim upon him?"

"It was more than that," Newburn said. "After his partner's death, Higley manipulated the affairs of the partnership so that he cheated his partner's estate. You see, Rose Farr, Nadine's mother, was the real brains of the partnership. She was the secretary-manager-accountant-bookkeeper and general live-wire. She had all of the facts at her finger tips. After the partner's death—well, Rose Farr was pregnant at that time and ——"

"Now you're getting into rather an involved situation here," Judge Ashurst said. "Let's just boil it down to something simple."

"Well, Mosher Higley had murdered his partner and had taken the money. The partner left a will leaving all of his share in the partnership to Rose Farr, Nadine's mother. Under the circumstances, if Nadine should employ a lawyer claiming that the money was held by Higley in involuntary trust for her —— Well, it was a terrible situation.

"Nadine, as yet, didn't know all the facts—that is, she surmised them, but she didn't have any proof. Mosher Higley was facing death. He knew he didn't have long to live and—he was frightened —— Well, he confessed to us."

"To your wife or to you?"

"To both of us."

"And what did you do?"

"We told him not to do anything until we had seen a lawyer."

"And did you see a lawyer?"

"No. His death—well, you can understand, if he died of cyanide poisoning, and —— His death was exceedingly opportune. Some of that land is potentially valuable as oil land. In fact, I may say it is very, very valuable."

"And because of that fact you thought that your wife had killed him?"

"That—that and what she said."

"What did she say?"

"Sue hated Nadine. She said that this thing couldn't go on, that she wasn't going to permit Nadine to step in and jerk the rug out from under us. We talked about things that could happen and she said how nice it would be if Mosher Higley would conveniently die before —— Then we discussed—that is, she discussed the cyanide. She asked me what would happen if some cyanide pills were placed in his chocolate instead of —— Oh, your honor, it's just one of those messes. I—I'm trapped by events, but—but Sue tells me she didn't do it."

"I see," Judge Ashurst said sarcastically. "You and your wife, knowing that Mosher Higley was a murderer and an embezzler, knowing that he had defrauded Nadine Farr out of her inheritance, were not only interested in keeping the truth from coming out but you discussed how much poison would be necessary to give him to see that he conveniently died before any action could be taken."

"I—we talked about it—not that coldbloodedly, just sort of —— It was just a possibility we explored."

"And you assumed your wife had killed him. Now, notwithstanding the depths of depravity disclosed by your testimony, simply because your wife tells you that she didn't kill him, you accept her word and feel that she is innocent?"

"If Sue had done it she would have told me," Newburn said.

"And on that note of complete and utter moral degradation," Judge Ashurst snapped, "this court is going to adjourn. The court orders this witness into custody and suggests that the police should immediately arrest Sue Newburn, the wife of this witness, and charge her and her husband with murder. The court will recess until four o'clock. The jury is going to be instructed to return a directed verdict of not guilty when court reconvenes. In the meantime court is adjourned."

Judge Ashurst banged his gavel vindictively.

The adjournment of court left the audience in a state of confusion which, as one newspaper subsequently stated, "broke all records for pandemonium even in a Perry Mason case."

Hamilton Burger, dazed, chagrined and angry, pushed his way from the courtroom. Jackson Newburn and his wife, in custody, were escorted toward the jail, Jackson Newburn begging his wife to tell the truth.

"You weak-kneed bounder!" Sue Newburn was heard to say. "You welsher! You double-crossing little rat! You'll never get another cent of my money as long as you live!" And Newburn, properly humble, but still conscious of the main issue, said, "Honey, you haven't any money, and the worst of it is you aren't going to have any."

Della Street and Paul Drake huddled around Mason and the defendant, congratulating them. Nadine Farr, laughing and crying by turns, was completely hysterical.

A policewoman said, "I'm sorry, but I'm going to have to keep her in custody. The court didn't formally release the defendant as yet."

Mason patted Nadine on the back. "Everything's O.K. now, Nadine. Just relax."

She nodded, cried, wiped the tears away, started to laugh; then impulsively threw her arms around Mason, drew him close and kissed him. Newspaper photographers, watching for some catchy bit of action, shot off a whole series of flash bulbs.

One photographer who had missed out said, "Would you mind doing that again, miss? I didn't get it."

"Not at all," she said, and promptly accommodated him.

The policewoman, smiling indulgently, waited until the photograph had been taken, then led Nadine away.

"Well," asked Paul Drake, "what do you make of it now? What's Hamilton Burger going to do?"

"Lord knows," Mason said. "But the interesting thing is that ninety-nine chances out of a hundred he's going to do the wrong thing."

"In what way?"

"He's going to try to prosecute Sue Newburn for murder."

"Well?"

"And this time," Mason said, "he's got no confession. He can't prove the corpus delicti, he can't prove that Mosher Higley died from cyanide-of-potassium poisoning, and he can't prove how it was administered."

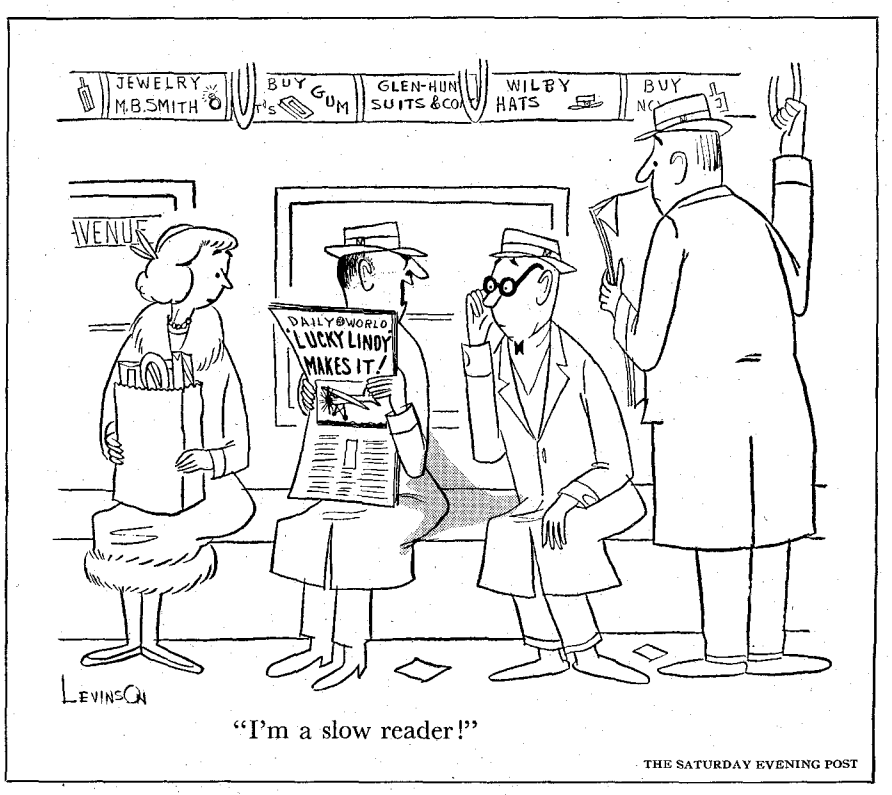
"Of course, Jackson Newburn's testimony will ——"

Mason chuckled.

"What's the matter?" Drake asked.

"Jackson Newburn's testimony won't be admissible," Mason said. "A husband can't testify against

(Continued on Page 55)



"I'm a slow reader!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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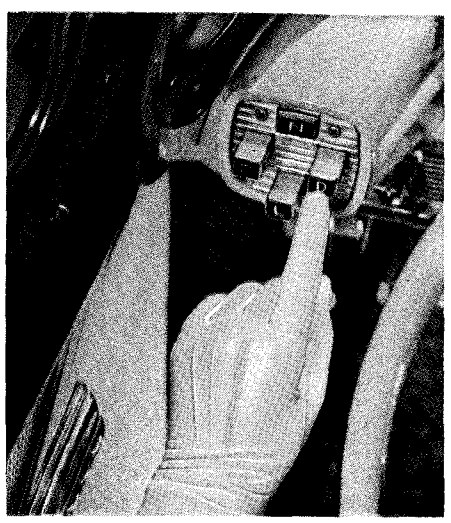

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(Continued from Page 52) his wife in a proceeding of that sort unless the wife consents. So now we can enjoy the spectacle of Hamilton Burger, after having been repeatedly described in the papers as 'beaming,' running around in a hopeless trap, like a puppy chasing his tail and not being able to catch it."

"But do you mean to say she can get away with deliberate murder without being caught?" Drake asked.

"Who said she committed deliberate murder?"

"Well, didn't she?"

"You may have overlooked the significant thing about the testimony Newburn gave," Mason said.

"I thought I got it all."

"You missed the significant part."

"What was that?"

"Remember," Mason said, "that when John Locke went out to the house to try and get the cyanide pills, he sent Cap'n Hugo to Nadine's bedroom to get the bottle. Cap'n Hugo brought it to him. He gave it to John Locke. There were four tablets short. It has never been disclosed what happened to those four tablets."

"Good heavens, chief," Della Street said, "you don't for a moment suppose that Nadine Farr really did poison him and ——"

"You forget that Nadine Farr was interrogated under truth serum," Mason said. "She was sufficiently drugged so that Doctor Denair got a good reaction. She told the story as she knows it."

"But that bottle of cyanide—why, chief, according to what John Locke says, that bottle of cyanide, all except four tablets, must have been out of the house by the time Nadine mixed that chocolate."

"That's right," Mason said. "But remember that four tablets were missing."

"Then her story was true. She did take that bottle of chemical sweetening ——"

"That bottle of chemical sweetening," Mason said, "was thrown in the lake That's the bottle that was recovered—the one that Hamilton Burger had as Exhibit B. That's the one with the shot in it from the shotgun shell. That really was chemical sweetening."

"But then," Paul Drake asked, "how did Mosher Higley die?"

"There's one other alternative," Mason said, "and I think you have all overlooked the significant thing in Newburn's testimony which was to the effect that when his wife slipped out toward the living room there was no one in sight, that she couldn't find Nadine or Cap'n Hugo, that the double boiler containing the chocolate was on the stove, all melted, and ——"

"You mean that she really did put the cyanide in at that time?"

Mason shook his head and said, "At that time Nadine must have gone to the market, but what about Cap'n Hugo?"

"What about him?"

"He told us he was in the dining room all the time, washing windows."

"Jackson Newburn didn't see him. Apparently, Sue Newburn didn't see him. Cap'n Hugo was the one John Locke sent after the bottle of cyanide. When he produced the bottle there were four tablets short. Cap'n Hugo felt very sympathetic for Nadine Farr. He didn't like the way Mosher Higley was treating her. He'd been with Mosher Higley for many years. He undoubtedly knew all about Rose Farr, all about the scandal, all about the death of Higley's partner. Who can say but what Cap'n Hugo decided things had gone about far enough? It was time for him to retire down in Florida in that little shack where he could get some good fishing, and time for Nadine to quit being pushed around."

Paul Drake looked at Mason with consternation. "I'll be darned," he said. "When you stop to figure it out, it all fits in, it all clicks. Good Lord, Perry, what are you going to do? Are you going to tip Hamilton Burger off so he can grab Cap'n Hugo before he gets out?"

Mason said, "We'll let Hamilton Burger paddle his own canoe for a while, Paul. After all, he wouldn't welcome our help—at least, at the present time. After he realizes the legal problem of proof he's up against, I might have a little chat with him—or perhaps you'd better, Paul. He might be less resentful if the information came from you. So if you'll just hang around, Paul, I think at the proper time you can very tactfully place Burger under obligations to you—but leave me out of it."

It took a good deal to bring expression to Paul Drake's ordinarily impassive face, but this time his eyes were wide with a completely bewildered surprise and a dawning comprehension.

"I'll be darned!" he said slowly.

THE END

The Perfect Squelch

In a small California town where everyone knows everyone else, a very pretty little girl walked out of a self-service store struggling with a large bag of groceries. Outside the store, regaling a group of loitering young men with his stories, stood the teen-age town wit, a character with the latest fancy haircut and fancy pants.

"As pretty as you are," he teased the little girl, "some sharp guy would carry that bag home for you if you were twenty."

"I'm ten," she said, "and a polite one might carry it halfway."

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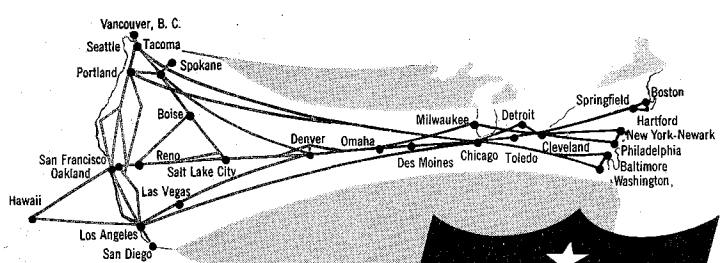

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Visibility Zero

(Continued from Page 28)

said nothing and turned the airplane until it was lined up with the magnetic heading of the airstrip.

"We'll fly out three minutes," he said. "Then come back in."

Shaeffer trained a flashlight on the let-down chart in his lap. "You'll have to come in two hundred feet over the jungle."

"Maybe from that altitude we'll see the runway lights."

"In this muck?"

Ryan did not answer. He was thinking again of the passengers. Actually, he was thinking of only one. Betty Hamilton. He smiled now, remembering the last time he saw her in the cabin. Blond hair just peeping from her blue flight cap; coveralls not quite hiding the contours of her body. Like a blond, blue-eyed Teddy bear, he thought. The image remained in his mind and he smiled again. He had forgotten how unusual it was for him to think this way. But then, Betty Hamilton was an unusual girl. She was in love with Mike Ryan.

Shaeffer said, "O.K., colonel. Time to turn."

"Gear down, quarter flap," Ryan said. "Lower landing lights."

He banked the airplane, descending, and headed for the smoke.

Today, at the air base, was the first time he had seen Betty in more than a week. When the general ordered a medical team flown to the stricken area, Ryan called the hospital for volunteers. He never expected to see Betty. But then, she had not known he would be flying the airplane.

"There it is," Shaeffer said quietly.

Bits and pieces of the smoke drifted toward them, clung to the airplane's wings. Ryan lined the airplane up with the runway heading. Then he nosed her down into the smoke.

At twelve hundred feet they went into it. It was stringy at first, but quickly became thicker and darker. At a thousand feet it enveloped them completely.

"Eight hundred," Shaeffer said. "One twenty. . . . Seven hundred. . . . Six hundred. . . ."

Shaeffer peered into the blackness. He saw only the dark smoke and the blacker particles of ash. Now he shouted to be heard above the shriek of the wind.

"Five hundred! . . . Four hundred!"

"See anything?"

"Nothing! . . . Three hundred! . . . Pull up!"

Ryan shoved the throttles full forward. "Gear up!" he yelled. "Flaps up slowly!"

The airplane faltered an instant; then roared up, away from the smoke. When they broke out, he climbed high above it, heading out to sea again. He switched in the autopilot and leaned back, tired.

"Well," Shaeffer said, "that's that."

"Yeah," Ryan said. "That's that."

"Eight-six-two," the tower operator called, "is there any possible way to drop the supplies?"

Shaeffer looked at Ryan. Ryan shook his head. "Negative," Shaeffer said into the microphone.

There was no reply from the tower.

"I guess it's pretty rough down there."

Pretty rough, Ryan thought, staring at the gray curtain at the coast. Only four hundred dead and two thousand missing and a typhoid epidemic started. And all the bridges and highways out.

"What do we do now?" Shaeffer said.

"Fly out another ten minutes."

"Then what?"

"I'll decide by then," Ryan said. He glanced at Shaeffer. In the green glow of the fluorescent instrument lamps only Shaeffer's tight-set mouth and square chin were visible. "How do you feel about it?" Ryan asked.

Shaeffer thought about this a long while. "I'll tell you, colonel," he said slowly. "If we hold here and that smoke doesn't blow away, we're dead pigeons. There's not another field between here and home."

"What's the matter, Shaeffer?" Ryan said, laughing a laugh which did not sound at all funny. "Can't you swim?"

"Don't forget, sir," Shaeffer said, "we've got five passengers."

"If we wait, we'll have more than three and a half hours," Ryan said. "It should clear by then."

"And if it doesn't?"

Ryan said nothing. He was thinking that young Lieutenant Shaeffer did not realize how lucky he was; he did not have to make the decisions. Shaeffer would not be responsible for risking six people's lives on a whim of the wind. Ryan wished someone would tell him what to do. If only he could radio for instructions. But he was the operations officer; he gave the instructions. He wondered if he would order, "Proceed at aircraft commander's discretion."

"Well, right now you're headed home," he said. He had spoken sharply, and added in a softer tone, "Better lean out the engines. If we do decide to go home, we don't want a fuel problem there too." He unbuckled his safety belt and slid back his seat. He got up, stepped carefully over the control pedestal and went into the cabin.

Shaeffer bent forward and adjusted the engines. This was the first time he had flown with Mike Ryan, and he was thinking he was a very unlucky fellow. If only he had gone to town this afternoon, he thought. But no, he had to stop at the club for a beer. Right now he could be in Manila. He had been at the club bar when Ryan came in. Immediately he knew something was up. Ryan had spotted him. "How about taking a little ride, lieutenant?" Ryan had said. *I should have said I was sick*, Shaeffer told himself now. But nobody ever refused Mike Ryan. Mad Mike, they called him. With that scar, and there were a lot of stories how he got it.

Shaeffer cracked the cowl flaps now and remembered that Jim MacLennan, his squadron commander, flew with Ryan in the war. The big war. He reminded himself to ask Major MacLennan about Ryan's scar when they got back. If they got back, he thought.

In the cabin, one of the doctors, his hands shielding the window from the reflected cabin lights, peered anxiously at the island. The two other doctors and Betty Hamilton and Laurette Clark looked up as Ryan entered.

> The person who flies into a rage seldom needs much ground for a take-off.
>
> MORRIE GALLANT

"How we doing?" the senior medical officer, a major, asked.

Ryan did not answer immediately, and the doctor peering out the window came away quickly. He stared worriedly at Ryan.

"Why aren't we landing?" this doctor asked.

"We can't get in," Ryan said, and explained about the smoke.

"How long will you wait?" Betty Hamilton asked.

Exactly the question she had asked the last time he saw her. He looked at her now and wished he had not said what he did that last time. Then, that last time, instead of pounding engines in the background, there was the sound of waves washing up on the beach. She had said, "When, Mike? When will you stop living with a memory? How long will you wait?"

"I don't know," he said now, which was not what he had answered then. Then he had said, "I don't want to love anybody any more. Not you, not anybody. It's not worth it."

"That's the problem," he said, facing the doctors again. He paused, touched his scar. "We have ten minutes to decide whether we wait for a wind change or whether we return to Manila. We haven't enough fuel to wait, and still get back. It's strictly up to you."

"Why can't we land someplace else?" the major asked.

"There isn't any place else," Ryan said.

"Suppose the field doesn't clear?" the major asked.

"We go down in the drink," Ryan said.

Under his feet the floor boards vibrated evenly with the engines. The major slowly rolled a dead cigar butt around in his mouth. The anxious captain stared at the vaccine. Laurette Clark carefully examined her fingernails. Betty looked at Ryan.

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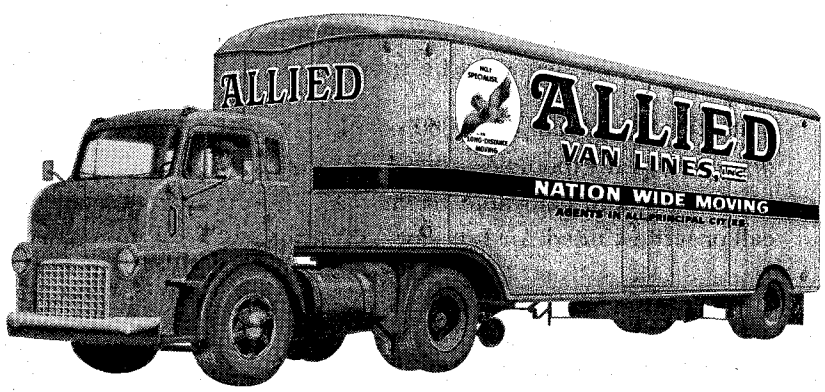

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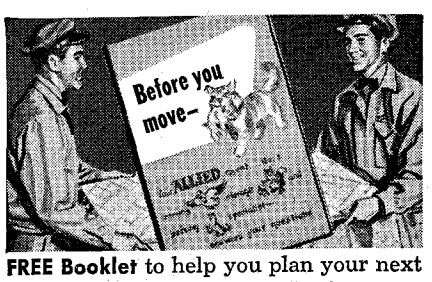

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"Mike, do you think it will clear?" she asked.

"What I think doesn't matter," he said. "I'm only the chauffeur."

"If there's no chance landing," the captain said, "I don't see any problem."

"I think with even a slight chance, we should take it," the major said. "People down there are dying. They need that plasma and vaccine."

Now the third doctor spoke. "But, Fred," he said to the major, "we understand that. That's the reason we volunteered. But if we can't land and have to ditch this plane, then we risk our own lives."

"The plasma and vaccine will be paddling around the bay in a rubber life raft," the anxious captain said. "With us."

Ryan glanced at his watch. Two minutes left.

"Mike?" It was Betty. He waited.

"Do you think it will clear?"

Now the medical officers stopped arguing. The major had been in the middle of a sentence, and his mouth hung open on the word "duty." He closed his mouth slowly and waited for Ryan to speak.

Ryan had known that it would be this way. The final decision would be his. This was "aircraft commander's discretion." You consulted your passengers and crew, and they, in the end, left it all up to you.

Now, quickly, in his mind he reviewed the situation, weighing it against fifteen years and 12,000 flying hours, and realizing truly that no situation was similar. The book said turn back, if you went by the book. But the book said nothing about erupting volcanoes and thousands of terrified people.

And if I went by the book, he thought, *I'd be dead long ago*. That was how he earned the nickname "Mad Mike." Taking chances. But every chance he ever took was a chance that had to be taken.

Every chance but one, he thought, and his fingers crept unconsciously to his face and followed the long scar. But he stopped thinking of this immediately and glanced out the window.

Ahead, to the north, the moon had risen now and shone orange on the calm sea. But behind, beyond the airplane's elevator navigational lights, the smoke climbed thickly upward.

Ryan said nothing. He turned abruptly. He returned to the cockpit.

Shaeffer was setting the auto pilot. Ryan sat down and slid his seat forward and buckled his safety belt. Shaeffer glanced up just in time to see him tie the belt tight around his stomach.

"You'll never get in under that smoke, colonel," Shaeffer said. "Not without instrument facilities."

"Number One's running hot," Ryan said.

Shaeffer adjusted the left engine. Then he trimmed the aileron controls, waited, and finally, satisfied the airplane was steady on course, he sat back. He looked at his watch, compared it with the instrument-panel clock. The sweep second hands of both neared "60."

The moon filled the whole horizon now, making the cockpit bright with moonlight. Shaeffer looked over at Ryan. The scar split his profile like a jagged, black-painted line.

"Turn back," Ryan said.

"Sir, in all respect ——"

"I said turn back."

For a few moments, Shaeffer sat motionless. He sighed, a sigh very loud even in the roar of the engines. He leaned forward and disengaged the auto pilot. He banked the airplane around and headed toward the smoke.

Ryan radioed the field: "This is Eight-six-two. We are returning. We will circle until the smoke clears."

"Roger, Eight-six-two. Standing by to inform you of first shift in the wind." The tower operator stopped speaking, but his finger still pressed the microphone button; Ryan could hear the buzz of the open circuit.

Then. "Eight-six-two?"

"Eight-six-two," Ryan said. "Go ahead."

"Thank you," the tower operator said. "Thank you, Eight-six-two."

Ryan laid the microphone on his lap and watched the smoke come closer. It had got thicker. Now, behind it, you could hardly see the flickering yellow of the volcano.

With the moon at their backs, the cockpit was dark again and Shaeffer's head and body were only a dim silhouette. Ryan liked the way the young lieutenant handled the airplane. Someday, he thought, Shaeffer would be a fine pilot. And Shaeffer's judgment was better than his, Ryan thought. The smart thing was turn back, fly home. But who was smart these days, he thought. Where did it get you?

Mike Ryan knew where it would get him. If the smoke cleared and the medicine reached the people, then he, Mad Mike, was a big man, a hero. If it did not clear and he ditched the airplane, he was a bum.

Now, as though realizing for the first time that he really might have to ditch, he picked up the microphone and called the tower. "Salanjan," he said. "Are any air-sea rescue facilities available?"

"Eight-six-two," the tower operator answered. "Negative, negative. All communications to the coast are inoperative. But perhaps ——" He broke off here, as though he were trying to say something encouraging.

"Roger," Ryan said.

(Continued on Page 60)

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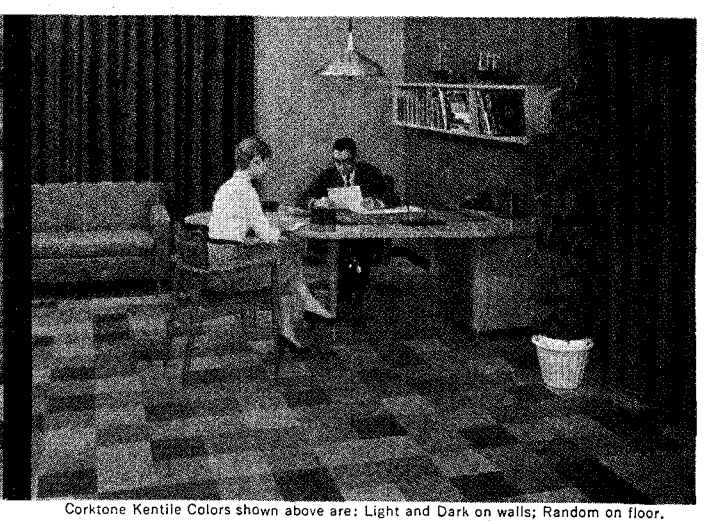

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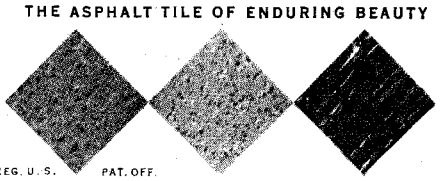

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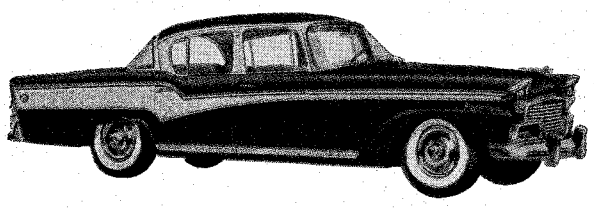

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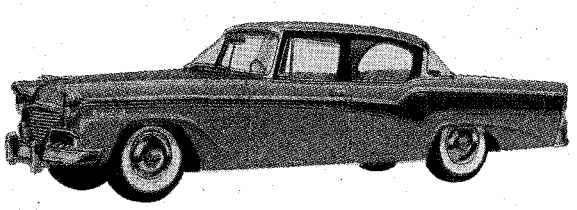

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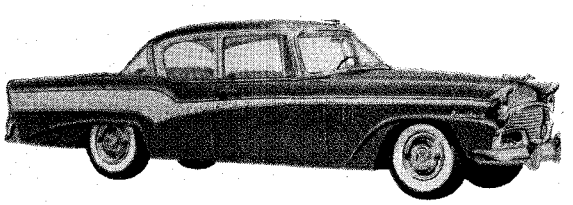

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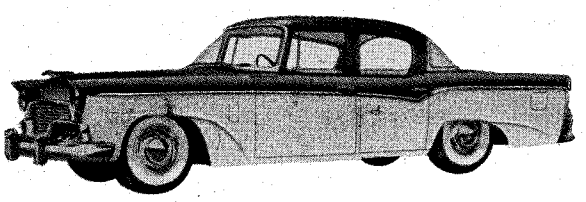

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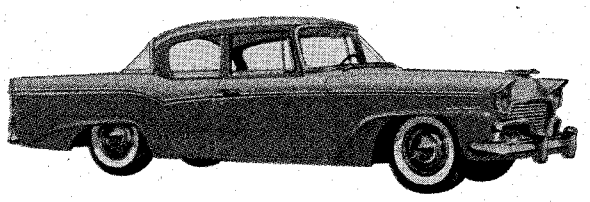

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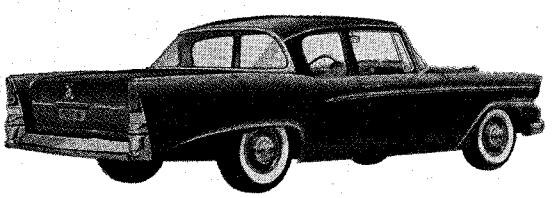

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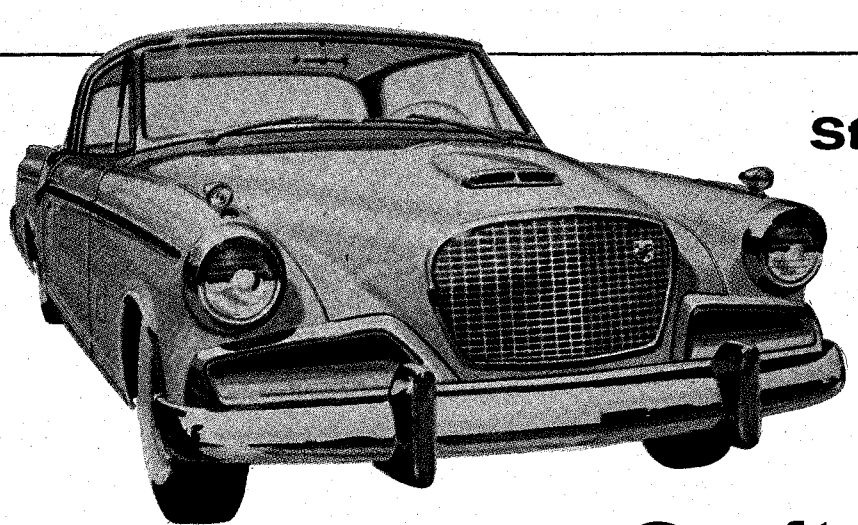

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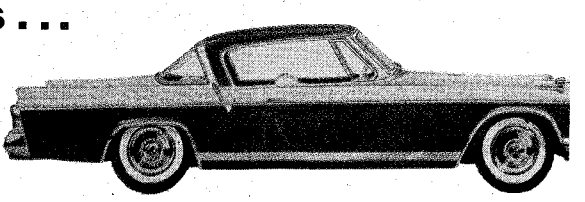

The GOLDEN HAWK 352 . . . long and sleek, with thrilling 275-hp. *Skypower* engine, Ultramatic drive! A true sports car that seats 5 in comfort.

Craftsmanship with a flair . .

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Now there's a big new choice in the low price field!

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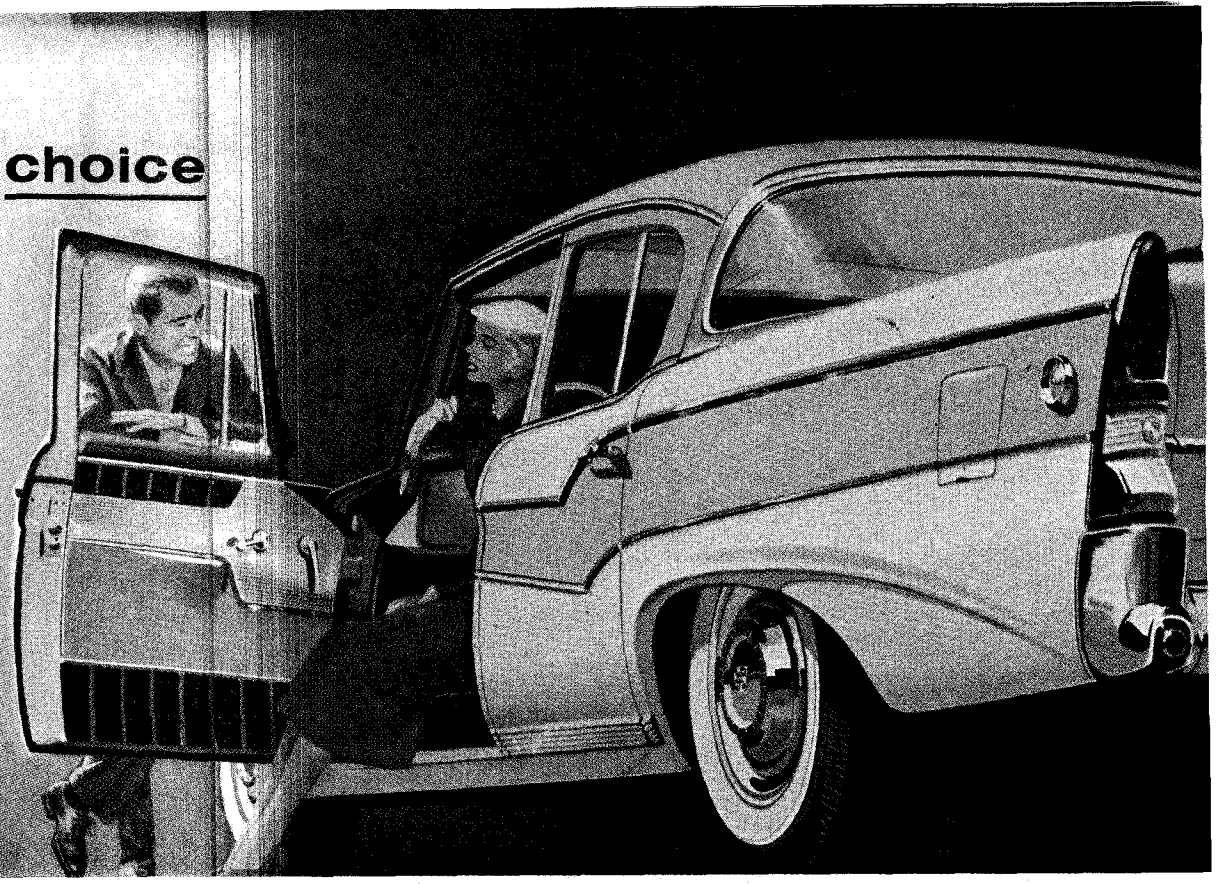
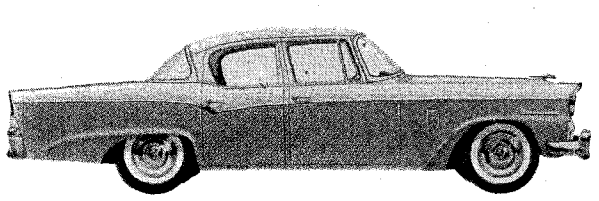
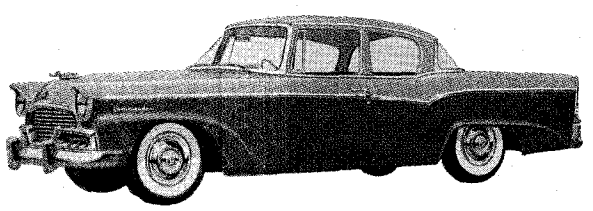


the big new Studebaker

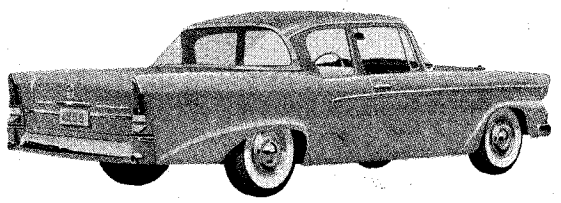
Commander V8's . . . *your choice of spacious new beauty*



The COMMANDER 4-DOOR SEDAN . . . beauty of line and function, smart touches of color and chrome. In every perfect detail—*craftsmanship with a flair*!

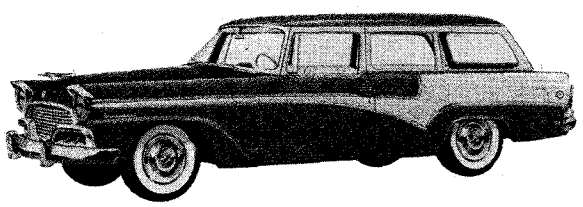


The COMMANDER 2-DOOR SEDAN . . . roominess to amaze you, style to delight you. New two-tone vinyl and fabric upholstery—practical, beautiful.

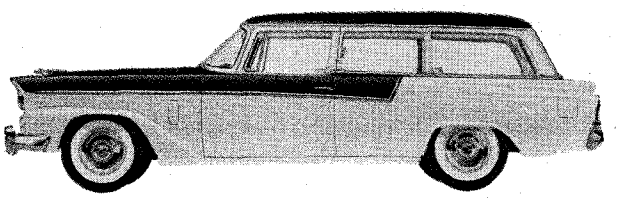


The COMMANDER SEDANET . . . fresh, clean styling in a family-type car with tasteful appointments. A unique model in the low price field.

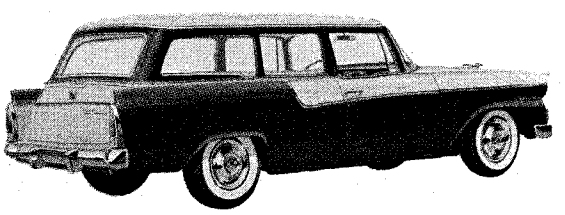
Station Wagons . . . *your choice of dashing new utility*



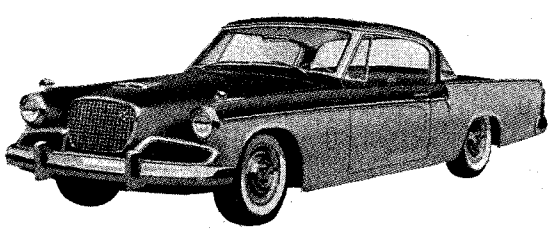
The PINEHURST V8 . . . most beautiful wagon in America! Big Sweepstakes 289 V8 engine packs that extra power. Rich, easy-riding interior.



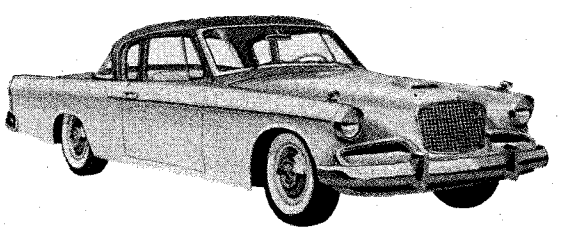
The PARKVIEW V8 . . . spirited and handsome. Rich vinyl upholstery takes extra hard wear. Added springs give soft ride regardless of load.



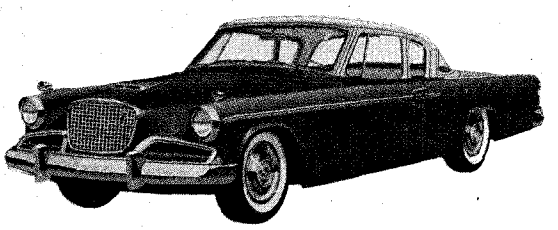
The PELHAM SIX . . . striking in every detail, inside and out. 65 cubic feet of cargo space! Plenty of zip and power with the new Sweepstakes 185 Six!



The SKY HAWK 289 . . . new sculptured beauty, distinctive grill, luxury interior, 5-place sports performance you can share with family and friends.



The POWER HAWK 259 . . . swift, maneuverable, roomy and comfortable. Flightomatic drive —plus all the luxury power features you want.



The FLIGHT HAWK 185 . . . a low-slung ride in a high-style interior. Exclusive Safety-action brakes, Safe-lock doors. Brilliant Take-off Torque.

makes Studebaker the Standout!

STUDEBAKER DIVISION,
Studebaker-Packard Corporation . . .
where pride of workmanship
still comes first!

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(Continued from Page 57)

"Eight-six-two. What is your fuel remaining?"

"Fuel remaining," Ryan said, "three, thirty. Three hours, thirty minutes."

"Roger. Salanjan standing by." It was unnecessary for the tower operator to add that even three and a half hours was not enough time to alert someone on the coast to put a boat in the water.

Shaeffer had heard all this and now looked unhappily at Ryan.

"If we have to," Ryan said, "I can always set her down near shore."

"In that smoke?" Shaeffer said. "Even if they had a boat, they'd never find us."

Ryan said nothing.

"Colonel, may I ask you a question?" Shaefler asked.

"Go ahead."

"Colonel, what are you trying to prove?" Shaeffer asked. "Are you trying to prove something?"

"If I were you, lieutenant," Ryan said, "I'd watch my mouth." But he thought, *Give the man a cigar. Move him to the head of the class. What am I trying to prove?* He wondered about this a long while. He wondered about it more than two hours, and still had no answer.

"Eight-six-two. What is your fuel remaining?"

"Fuel remaining," Shaeffer said into the microphone, "five five minutes. Fifty-five."

"Roger."

"Salanjan," Shaeffer said into the microphone, "is there any change in the wind?"

"Negative."

"Great," Shaeffer said, not into the microphone, but aloud to himself, just loud enough for Ryan to hear.

"Take it easy," Ryan said. "You're not in the water yet."

"I'll tell you something, sir," Shaeffer said carefully. "I'm beginning not to worry so much about ditching."

"Good," Ryan said.

"I'm beginning to wonder if you really mean to ditch."

"I don't get you," Ryan said.

Shaeffer gazed down at the smoke. Somewhere in that stuff was the landing strip, he thought. Mad Mike might be just mad enough to try it. Anybody crazy enough to take a chance on the wind clearing might be crazy enough to try to get in.

"Nothing, sir," Shaeffer said, and under his breath said, "Mad Mike."

"Want some coffee?" Ryan asked.

"No, thanks," Shaeffer said.

Ryan got up and went into the little galley aft of the flight deck. He poured a cup of coffee and set it on the counter.

"One and a half sugar?" Betty Hamilton asked.

Ryan straightened up. He looked down at her.

She stood with her back to the cabin door. Enough light seeped through the door so her hair framed her head like a halo. They stood a long time, saying nothing.

Then Ryan said, "How do you feel?"

"Good," she said, dropping the sugar into the coffee now.

"Scared?"

"No," she said. "Not with you, Mike."

"I should have returned to the base."

"No, you shouldn't," she said. "And I'm proud of you."

"You won't be so proud when you're in that water."

"Do you know what I learned tonight?" She sounded very happy, and he tried to see her face in the dark.

"I learned that Mad Mike's rough and tough ways are a big phony," she said. "Because anybody who cares for other people, who realizes that a lot of people are more important than a few—well, he's not tough at all."

"What are ——" he started to say.

But she reached out for his face, touched it, rested her soft, cool hand on his cheek. Then she put her arm around his neck and drew his head down and kissed his scar.

"Come back to the present, Mike," she whispered. "With me."

But for just a moment, holding her like this, the throbbing engines sounding louder and louder, now in his mind he went far back in the past, ten years. Now, for the first time in all those years, he did not try to hold back the memory.

It was 1945, in London, and he was a 9th Air Force bomber pilot, a captain, on leave from France. The Germans were sending over the V-1's, and day and night they bombed the city. But he was on leave and wanted to see his wife. A lovely English girl he met and married two years before in Scotland. He loved her very much and this was the first time in six months they had seen each other.

Something, some nagging voice deep in his brain, told him not to bring her to London. "Go to Scotland," the voice said. "Go to Ireland. Go anywhere. Stay away from London." But he was on leave and wanted them to have a good time, and London was the only place.

He took a chance. They stayed at a little hotel off Regent's Park where you saw the green summer grass in the park and swans in the lake. The second night, when they returned to the hotel, they stood outside a moment watching the probing silver-white fingers of the searchlights. High overhead, a V-1's motor stopped, and he said they'd better go inside. He stopped for the key at the desk, and she went on up the stairs.

She was halfway up when the bomb hit.

One moment he was a happy man in love with all the world. The next moment the world had exploded and he was a madman clawing through rubble.

The stairway's metal banister, hurled across the lobby like the cutting end of an ax, had creased the entire side of his face. The air-raid wardens had to knock him out to get him to the hospital.

They found her body the next morning.

"Colonel!"

He opened his eyes. Shaeffer was standing in the doorway.

"Tower says the wind is shifting!"

He was still holding Betty, and he looked down at her for what seemed a long while, but which was really only a few seconds. And in that few seconds he realized the memory he had carried ten years like a lead weight on his back was only that. A memory. Of something good, and of something bad, but something past.

"You can really see it moving," Shaeffer said.

"Can you see the field?"

"No, sir, not yet."

But slowly, ponderously, the great black cloud was moving.

"Eight-six-two. Ceiling now fifty feet and rising!"

"We'll have to fly right through it," Ryan said to Shaeffer.

"Can't we wait?"

Ryan tapped his fingernail on the glass protecting the fuel gauge. "This says no," he said.

"Forty gallons," Shaeffer said. "That's a half hour."

"Forty gallons," Ryan said, "if it's correct."

"In a half hour the smoke will all be gone."

"Listen, lieutenant," Ryan said. "There's enough fuel left for one good pass at the field. I don't care what that gauge reads. I want enough power to get in—and, if I have to, to get out."

He disengaged the auto pilot. He banked the airplane steeply, descending, and headed out to sea. A few minutes later, still above the smoke, downwind from the field, he turned.

On base leg now, he radioed the tower: "We are turning final. I will approach from the north and have landing lights on."

"Eight-six-two. Suggest you hold. Ceiling now one hundred, clearing rapidly. Can you hold five minutes?"

"Negative," Ryan answered. "Eight-six-two on final approach. Over and out." He hung the microphone carefully on its hook.

They were just above it now, descending fast. For just one instant he peered ahead, where the coast should be, and ahead of that, where the field should be. He saw only the smoke, rushing at him like a huge, dark wall.

Then they went into it. It smashed into them as all the dust in the world thrown in their faces at once. They were in the middle of it now. Not even the wing navigational lights could be seen.

"Nine hundred!" Shaeffer said. "One twenty!"

Now the wind whined steadily, shriller, shriller.

"Seven hundred! One twenty!"

"Landing lights!"

The twin lights came on, solid white lines from the airplane's wings drilled into the smoke. But the smoke was a blackness swallowing the powerful light beams and then hurling them back into the cockpit, into their eyes, a barrier of blazing white.

"Six hundred! One ten!"

"Half flap!"

Ryan fought to hold the airplane steady. He felt his fingernails cracking against the wheel. The wheel was wet, slippery where he gripped it. He gripped it harder.

"Full flap!"

"Four hundred! One five!"

"What can you see?"

"Nothing!"

"Watch the props!"

"Three hundred!"

"See anything?"

"Nothing! Pull up!"

The tower operator's voice crackled into their earphones, "I see your lights! You are left of the runway!"

Ryan kicked right rudder.

"Two hundred!"

"Now you are lined up. . . . Now a little high."

Then, beneath and just ahead, as though a great veil were suddenly swept aside, the field lay brightly lighted.

"Over the fence!" Shaeffer shouted. "Ninety!"

"Maintain power!"

The wheels felt for the runway, touched, skimmed over the surface.

"Chop 'em!"

For another instant the airplane hovered above the ground, raced past the row of red runway lights. Then gently, gradually, she settled, held. She rolled along down the strip, slower, slower, and then at last, stopped.

In the airplane it was suddenly quiet. The only sound was the soft whining of the idling engines. Ryan fell back against the seat cushions. He hardly had the strength to wipe his palms against the sides of his trousers.

Shaeffer switched off the engines. He rammed shut No. 1 mixture control and looked over at Ryan.

"Colonel, you'll probably write me up for saying this," Shaeffer said, "but if ever I saw a man that acted like he had nothing to live for, you're it."

Ryan was too tired to answer. He opened his side window and leaned out. A truck was backed to the airplane's door and men were already unloading the medicine. People surrounded the doctors and the two nurses, who were stepping into an automobile.

Betty Hamilton was last in. Just before she closed the door she turned and looked back at the airplane. She saw Ryan and waved.

Then she closed the door. The automobile drove past the airplane and out the gate. Then Ryan turned to Shaeffer.

"You're wrong, son," he said. "I've got a lot to live for."

He watched the automobile again. He watched until the taillights were only two red dots smaller and smaller in the night. But he was sure he could just make out the back of Betty's head. He knew it was she because of the little halo effect of her hair.

THE END

"Let's see now—where was I?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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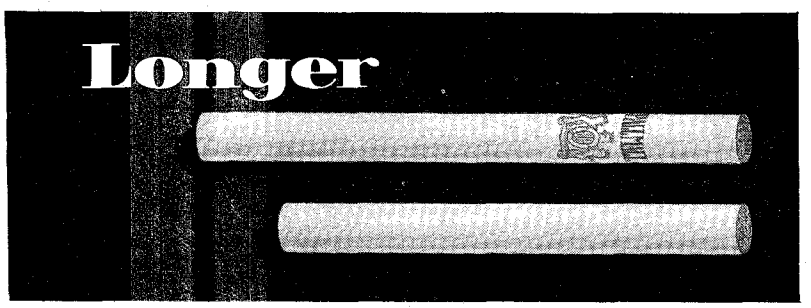
with the pleasure of smooth smoking

Get a fresh start with a freshly-lit **PALL MALL**

At the end of the run, or whenever the time comes to relax, reward yourself—with the smooth, gentle mildness of America's most rewarding cigarette. PALL MALL is so fresh and fragrant, it tastes freshly-lit puff after puff. Choose well—smoke PALL MALL.



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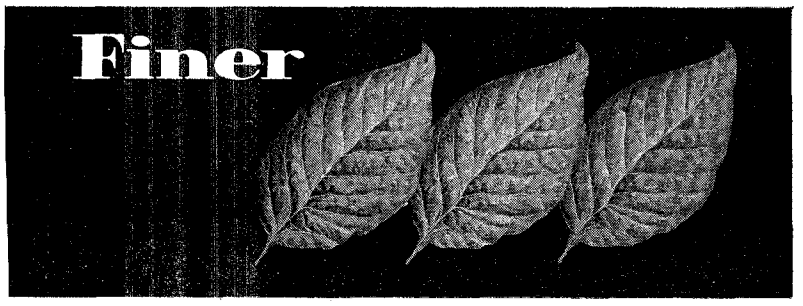

You get more than greater length when you smoke PALL MALL. For PALL MALL tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has ever been grown—and here it is blended to a flavor peak—delicious, and distinctively PALL MALL. Buy PALL MALL today.

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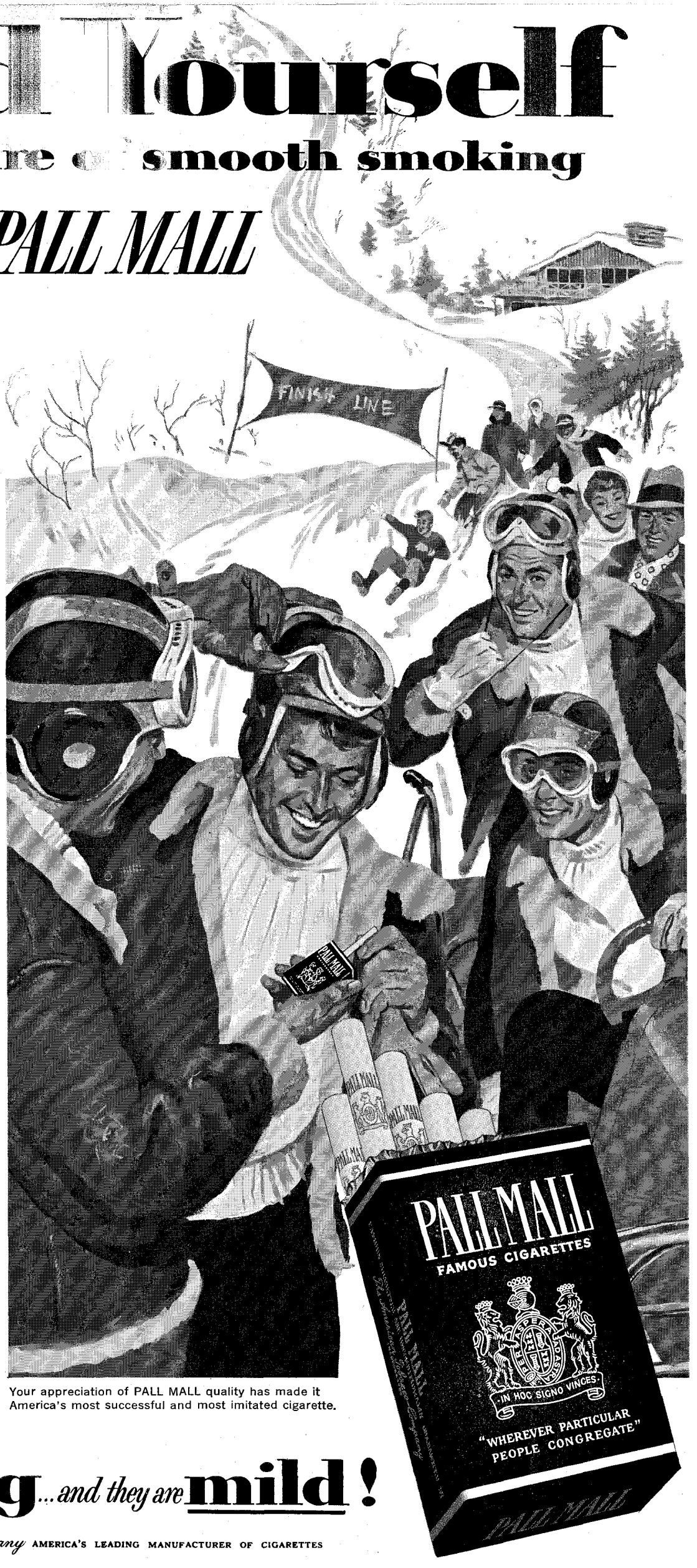

Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.

Outstanding...and they are mild!

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The Floods of Fear (Continued from Page 37)

"Be careful!"

"Always careful," he said.

He rolled and went on again, his arms moving in a long overhand stroke that left a steady wake behind him. Elizabeth turned from the window. The newcomer, Peebles, was crawling up the stairs, panting and cursing. Afraid of a man who cursed like that, Elizabeth backed away. Peebles reached the upper floor, fell sprawling, then clawed his way up to stand erect.

Elizabeth saw a thin man, almost scrawny, shaking and miserable with the cold. His only covering was trousers torn off raggedly at the knees. He took a pair of spectacles from a pocket, put them on and stared at Elizabeth with angry eyes.

"You're the girl, eh?" His voice was a rasping snarl, made bitter by the sickness in him. "Don't stand there! Can't you see I'm half dead? Show me the bedroom! Get me some towels or something to dry me off!" He waited a moment, staring. "What do I have to do, beg you? Get going!"

Elizabeth ran past him to the bedroom across the hall from the one she'd used. The towels were there, spread to dry. She caught them up and threw them at the little man as he lurched in through the doorway. Then she ran to her bedroom and closed the door. Small and scrawny this Peebles might be, but no one could mistake the strength in him or the evilness of his mind. Elizabeth sat on the edge of a chair, holding herself in tight-clasped arms. The bed in the other room creaked under the small man's weight. There was muttered cursing, then silence. When the silence had gone unbroken for fifteen minutes, Elizabeth opened the door softly and went to the hall window again.

Her gray eyes were wide as they looked out over the flood, and very sober. Hers was a swift mind, sensitive and far-reaching, and no single aspect of her position here could escape her. She was not safe from the flood yet, by any means. Someone had to help her; this man Donavan, probably, because no one else was near. He could help her or not help her, just as he chose, and that was too much power for a woman to give any man.

She had to face the fact that she was female. How could she forget it with a man as ugly as that Peebles around? If she had to depend on him to help her—brother! But even so, a female caught in this mess with any two strange men—three, if Donavan brought in another—was in no happy predicament.

Elizabeth made a face, suddenly angry with herself. This was a stupid, morbid, scare-baby way of thinking. It reminded her of a piece of her mother's scolding: "Liz, it's time you grew up. All men don't have hoofs and horns. Once in a while you meet a decent one. But you're not going to meet a decent one, hiding down there in college, taking postgraduate work year after year. And you are hiding. Deny it till you're blue in the face, and I'll still say so. I say you're in training for a career as a frightened old maid!"

There wasn't a word of truth in it, of course. The quiet, secluded life appealed to her, and what was wrong with that? Did every woman need a husband and a family of six children?

Aloud, Elizabeth said, "Well! If mother could see me now! One man—I'm going to be surrounded by men!"

There was the sound of bare feet thumping the floor in the bedroom behind her. "Hey!" Peebles called. "Hey, you, out there! Get me another blanket!"

Without turning, Elizabeth said, "Get it yourself!"

She stood motionless at the window, face stiff and furious, arms crossed. The time to get things straight was now; the little beast could freeze to death before she'd take an order from him. She heard the bedroom door open behind her.

"What's the matter? You too proud to help a guy?"

Elizabeth said, "I'm not your servant."

"Well ——" the little man said. "So we got a real snooty dame, have we? Ain't that something? You wait till I get on my feet, sister, and we'll see about this."

Elizabeth pressed her lips tight. She heard the bare feet go into the bedroom she'd used, heard them return to the other bedroom and the door slam. "Ugly rat," she whispered. It had a brave, defiant sound, but she didn't fool herself with it. Her knees were shaking and she couldn't argue with them. She was scared. If this Donavan turned out to be even a little bit like Peebles, she was a gone goose.

Now she saw Donavan come into view again. He was bringing another man to safety, but this one was too far gone to hold to Donavan's shoulders. It was slow, hard work, but Donavan came steadily on. Elizabeth was waiting for him where the stairs met the water.

"Can I help you?"

"I'll make it all right."

Donavan pushed the floating table out of the stair doorway and came into the stairwell, backing onto the stairs, waist deep. The man he'd brought was floating on his back. Donavan flipped him over, face down, ducked under him and came up with the man on his shoulders.

"Out of the way," he said to Elizabeth. "I've got him."

The chestnut . . . the termite . . . and the

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Elizabeth hurried up the stairs and stood aside. Donavan was breathing heavily and lurching beneath the weight, but he needed no help. He carried the man to the bedroom Elizabeth had used and eased him to the floor beside the bed.

"Still with me, Tom?" he asked.

The man's eyes opened. He didn't speak; he couldn't. Elizabeth, standing in the doorway, knew how sick the man was. His long, bony body was shaking uncontrollably. His face was painfully drawn, his lips were blue with cold, white-rimmed. Elizabeth turned away as Donavan bent to strip the trousers from the prostrate man, and in a moment she was back with towels.

"Only one is dry," she said.

"One will have to do," Donavan said. "But save it to rub him down. Dry him with the damp ones." He wrung out the man's soaked trousers and hung them on a chair. "And don't be gentle with him. You have to get rough to get his blood moving again. Then get him into bed."

Elizabeth's eyes went wide. "I ——"

He looked at her. "Why not you?"

Now she saw him clearly for the first time. She saw a big man. He was not beautifully sculptured; he was strong, thick of waist and chest and shoulder. He wore only cut-off trousers, and the skin above and below was hairless and only faintly marked by the water and the cold. His head was round, the short hair of it was plastered to his forehead in a straight line above his brows. His dark eyes were quiet, level and direct. They looked at her without favor or disfavor—impersonally, as if she were nothing much at all.

Her face flamed. "Do you realize what you're asking?"

"Yes," Donavan said. "This man needs your help. Just as you needed my help last night. I'm asking you to give him the same help I gave you."

"But he's a man!"

"Obviously," Donavan said.

Elizabeth was angry. And insulted. But there was panic in her too. Donavan didn't consider the task at all unreasonable, and to refuse was not going to make a close friend of him. But she had to refuse. Good Lord! The man was naked! Now a burning shame was added to all the rest. She couldn't meet the level stare of Donavan's eyes. She did the only thing she could think of; she turned away from him and ran into the hall.

Donavan didn't call her back. He looked after her a moment without a change in expression. Then he picked up the towels. He dried Tom Sharkey and helped him to the bed. There he used the single dry towel to rub warmth and life back into the thin man's aching limbs. When he put Sharkey under the bed covering, everything that could be done for the man had been done.

... ...

Love Gift

By R. H. Grenville

Something's been added!
We instantly note
The gaudy new necklace
adorning her throat—
The dime-store enchantment
on which her adored
Has squandered the sum of
his piggy-bank hoard—
And properly honor the
gift with our praise;
The diamonds of glass and
the synthetic glaze
Of feverish pearls on their
tenuous string,
Aware that her joy is a
genuine thing.

... ...

He went out into the hall. Elizabeth was standing at the window. She heard him, but she did not turn. He didn't speak to her. He went down the stairs and waded into the water on the floor below.

When he came to the upper floor again, his arms were loaded with things he'd found—a short-handled ax, a kitchen carving knife, a five-gallon can, matches and paper. He took them into the room where the small man lay and dropped them on the floor.

"Peebles," he said, "get up, get dressed."

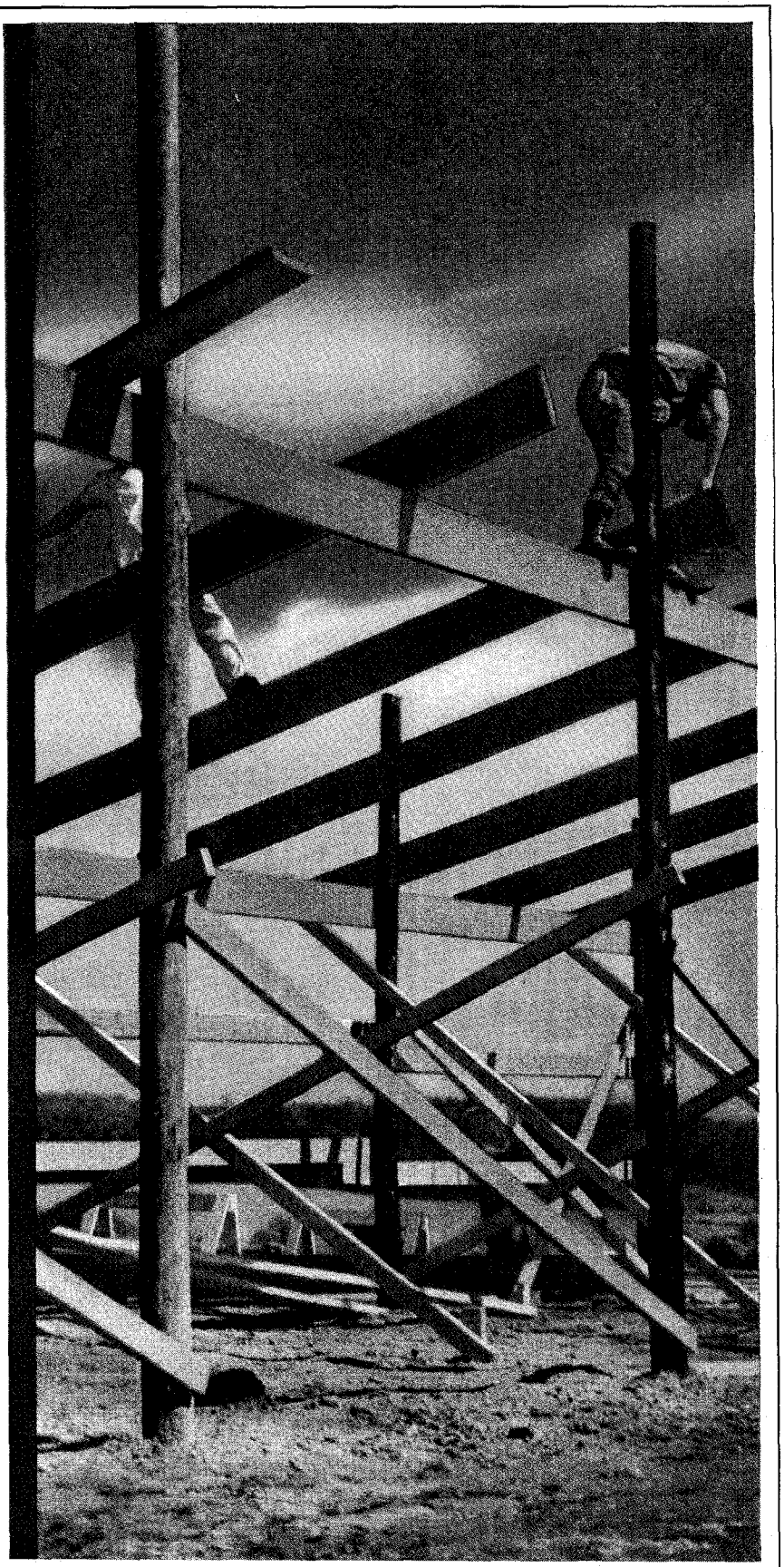
"Man, I can't! I'm half dead!"

He remained in bed, tightly wrapped in blankets, watching Donavan. Donavan used the ax on a chair, smashing it to kindling. He knocked out the window frame, glass and wood, and then set the five-gallon can close by it. There was mud in the bottom of the can for insulation; he chopped a hole for a draft. Then with the kindling, paper and matches, he built a fire. He watched the smoke lift to the high ceiling and cover the ceiling and then begin to drift out the broken window. Donavan turned to Peebles again.

"Get up," he said quietly.

"What's the rush? After all I been through, I ——"

Donavan moved with a suddenness amazing for his bulk. He tore away the blankets that covered Peebles. A big hand closed on one of Peebles' ankles. Donavan set his feet and heaved, and Peebles was dragged from the bed. The swing of Dona-



three-day barn

Before America's chestnut trees were largely destroyed by disease, chestnut wood was about as strong and long-lasting for building purposes as any you could find. But even this remarkably tough wood was no match for termites—the saboteurs that ruin millions of dollars' worth of wood every year.

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Thousands of farmers have found that wooden poles, chemically preserved with creosote by Koppers and other wood treaters, are the very best thing they can use for a barn framework. A barn so built can be put up in three days or less ..costs only half what a conventional barn costs.

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ut costs in half by using ole-type construction for arns, warehouses, garages, ottages and other buildings. ee folder describes easy eps for building with poles. end for a copy.

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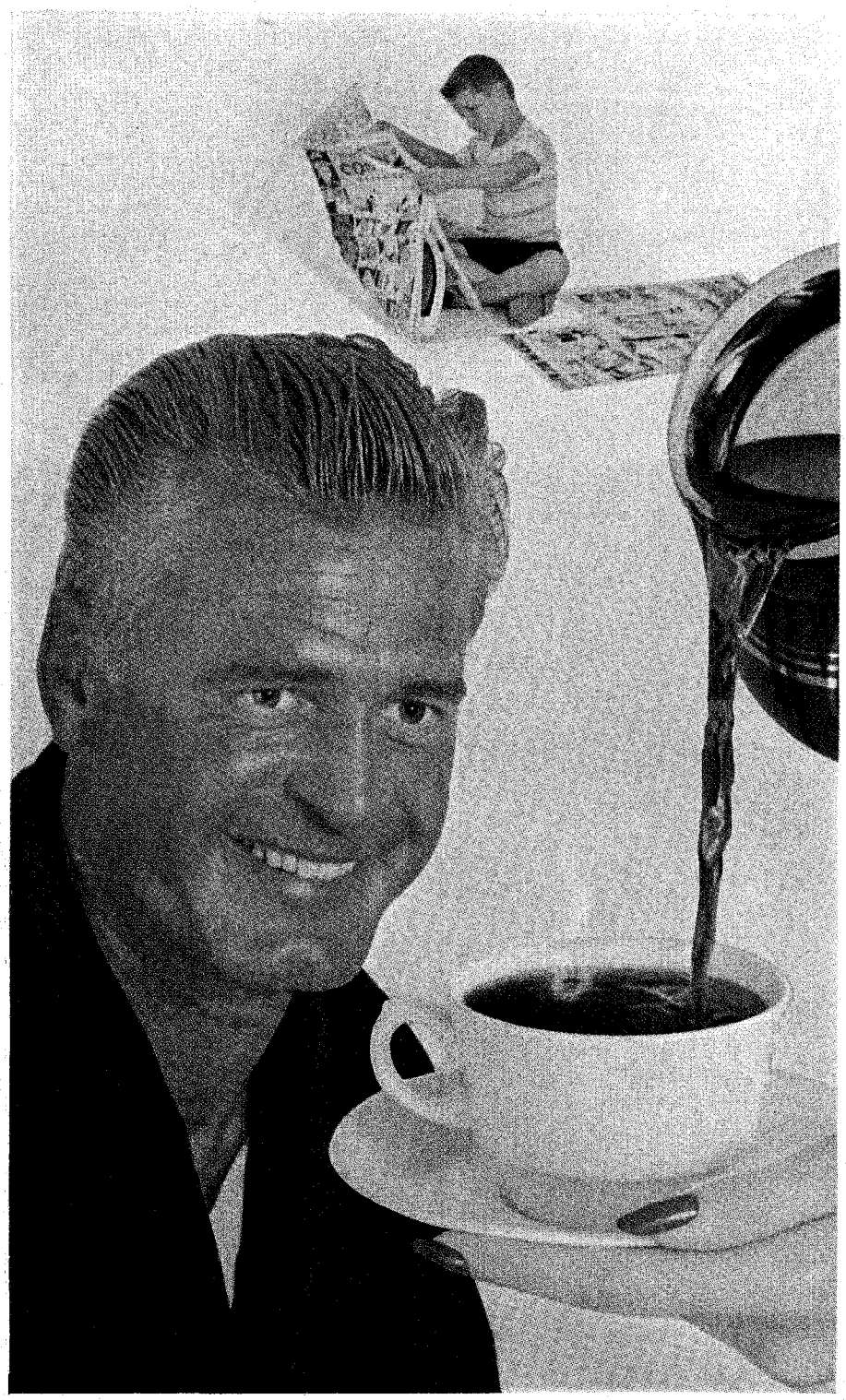

van's big shoulders sent Peebles sliding across the floor to crash against the wall.

Peebles' head struck hard. The small man yelled with pain and held his head and cursed. But he did not curse Donavan. He had known the big man too long to risk that. He fought back his anger and got up to put on his wet, cut-off trousers, setting his teeth against the cold. He went to the makeshift stove to absorb some of the first heat. Since anger was dangerous, he tried a friendliness that was not quite fawning.

"How do you do it?" he said. "The whole world's under water and you come up with dry matches?"

"Thank some child for that," Donavan said. "The matches were on a high shelf out of a child's reach."

"Find any cigarettes?"

"No. But there's a safety razor and some blades."

"What do I need a shave for? That babe? I asked her to get me a blanket —— She tell you? She told me to go jump. For that one, I'll let my beard grow. I'll whisker her good."

"I wouldn't try, if I were you." Donavan used the ax on a chest of drawers and built a supply of fuel. "There's canned food in the pantry below. And kettles and pans. Get up whatever you think we need to put together a meal."

"Where're you going?"

"After meat."

Donavan took the ax and the knife, and went into the hall again. Elizabeth was still at the window, but she had turned. With time to think, the wisdom of making amends to the big man had become very clear to her.

She was ready with an apology. "I know it must seem silly to you, but really it was asking too much. Of me, anyway. You see, I ——"

Donavan was not listening to her. His quiet eyes were making a careful inspection. He saw the good bones in her face and the sensitive line of her mouth. There could be no mistaking the kind of girl she was, the kind of family she'd come from or the life she'd lived. A good girl, badly spoiled probably but virtuous. Her family had money—if not a lot, at least more than enough. And she was surely a stranger to roughnecks. She was out of place here. As out of place here as that slim body was out of place in a boy's sweat shirt and jeans. The fit was very tight. Where the garments failed to meet, he could see the nylon of her underthings and patches of bare flesh.

"Is it necessary to stare at me?" she asked. Her face was white again, her lips were tight.

"Just curious," he said. He turned away and went into the other bedroom. There by the bed he looked down at Tom Sharkey. "You're a tough one," he said. "You'll make it."

"I'll make it, thanks to you." Sharkey's voice was hardly more than a whisper, but there was strength in his pale-blue eyes again. "I've been layin' here tryin' to figure out why you did it."

"There was no reason not to."

"Plenty of reason, and you darn well know it. If you'd stayed out of sight for a few months, who could have sworn you were still alive? They'd have ended up calling you dead and buried in the muck somewhere. But now I know you're alive. And now I've got to take you back."

"I'm never going back, Tom."

"D'you think savin' my life could make a difference? I took an oath when I took that job, Donavan. I meant what I said. And I mean to live up to it."

"I know you do, Tom."

"And you're my prisoner. You're going back."

"I'm never going back, Tom."

Color began to burn in Sharkey's lean face. He stared long and hard at Donavan's quiet eyes. "Then you'd better kill me now," he whispered hoarsely. "Because if I live I'll take you back. That's a promise. I'll take you back if I have to kill you to get you there!"

Donavan nodded. "It's your job to try."

The things they'd said had brought Elizabeth to the doorway. She was standing there now, shocked, unable to believe the things she'd heard. She could only stare at them. And Peebles, too, had heard the conversation. He came from the other bedroom to push Elizabeth aside. His hair was awry, his eyes were angry behind his steel-rimmed glasses. He crossed to the bed and looked down at Tom Sharkey. Then he looked at Donavan.

"What'd I tell you?" he asked. "All you're gonna get for savin' this dirty screw's neck

(Continued on Page 66)

Now—Satisfy Your
"COFFEE HUNGER"
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—tastier coffee made the modern way!

This is coffee to linger over! You see, Nescafé is all choice coffee, the very *cream* of coffees. The rich, mellow kind of coffee that gives you a warm, good-to-be-alive feeling! Especially when you make it *this* way:

Recipe for Tastier Coffee

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When you're hungry for tastier coffee, try Nescafé

"Still think that his bark is worse than his bite?"

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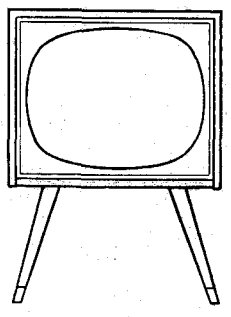

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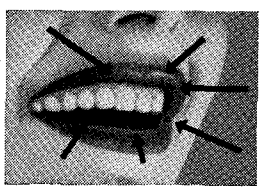	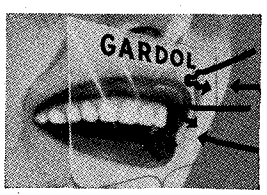
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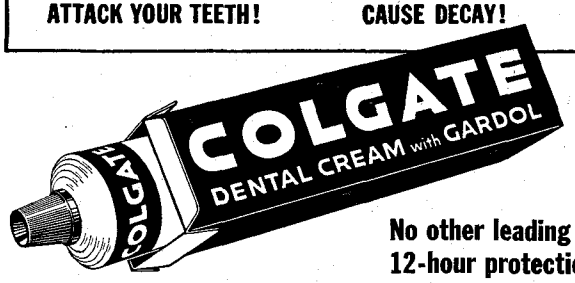

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*THE TOP THREE BRANDS AFTER COLGATE'S.

Cleans Your Breath While It Guards Your Teeth

(Continued from Page 64)

is trouble! You could've let him go. But no, you got to bring him in. So you see what happens. You couldn't expect a louse like this to show you any gratitude. He ain't got it in him!"

Elizabeth said, "What are you saying? What is ——"

Peebles said, "Shut up!"

Donavan said nothing.

Sharkey, his pale eyes fixed on Peebles now, said, "It doesn't matter what Donavan did for me. I'm only a guard. What matters is what you two did. You were both tried and fairly convicted—Donavan for murder, you for armed robbery. You've got a lot of time to ——"

"Oh, no!" Elizabeth said.

Peebles jumped as if he'd been stung. He whirled. "Will you get out of here?" he rasped. "Go on, beat it!" And when she only stared at him with wide eyes, he said, "Donavan, tell her to take a walk."

Donavan looked at her briefly. "She'll hear it sooner or later. She may as well hear it now."

Sharkey said, "You both have got a lot of time left to serve. And it's my job to see that you serve it. You're my prisoners now. Get it through your heads. You're going back."

"Will you get *this* guy?" Peebles said. "He's flat on his back and shootin' off his mouth like he was nine feet tall and had a rifle in both hands! Why, you ——" He reached down suddenly and closed a hand on Sharkey's face, his fingers biting deep. "Who do you think you're talkin' to? A couple o' chumps?"

Sharkey didn't try to answer, didn't try to escape the hand that held his face. He only stared at Peebles, his pale blue eyes unwavering, relentless and cold.

"Let me tell you something, screw," Peebles said. "We're outa the joint, and we like bein' out. We're not going back. Before you make a pass at tryin' to take us, you'd better look around. Where's your rifle? Where's your help? You haven't got 'em, have you? There's just you and us. And another thing—what's it going to cost us if we knock you off? You'd be just another stiff floatin' down the river." His fingers sank deeper into the flesh of Sharkey's face. "Y' better think it over, screw," he said. "Think it over twice!"

Sharkey only stared at him.

Elizabeth said, "Let go of him! You're hurting him!"

"And that ain't all I'm goin' to do," Peebles said.

Elizabeth's mind was running wild. She was frantically trying to make sense of what she'd heard, and just as frantically trying to deny she'd heard it. A murderer? This Donavan was a murderer? And Peebles an armed robber? And Sharkey was a policeman or something? It couldn't be! It couldn't happen to her. She couldn't believe it. But she had to believe Peebles' fingers digging into Sharkey's face. That was happening now, before her eyes.

"Make him stop," she said to Donavan.

"It's not my fight," Donavan said. He went past her to the doorway, turned there. "Peebles will get food up from below," he said. "I'm going after meat. If you'd like to eat with us, it might be a good idea to see what you can do about getting a meal started." He turned away.

"Wait!" Elizabeth said.

He didn't wait. He went into the hall toward the stairs. And Elizabeth ran after him. She caught his arm and stopped him. Her face was twisted, her voice was furious.

"Come back and make him stop, do you hear?"

Donavan looked at her quietly. "Why should I?"

"You heard what he said! He might kill the man!"

"I don't think so," Donavan said. "Not for a while, anyway. Peebles needs time to get himself worked up. But in any case, as I told you, it's not my fight. Peebles is a convict; Tom Sharkey is a guard. They can do their own fighting. I won't take sides."

"But you've got to! Sharkey is sick."

"Then he shouldn't get tough with Peebles."

"But Sharkey is a guard."

"And Peebles is a convict, like myself. It happens that I owe him no more than I owe Tom Sharkey."

"What about me, then?"

"What could I possibly owe you?"

"You saved my life."

"Isn't that enough?"

With that, he turned and went down the stairs. Elizabeth watched him wade into water that reached his chest. He held the knife in one hand, the ax in the other. She wanted to shriek at him. But she couldn't, her throat was suddenly locked tight. In his quiet way, he was worse than Peebles. He was ruthless! Even now, he was going out with an ax and a knife to kill a helpless animal. Somehow, in her mind, that added up to an enormous thing. She stood at the head of the stairs, a hand at her throat, horrified. The water splashed and became quiet. Donavan had gone away. Now she could hear Peebles' voice grating in the room behind her. There was a moment of silence; then the hard, slapping sound of a hand striking flesh.

Elizabeth's legs almost gave way. "Oh, no!"

Peebles came into the hall and saw her standing against the wall. Peebles had changed oddly. In spite of his small, bony legs and his ridiculous, cut-off trousers, he was strutting. His narrow shoulders were back, his thin chest outthrust, his stringy arms were held away from his sides, bent at the elbows. Even his voice held a swagger.

"Hey, you!" he said to Elizabeth. "Come here!"

When she didn't respond, he came to her, caught her by an arm and spun her away from the wall. There was fear in her and loathing, but she did not shrink away. The defiance, if it could be called defiance, brought a twisted grin to Peebles' face, a new interest to his eyes.

"Well, well," he said. "Who d'you think you're kiddin'? You're about as tough as a bottle of cream, and don't you think I don't know it. Come on, now, straighten up. Give us a good look at you." She didn't straighten up, but he made his long inspection, missing no part of her face or figure, no tear or gap in her jeans and sweat shirt. "Not bad," he said. "A little skinny for my taste, but not bad at all. I

... ...

Ice-Cream Cones

By Richard Armour

Ice-cream cones take a
watchful eye,
Permit no lapse or lagging.
Around, around, first low,
then high,
The busy tongue keeps
wagging.

The eater's eye and tongue
must team,
He's beaten if he lingers.
To win, he has to lick the
cream,
Or, losing, lick his fingers.

... ...

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got to hand it to that Donavan. Six years in the joint, and the first night out he finds himself a woman. First things first, I always say. How come he run into you?"

"It's none of your business," Elizabeth said.

"So?" Peebles grinned again. "Well, maybe it ain't, since Donavan saw you first. But let me tell you something, chick. You won't have to look far when Donavan gets done with you to find another man. What do you think of that?" He came toward her, still grinning.

"Don't touch me!" Elizabeth cried.

"Who's goin' to?" he said.

But he tried to pinch her as he went by, and when she escaped him he only laughed He went down the stairs. Elizabeth listened to his clumsy splashing on the floor below; then, hearing Sharkey moving about in the bedroom, she ran to him. He was a prison guard—in a sense, the police. He had put on his trousers and was wearing a blanket around his lean shoulders. He was a married man with two young daughters of his own; he knew well what the fear in the girl was. He was kind and sympathetic, which may not have been wise. She reacted to it by collapsing on the edge of the bed, sobbing uncontrollably. He sat beside her, an arm around her shoulders until the sobbing stopped. Then she wiped her eyes with the heel of either hand.

"Is—is he really a murderer?"

"He's really a murderer." Sharkey could see no point in hiding the truth; the truth might better equip her. "He was serving a life sentence in the state prison. He was one of a crew of twelve I had trying to save the Humboldt dike. We were cut off and washed out. The flood killed most of the men, I guess. The bodies of two were washed into the grove of oaks with me. It set Donavan and Peebles free."

They were silent, hearing Peebles in the hall again. He came to the doorway, trailing water. He had a kettle full of home-canned food, a frying pan and a heavy, narrow-bladed boning knife thrust into his belt. He showed them his twisted grin.

"Don't get cozy with that girl," he said to Sharkey. "Donavan saw her first." He left the food and implements in the other bedroom and went to the floor below again.

"He's horrible," Elizabeth said.

"A bad one," Sharkey agreed. "He was serving a term for armed robbery, but he's a lot worse than that. A rotten soul—rotten clear through. Don't turn your back on him. Don't be caught alone with him."

"Oh, Lord!" Elizabeth said. "What are we going to do?"

Sharkey's lean face was sober; his eyes had turned cold again. "I'm going to see them both back in prison. Or dead. I'll do what I can for you. I don't know what it will be, but I'll try, you can be sure of that."

"If you fight with them, they'll kill you!"

"I'm not an easy man to kill."

"Do you have to take them back—to prison, I mean?"

"It's my job."

"I know that. But it's senseless to try. There are two of them against you. Couldn't you say you'd changed your mind even if you really hadn't?"

"That kind of lie would be a waste of breath," Sharkey said. "They know me better. They know I'll never give an inch to them; they know I'll go straight ahead. And it's not as bad as it looks. I'm almost myself again, and when I'm myself, I can handle Peebles in any kind of a fight."

"But Donavan?"

"Donavan could break me in half with his bare hands. But I don't think he will. You don't save a man's life in one hour and kill him in the next. He knew what he'd be up against if he brought me in, but he did it anyway. He's got something else in mind—something besides killing me."

"He'd let Peebles do it," Elizabeth said. "He told me he didn't care what happened to either of you. He said he owed neither of you anything, and he meant it."

"And I told you I can handle Peebles."

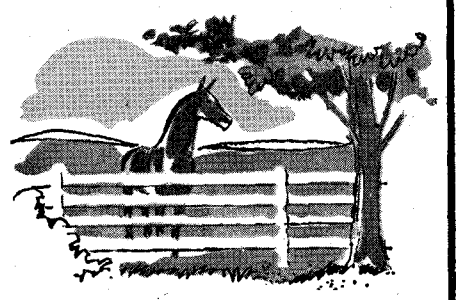
Peebles, in the hall again, heard this, as Sharkey had meant him to. A second armful of provisions and utensils hit the floor of the hallway, and Peebles came into the room. The heavy, narrow-bladed knife was in his hand. He stopped halfway to Elizabeth and Sharkey, water dripping from his body and his ragged trousers. Behind his steel-rimmed glasses, his eyes held an ugly shine. He pointed the knife at Sharkey's throat.

"Who can handle Peebles?" he asked.

"I can, you dirty little punk," Sharkey said. He didn't move or lift his voice. "And that knife won't help you. Get close to me with it, and I'll shove it down your throat, butt-first."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Oh, mother!"



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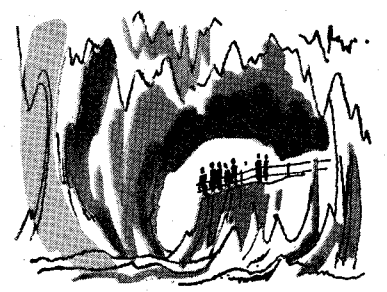

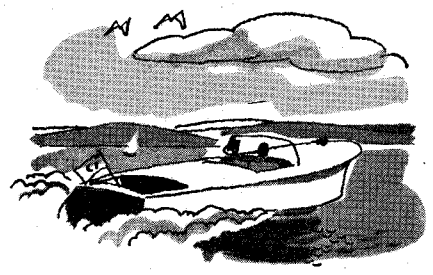

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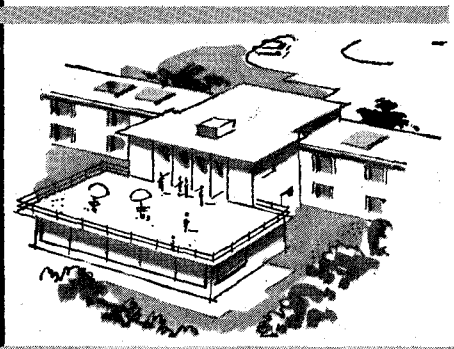

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"Well, now ——" Peebles said. "Listen to him, will you? He's real tough. Maybe we ought to find out how tough he really is." He went into a crouch. With his thin body and his cut-off trousers, he would have looked ridiculous if it hadn't been for the knife—the knife was lethal. "Yes, sir," he said softly. "Let's just see how tough you are."

Sharkey's only move was a shrug of his lean shoulders that dropped the blanket from him. He seemed relaxed, his large hands resting easily on his knees. He watched Peebles with unwavering eyes that were like chips of pale-blue ice.

"C'mon," Peebles said. "Do I cut you sittin' down?"

"Try to cut me," Sharkey said.

To Elizabeth, this was all impossible, all unreal. It was something from a book or an ugly nightmare. But there was murder in Peebles' twisted face. And Sharkey's face, in a different way, was just as murderous. They meant what they had said, both of them. They were willing to fight, ready to fight, and one of them would die. And she could only watch with shocked, unthinking disbelief.

"Get up, screw! Get up!"

"Come after me," Sharkey said.

"All right. I'm coming."

Sharkey said, "Get out of the way, girl."

When she didn't move, he put a hand under her arm, lifting her from the edge of the bed and shoved her across the room. Elizabeth stumbled and fell. Sharkey did not see her fall. He had not taken his eyes from Peebles. Peebles came forward slowly, flat-footed, waddling a little. The knife was held low, point up, in his right hand; his left hand was to the side and a little above it.

Just out of reach of Sharkey, he paused. His body weaving in a half crouch, he looked for an opening. Sharkey was perfectly still. Peebles feinted a thrust, and still Sharkey didn't move. When the true thrust came, Sharkey twisted his lean body out of the way and the knife blade missed his chest. And Sharkey's countermove missed. Peebles jerked his wrist out of Sharkey's closing fingers and danced away. Now Sharkey was on his feet.

"This time," Peebles said. "This is the time."

"Let's have it," Sharkey said.

Again Peebles came forward in his weaving half crouch; again Sharkey waited, poised and motionless. Elizabeth, on her feet now, backed deep into a corner, watched in staring horror. A scream was building in her throat. Peebles feinted again. Sharkey lifted a little on the balls of his feet, but that was all. The second feint was followed by a quick, true thrust aimed at the flat, bare stomach just above Sharkey's belt—impossible to avoid, but Sharkey avoided it. And this time his countermove did not miss. His hand closed on the wrist above the hand that held the knife and locked there.

Elizabeth screamed.

The two men were still for a moment, motionless, straining, the knife high in the air. Then suddenly they exploded in a fury of movement. Peebles was short and thin, but his muscles were wirelike, his wild strength nearly equal to Sharkey's. Sharkey held to Peebles' wrist as Peebles threw himself wildly about, twisting and kicking and slugging, trying to get free. Sharkey tried to drive home a crippling blow with his free fist, but he could find no target. Both men fell to the floor, got up and fell again. Now, with Elizabeth's screams filling the room, they lay panting and straining, one trying to break the grip, the other to hold it. And Donavan came at this moment and found them thus.

"Belay that!" he shouted.

It was a harsh, deep-chested command. He came through the door in a bull-like rush. He bent and caught Peebles by the hips, lifting him, tearing him loose from Sharkey's grasp. A kick of a bare foot sent Sharkey sprawling; a heave of Donavan's shoulders sent Peebles flying through the bedroom door. The small man struck the wall across the hall and fell, cursing.

Sharkey got up slowly, watchfully. But Donavan had no more time for him. Elizabeth was still screaming.

He caught her by her upper arms. "Stop it!" he said. "Stop it!" Then he shook her hard until she stopped screaming. He let go of her and she ran to the bed and threw herself upon it, face down. Donavan turned to Sharkey.

"What went on here?"

"Peebles found a knife," Sharkey said. "He decided he'd cut me or try to. I'm sorry you got back so soon."

"Maybe you're lucky I did," Donavan said.

He went to the bedroom door. Peebles was standing in the hall, still furious, but controlling his fury now. The knife was in his belt; he was rubbing his wrist.

"No more of that," Donavan said. "There's meat at the foot of the stairs. Get it up here."

"The screw asked for it!" Peebles said. "He got ——"

"Get the meat," Donavan said. "Now!"

And Peebles obeyed. He was back in a moment, half dragging, half carrying the hind quarter of a steer. Donavan looked into the bedroom and saw Sharkey trying to comfort Elizabeth. Donavan followed Peebles into the other bedroom.

"Build up the fire," he said. "I'll cut the meat."

Donavan and Peebles prepared the meal. Canned corn, canned beans, canned tomatoes and meat—a huge quantity of meat. The meat was overfresh and not well cooked, but there was needed strength and energy in it, and Donavan and Peebles both ate enormously. Elizabeth and Sharkey did not come near them. When Donavan and Peebles had finished, there was still food left. Donavan put it in a large kettle.

"You goin' to feed those two?" Peebles asked.

"That's right," Donavan said.

"You the same as told the girl she couldn't eat if she didn't help," Peebles said. "But go ahead, feed her up. She's your baby. Just lay off that Sharkey. Let 'im starve!"

Donavan stared at him. "Any more advice?"

"Donavan, for heaven's sake! All I said was ——" He broke off, cursing. "All right! Forget it!"

Donavan took the kettle of food into the bedroom across the hall. Sharkey was at the window; he turned. The girl was sitting on the edge of the bed. She had been crying, but she was not crying now. Her face was tear-streaked, but it had firmness. She looked at Donavan, her lips tight.

Donavan said, "What's your name, girl?"

Through tight lips, she said, "Elizabeth Matthews."

"All right, Elizabeth. Here's food for you. It's not too good, but it's hot and it's filling. I want you and Tom to eat. That's an order."

Scornfully she said, "Are you concerned about us now?"

Donavan looked at her a long moment. "I'm less concerned about you than about myself," he said. "I've got to take care of you for a while yet, and I don't want you to be a burden. I want you strong enough to help. There's still rough going ahead." He turned toward the door.

Elizabeth said, "You'd better be concerned!"

Donavan stopped and came about slowly. His voice was quiet when he said, "Just why had I better be concerned?"

Defiantly Elizabeth said, "Because if anything happens to either of us, you'll be held responsible. My father happens to be a very important man in this state. If anything should happen to me or to Mr. Sharkey, you'll pay for it. My father will see to that!"

"I'm impressed," Donavan said. "But not greatly. You see, almost everything that can be done to me has been done. And, in one sense, your father had a hand in it. He's one of the righteous people who sent me to prison for life."

"You're a murderer," Elizabeth said. "Are we supposed to let murderers run around loose?"

"No, of course not."

"You could be killed—that could still be done."

"True," Donavan said. "But Sharkey's already promised me that. I don't know your father. He's a formidable man, I'm sure. But I know Sharkey is a tough one. If I can get past Sharkey, your father will be no worry."

Angrily she said, "What are you going to do with us?"

"You'll see in good time."

"Are you going to give yourself up?"

"Certainly not."

"What are you going to do?"

Soberly Donavan said, "That's my affair."

He turned and went out of the room. In the other room, Peebles, who'd found a whetstone when he'd found the boning knife, was honing the blade toward a razor edge.

Donavan put a pan of water on the still-glowing coals of the crude stove and loaded the safety razor with a fresh blade. Peebles got up and closed the door. Then he took up the knife and whetstone and came to sit against the wall beside Donavan.

"This is just between you an' me," he said. His voice was only a little louder than the soft sound the knife made against the stone. "I heard the babe ask you what you figured on doin'—I mean, after we've got out've here. So I'm goin' to ask the same question. Only it's not to be nosy, see? It's a business proposition. You an' me are in the same fix. It makes sense we team up. We could ——"

"I'll go my way alone."

"Wait a minute!" Peebles said. "This is a helluva big flood. Whole towns are gettin' washed out. There's a ton of stuff layin' around just askin' to be picked up. And there's this." He held up the knife. "In the right kind of hands, it's as good as a gun. It'll get us a gun. And you're gonna need one. Help too. I'll give you a hand ——"

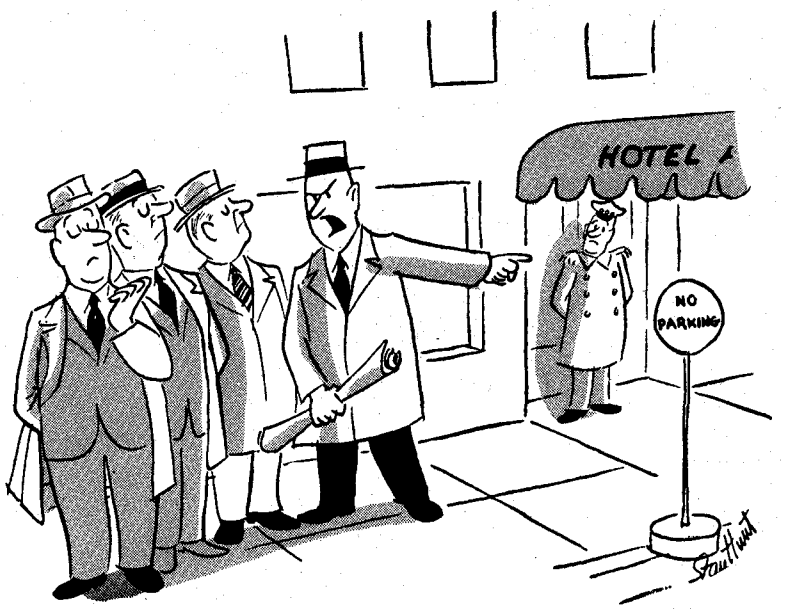
"You'll give me nothing." Donavan's voice was quiet, but it held a cold edge. "Get it straight. I don't care where you go or what you do. But where I'm going and what I'm going to do is my business."

Peebles' eyes held an ugly shine. "Won't tell me, eh?"

"I won't tell you."

"O.K.," Peebles said. "No hurry. Maybe later."

He went back to whetting the knife. Donavan used (Continued on Page 71)



You be the Judge

By BRUCE M. JONES

When Henry sought a permit to erect a thirty-unit apartment house with only a three-car garage, the city turned him down. Officials cited an ordinance requiring new apartment buildings to have at least one auto-parking space for every three apartments. They explained that the law was aimed at keeping parked cars off the streets. Henry, dissatisfied, sued for a permit.

"This law is discriminatory," he protested. "It applies only to apartment houses, not to hotels and rooming houses. Yet their tenants park on the streets, too, don't they?"

"While that may be true," the city officials countered, "this law is a step in the right direction even if it doesn't solve all our parking problems."

If you were the judge, would you grant Henry his permit?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Henry won. The court said that while the city had a right to pass laws to relieve parking congestion, it could not single out one kind of property and exempt "other kinds not significantly different."

Based upon a 1953 Illinois decision.

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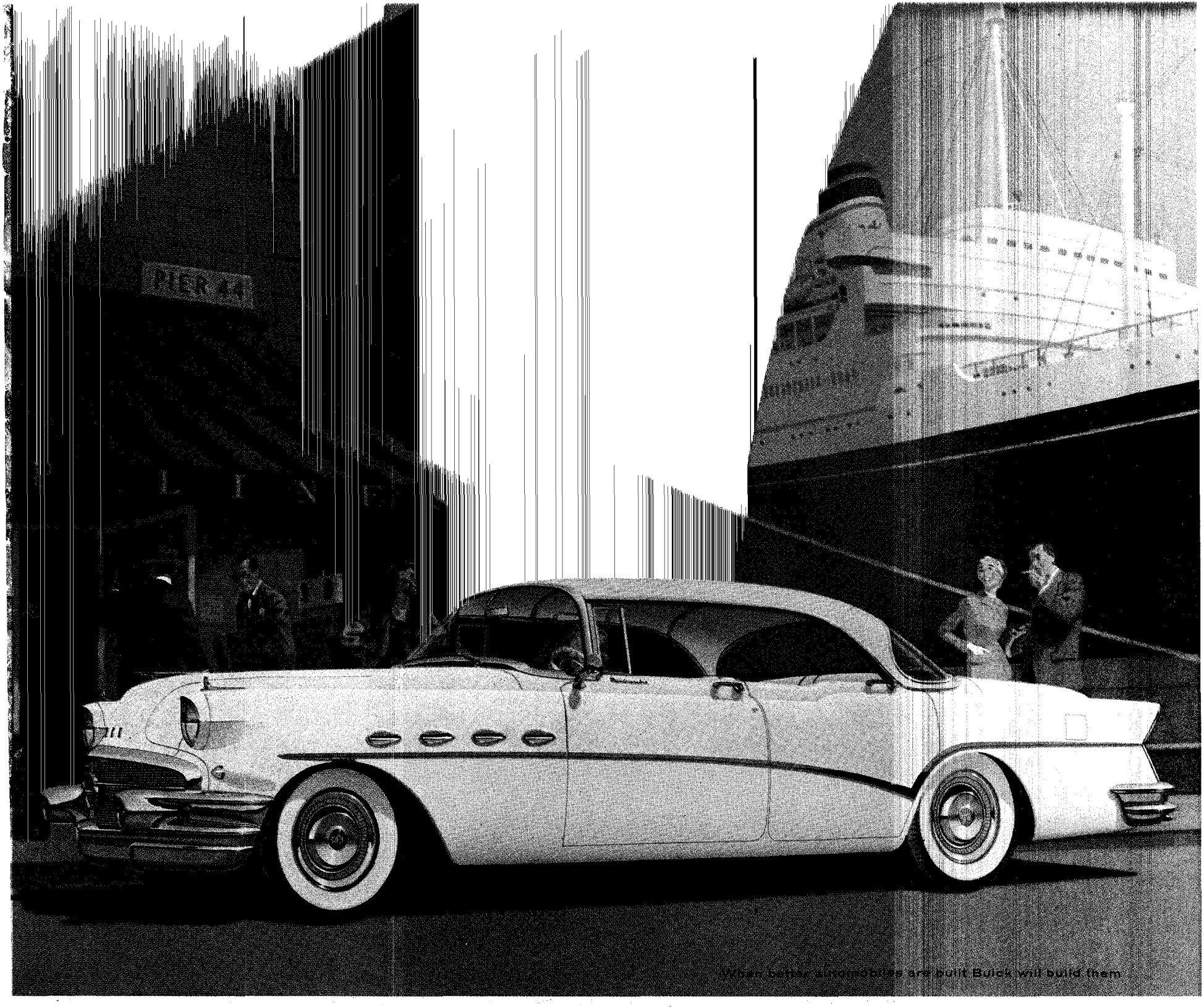

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Responsive with the might of record-high V8 power . . .

Electrifying with the instant response of an advanced new Variable Pitch Dynaflow—the most modern transmission yet brought to the American scene.

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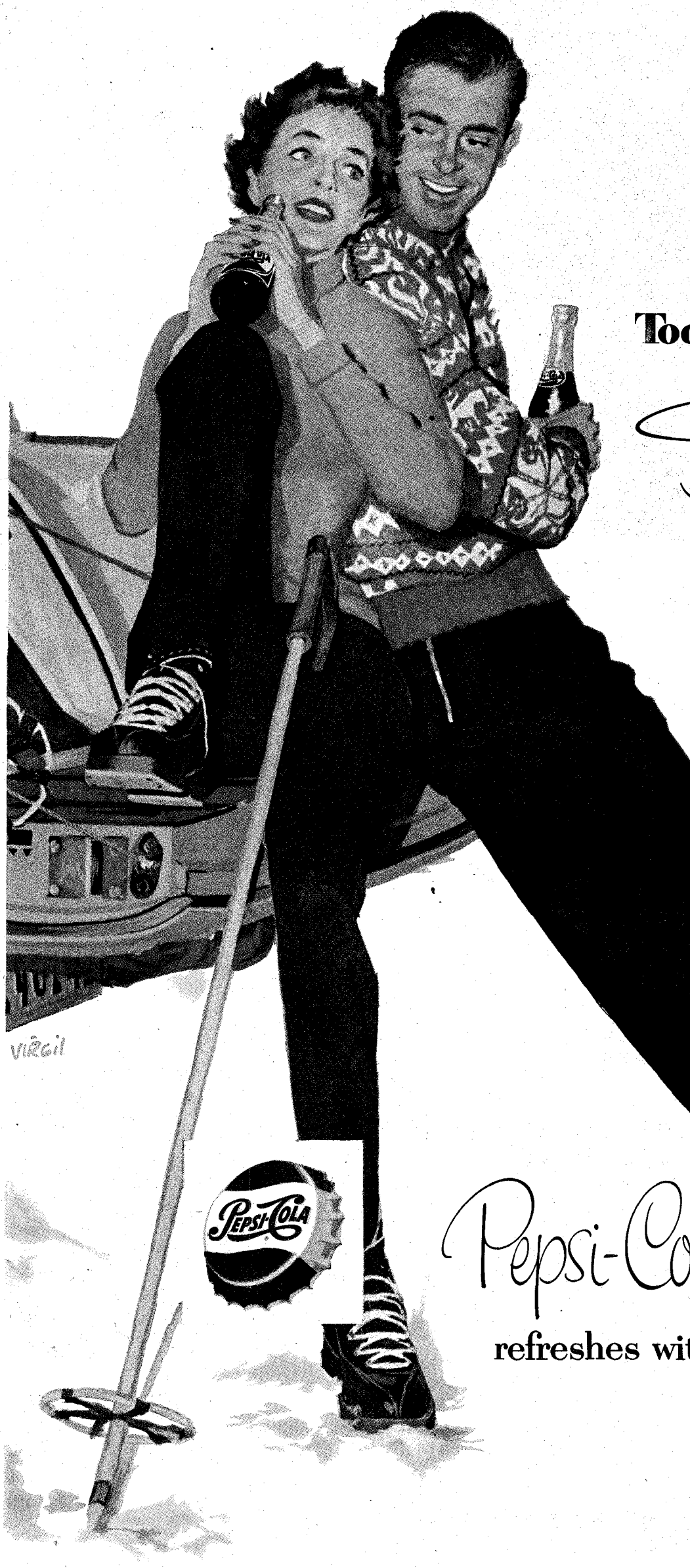

Today's pace is for the Slender

LITTLE Miss Sit-by-the-fire doesn't live there any more. Today, she's Miss Get-up-and-go—and never mind the weather!

For the up-to-date woman, conscious of her waistline, has set the trend to lighter, less filling food and drink. Her wholesome eating habits make her active, keep her slender.

Today's Pepsi-Cola, reduced in calories, goes right along with *this modern taste in diet*. Never heavy, never too sweet, Pepsi-Cola refreshes without filling.

Have a Pepsi—the modern, the *light* refreshment.

Pepsi-Cola

refreshes without filling

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(Continued from Page 68) the water and the razor. Then he went to stand before the window that looked out over the flood, upstream of the house. The sky was still broken, and where the sun struck there was humid warmth, but there was a black wall of clouds to the north that promised more rain. The level of the flood was still rising. A great volume of water had been needed to cover the flat lands, and there had been a period of slack and slow rise while the river accomplished this. Now the task was nearly completed and the current was returning.

Donavan watched the current work on one of the outbuildings—an equipment shed or a workshop—pushing at the upstream wall. The shed was trembling; before long it would be gone. The time it stood would depend upon how much flood-borne wreckage came against it. There was a good deal of it in Donavan's view: uprooted trees, scraps of lumber, fence posts, brush, a kitchen chair floating oddly half erect—all moving idly but steadily downstream. An hour, perhaps two, Donavan thought, and the shed would be gone.

Now his mind turned to the question Elizabeth and Peebles had asked. What was he going to do? It was not a question he would answer for anyone. He would not say, "I'm going to West Mills. And in West Mills I'm going to find a man named Jack Murphy. And this man I'm going to kill." No, he would not say it. But he was going to do it—of that, he was irrevocably certain.

West Mills lay about a hundred miles downstream. He didn't know how he'd get there; the means would come to hand. But he knew the river well. This house stood a mile or two below the Humboldt dike. Fiddle Island would be a mile or two below this point; Sand Island would be next, then Half-Moon Island, then Lebannon.

Lebannon just now would be a town in serious trouble—the dikes gone, the streets flooded, power and telephone poles down. But he had no business in Lebannon. He'd stay far offshore and ride the center of the flood. Past Lemon Island, Johnsonville, Big Molly and Peter's Moorage. In season, in other years, he'd fished the sand bars off Peter's Moorage. Then on to West Mills and Jack Murphy.

He knew the face of Jack Murphy as well as he knew his own—close-cropped sandy hair, near red in certain light, eyes pale green, nose short and straight, ears well-shaped, lying flat against his skull. A handsome man, in a rough-cut way. And big. Jack Murphy was six-three, two hundred and thirty-odd pounds of bone and meat. And where, at night, in the flood-stricken town of West Mills, would he find Jack Murphy?

Donavan knew him well—habits, appetites and drives. In normal times, Jack Murphy spent three evenings in five at home. He entertained a lot in the big fieldstone-and-siding house he'd built on the hill overlooking West Mills. He was proud of his house, proud and jealous of it, as he was of everything he owned. He liked to stand in front of the huge fireplace, drink in his hand, a smile on his face, giving his impression of the man he thought Jack Murphy was. But he wouldn't be there, not with the big river on the rampage.

The dikes above West Mills were very old; they'd go as the Humboldt dike had gone. The streets of the lower town, the business district, the residential areas, north and south, would be under water, three feet and more. Along the edge of the main channel, at the anchorages and moorages, the full and brutal force of the flood would be felt the most. Jack Murphy would be here, certainly, at the Murphy Construction Moorage. All that he valued was here—floating pile drivers, floating cranes, dredges, barges, tugs and launches. He would be fighting the river to save them, fighting as savagely and as relentlessly as he'd fought to get them.

And how to kill him? A careful man would use a gun and do the job from a distance, safely beyond Jack Murphy's reach. But what possible satisfaction could there be in killing the man at a distance? Where was the grip of the hands? How could the man know who was killing and why? No. He had to hunt Jack Murphy down and have him in some closed space, without a gun or a knife or club for either one. Donavan didn't know how it would come about, but he knew it would.

"Yes," he said. "And soon."

TO BE CONTINUED

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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in spite of stop-and-go driving

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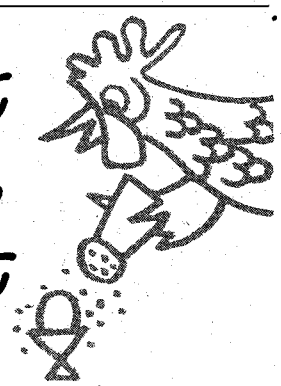

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My Battles in War and Peace

(Continued from Page 35)

also possess the capability to lift whole armies armed with nuclear weapons, and put them down upon any spot on the earth's surface where their tremendous, and selective, firepower may be needed. And all I had to say about air power was said in an effort to bring about this capability, which we do not now possess.

Neither at any time during my two-year tour did I protest against the legal and proper exercise by civilian authorities of their control over the military. Despite all the vast changes that time and technology have brought to the profession of arms, one fundamental concept has not changed in the 180 years since the United States Army was created. Since George Washington's time, no Chief of Staff, or officer with corresponding responsibility, has forgotten that he is a citizen first and a soldier second, and that the troops under his command are an instrument of the people's will.

I tried to make my views in this regard crystal-clear at my own swearing-in ceremony. To Secretary of Defense Charles E. Wilson, and the Secretary of the Army, Robert T. Stevens, and the other notables assembled there, I reaffirmed my wholehearted belief in the two main points laid down by President Eisenhower in his reorganization of the Defense Department: First—in maintaining a democratic institution by insuring that the nation's military forces should come under the direct personal command and control of civilian leaders; and, second—in protecting the integrity of the military profession. To me the first idea was so unquestioningly accepted throughout the officer corps of the Army that it needed no elaboration. The statement sometimes made by influential men, who should know better, that the Army's civilian secretaries do not control the Army, but are "captives" of the political generals, is completely false. The second—the protection of the integrity of the military profession—I felt needed continued explanation to others in Government and to the American people.

The "integrity of the military profession," I said, means that we must have an officer corps of such character and competence as will provide the highest professional and spiritual leadership to our citizen armies. It means a noncommissioned-officer corps indoctrinated and inspired by the officer corps, whose precepts are its guides and whose standards it emulates. This professional, long-term cadre must be adequate both in size and in quality, I pointed out—a great reservoir of character, of devotion to duty, of loyalty, of professional competence. If we are to have this fountainhead of leadership, I added—and without it we do not have an Army—it must truly represent a cross section of the nation's life—must include a fair share of the best men the country can produce, in character, in intellect, in morality and in culture. Finally—and this is the essential point—the civilian authorities must scrupulously respect the integrity, the intellectual honesty, of its officer corps. Any effort to force unanimity of view, to compel adherence to "party line" against the honestly expressed views of responsible officers is a pernicious practice which, if persisted in, will jeopardize rather than protect the integrity of the military profession.

Parenthetically, I would like to say that I have never subscribed to the Air Force and Navy view that they should have the cream of the nation's young men because of the greater complexity of their weapons and machines.

There is simply no comparison between the operator of a machine, however intricate its mechanism, and the leader of men in ground battle, each man exposed to every reaction to which flesh is heir, and each dependent for his very life on the character and competence of his leader. At the turn of a wheel, at the captain's direction, a machine, whether it be a ship or a plane, can remain in a fight or get the hell out of that action. No such mechanical aid is available to an infantry commander, whether he commands an army or a squad. He can order, but whether his men obey or not depends on the influence which his character, his intelligence, his competence, have established over the minds of each individual in his unit. To my mind, therefore, the corporal who leads a rifle squad in battle should be every whit as intelligent and as competent as the man who flies a plane or mans a ship's gun battery. All branches of the military today require men of the highest type, the Army no less than its sister services.

From such an officer corps, I told my civilian superiors, they could expect fearless and forthright expressions of honest, objective professional opinion up to the moment when they themselves, the civilian commanders, announced their decisions. Thereafter they could expect completely loyal and diligent execution of those decisions.

However, I pointed out, loyalty and complete trust cut both ways. They must flow just as strongly from the top down as from the bottom up. The civilian authorities must give their military services the same unqualified loyalty they receive. And for the Army to function with the deep devotion and the high *esprit* which are its proud traditions, it should know at all times that it has the support, confidence and understanding of the people it serves.

"With humble pride and a prayer for divine guidance," I concluded, "I assume the duties as Chief of Staff. It will be my constant purpose to ensure that the highest traditions of the Army are maintained; that the Army accomplishes in full its assigned missions; and that the men and women who wear its uniform, and their dependents, receive the full measure of respect and consideration from their fellow countrymen which their devotion and utter loyalty, in war and peace, so fully merit."

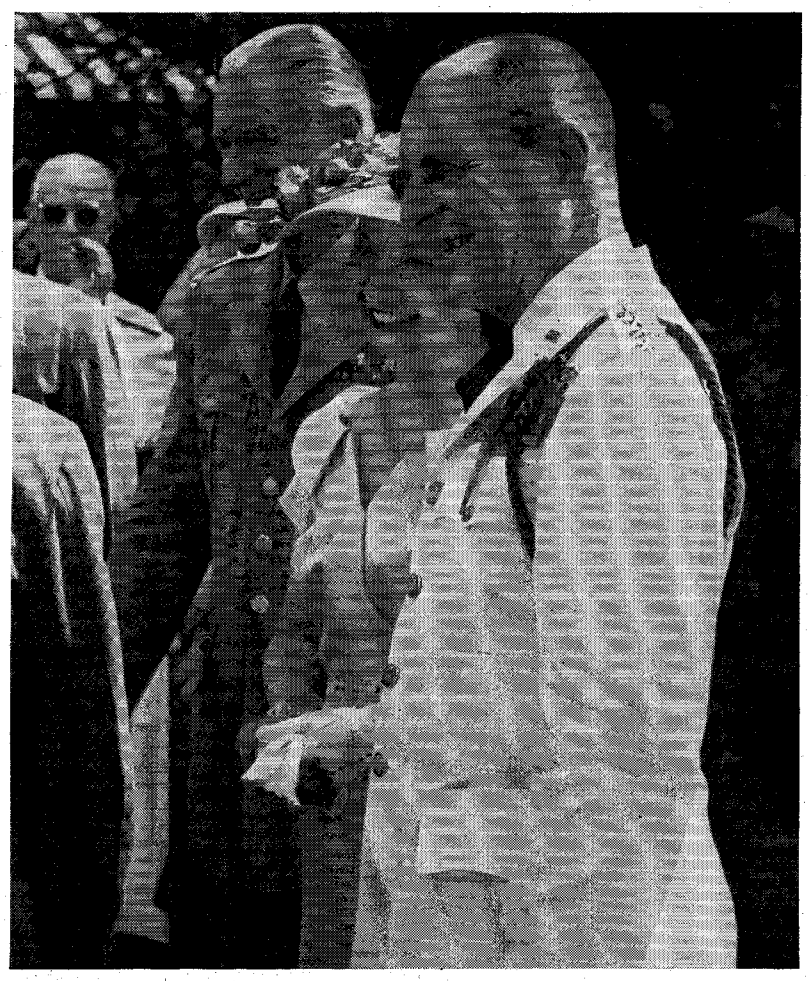
I can say without reservation that in my efforts to accomplish these goals, I had the fullest support and co-operation from my immediate civilian superior, Secretary Stevens, and from his splendid staff of able civilian assistants.

I must also say, regretfully, that my ideas and my efforts did not receive the same support from Secretary of Defense Wilson. From that office stemmed many suggestions that I take actions which, had I done so, would have seriously impaired the Army's capability to accomplish its missions, and would have weakened, rather than enhanced, the *esprit*, the pride, the confidence of victory, which are the basic strength of any military organization.

For example, it was suggested that I reduce the strength of combat divisions overseas, that I inactivate certain units and reduce others to a cadre basis. Finally, in a letter to the Secretary of Defense, transmitted through the Secretary of the Army, I pointed out that it was just such thinking as this, applied to the Far East theater, which brought us to the brink of disaster in the Korean war, and I made it explicitly clear that I would not reduce the strength of combat units facing potential enemies overseas, thus subjecting them to the possibility of annihilation, unless I had a direct order to do so.

That the authority to issue such an order lay with the Secretary of Defense I did not question. But the responsibility for the consequences, I felt, must also be his, and for that

(Continued on Page 74)



Gen. Matthew Ridgway (right) and his wife at a party held on the lawn of the White House at the time of his retirement as Army Chief of Staff in 1955.

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(Continued from Page 72) reason I submitted my views in writing. Throughout my tour there was never any lack of willingness on the part of the Defense Department to exercise full authority. Frequently, though, this was not accompanied by an equal willingness to assume full responsibility for actions taken.

The suggestions to reduce troop levels were presented to me on a basis of economy, which was natural, since 76 per cent of the total reductions in military expenditures were to come out of the Army's budget. In the name of economy also, the Army's policy regarding dependents was brought into question. In the postwar years roughly half the career personnel of our active Army has been serving overseas. If present conditions continue, they can expect to spend half their time in the future on foreign duty. To me it was unrealistic and unreasonable to expect that these men should be denied the right to have their families with them. I know the evil effects that the separations a military career demands can have upon family life. The prolonged separation of a soldier from his family in time of peace impairs his spirit; it breeds social problems of the most pernicious kinds, and gives rise to unfortunate liaisons and all the evils that flow from them. Therefore, I had no patience with the arguments of these gentlemen who, never having been separated from their own loved ones in their lives, except voluntarily, were advocating such separation for other men on the ground of economy. Certainly, it costs a great deal to provide the essential facilities and services for the families of servicemen overseas. But it is a small fraction of the value received from the missions these men are performing, a completely negligible part of the cost of a war that their presence overseas might avert.

Other matters, small in themselves, profoundly affected the *esprit* of the Army. There was incessant attack on the so-called "fringe benefits"—the simple, modest material perquisites, such as commissary and post-exchange privileges, and medical care for servicemen's dependents—which help to narrow the gap between a soldier's pay and what he could reasonably expect to earn in civilian life. These things were protested on the basis of economy also, but the basic criticism, I knew, stemmed from local merchants who looked upon the commissary and the PX as a competitor to be destroyed.

There was also a feeling within the service that, as regards tenure, the Government was unfairly changing the rules in the middle of the game. Older officers had come into the Army with the tacit understanding that if they gave competent and faithful service, they could remain on active duty until they were sixty-four. This would give them opportunity to educate their children and see them safely launched on their own careers, and to lay away for themselves some savings for their retired years. In 1947 the retirement age was lowered by law, and now that the law has had time to take full effect, many fine officers are forced into retirement in their middle 50's. This is a personal disaster to them, and a loss to the Army of their wide experience and mature judgment. The drastic and rapid reductions in force levels greatly aggravated these basic inequities.

Reserve officers on active duty have suffered even greater dislocations. With World War II behind them, and supposedly a long period of peace ahead, they were called back to fight the Korean war. Many remained in service thereafter, their talents desperately needed by an Army deployed around the world. Then suddenly, with their lives again adjusted to a military career, they find themselves being forced to return once more to civilian status, at an age when starting anew in their business or profession is not an easy thing.

All these matters which in my view were detrimental to the strength and spirit of the Army I protested, either by letter or in personal conference with Mr. Wilson. After each exchange of views, I came away convinced that either the secretary was a man whose mental processes operated on a level of genius so high I could not grasp his meaning or that considerations beyond the ken of a soldier's logic were influencing his thinking. And while I am on that subject, I would like to unburden myself of one concept which I believe is of utmost importance now, and will grow increasingly important in the future.

That concept is simply this: The gentlemen who accept these great posts of authority and responsibility in the Defense Department should be as completely divorced from politics as is humanly possible. I think the tendency, which was manifest many times during my tour as Chief of Staff, of civilian secretaries making military decisions on a basis of political expediency, constitutes a danger to this country. The power that is vested in the civilian secretaries, particularly in the Secretary of Defense, is so enormous that it could do incalculable harm if applied on a basis of what is good for the party, instead of what is good for the country. They should base their decisions solely on the security interests of the United States, in the light of the best judgment God gave them, free of political considerations.

Above all, they should never bring political pressure to bear on their military advisers. As I have said before, in all sincerity, the idea of civilian control of the military is so deeply rooted in the heart of every Army officer, it would never occur to him to question it, were not the matter persistently agitated by civilian authority itself. But how long will that idea endure when civilian commanders, themselves largely ignorant of military matters, persistently disregard the counsel and override the judgment of loyal, competent professional officers who have risen to posts of high responsibility after having spent a lifetime in the military service? In France we did not beat the German Army at its peak. We beat an army whose spirit and confidence had been eroded away, more by the acts of its civilian political authorities than by the defeats it had suffered in battle. That lesson should not be lost on the American people.

My right to protest decisions which I believed to be unwise in no way relieved me of the responsibility of doing the very best I could with what was given me. It was obvious from the first that the cuts in Army strength proposed in 1953 would leave us dangerously overextended geographically, with a personnel base incapable of supporting the overseas deployment we had considered essential to our safety since the Korean war.

There were only two alternatives as I saw them—partial withdrawal from Europe or from the Far East.

Major withdrawals from Europe to my mind were unthinkable. The whole strength of the great NATO coalition lay in the fact that we were maintaining forces, armed and ready, on the continent of Europe, and had promised to keep them there until the threat of Red aggression had abated or disappeared. To have pulled troops out of Europe would have abrogated these solemn promises to our allies, and even the intimation that such a step was contemplated might have meant the dissolution of NATO.

Withdrawal from Japan, on the other hand, might have a serious effect on the delicately balanced truce situation in Korea, and would leave us in a most difficult position should war break out anew in the Far East. We had hoped that, following the signing of the peace treaty, Japan would rapidly develop ground armies strong enough to protect her home islands, thus enabling us to transfer our own troops elsewhere. This hope grew dimmer day by day as Japan fell further and further behind schedule in the creation of her own defense forces, and there is still no adequate protective force in being there.

Korea presented a somewhat different picture. To my mind, we had far too many troops committed to that area, in the light of our over-all strength and commitments elsewhere. If grand-scale war should erupt suddenly in other parts of the world, we would find it extremely difficult to shift these trained troops to another theater. With 600,000 ROK troops under arms in Korea, we felt that we ran relatively little risk of renewed attack from the Red Chinese in the event our own Army forces were withdrawn. However, the presence of these ROK forces presented another facet to the problem. No one knew what our old and belligerent friend, Syngman Rhee, might do if we were not there to restrain him in his determination to drive his country's enemies back across the Yalu. The possibility that Mr. Rhee may send his armies marching north at any moment still exists.

And nobody, so far as I am aware, knows exactly what we would do if that should happen. It would be a decision for the President to make, and to my mind a most difficult one, for the flare-up of new war in the Far East might well be the spark that would set the whole world aflame. There would undoubtedly be strong pressure on us to plunge back into battle on the Korean peninsula, just as there was a strong advocacy, in some quarters, for us to send troops to Indochina. I did not share that view, knowing the military hazards it presented, in the light of the fact that the focus of infection lay outside the confines of Indochina. And I believe that the analysis which I directed the Army to make and to present to higher authority played a considerable part in our Government's decision not to embark on that tragic adventure.

The third great task facing me as Chief of Staff was to vitalize the development of an Army which could meet the challenges of nuclear war. Since the first bomb fell on Hiroshima the Army has been acutely aware of the vast changes in tactics, techniques and organization which the tremendous destructive power of that weapon will bring about.

No thinking soldier believes, however, that the nuclear bomb has given us that quick and easy key to victory which mankind has sought since wars began. In spite of the terrible power of these weapons, war still will be fought for the control of little bits of the earth's surface, and of the people who dwell thereon. I have little confidence in the theory that by bombing alone we can beat a people like the Russians or the Chinese into submission. They are not yet sufficiently advanced to be truly vulnerable to the nuclear bomb. Their civilization is not based on a complex nerve fabric, a web of interrelated and interdependent functions and services, as is ours. Theirs is a simpler and more primitive society that would be harder to destroy, just as the turtle and the crocodile are harder to kill than the higher animals. Finally, these countries spread out over enormous distances. It is nearly 6000 miles from the Oder-Neisse line to the Sea of Japan, a vast area for bombers to cover.

To my mind the most dangerous doctrine this country could adopt would be the belief that we could conquer the Red enemy by massive bombing alone. True victory in war is obtained only by defeating the enemy's armed forces, destroying all his hope for victory and his will to resist, and establishing control over his land and people. Mass destruction of his industrial resources is only one way to neutralize his capacity to wage war. Such destruction may not destroy his will to resist; it may strengthen his determination. Such destruction may have little immediate effect on his armed forces. It does not establish control over his land. Furthermore, such mass destruction, to my mind, is repugnant to the ideals of a Christian nation, and incompatible with the basic aim of the free world in war, which is to win a just and lasting peace. This peace can be won only by changing the defeated enemy into a friend, by reorienting him toward the victors' viewpoint, by making his strength work for freedom.

However, suppose that, in retaliation against a strike by nuclear weapons against ourselves, we did loose against an enemy such powers of destruction that we did lay waste his lands. Who, then, would strike the final blows that would destroy his great armies on the ground? Who would move into the vacuum of unparalleled chaos and destruction to seize the ground itself and restore order and law? Who would exercise control to prevent another evil conspiracy from arising from the ashes of the atomic avalanche?

That is the task of the foot soldier, the role of the Army, today and tomorrow, as it has been throughout history.

To prepare the Army for that role in the atomic age, I put to work the best military brains we could spare. Several senior officers of vast experience and maturity of judgment, as well as younger officers of brilliance and imagination, were withdrawn from all other duties to devote all their time and thinking to one question: what should be the form and shape of the Army of the future?

Though no man living had had any experience with the tactical use of the nuclear weapon, we felt that there were a few fundamentals that still were valid. The basic principles of war—the principles of the objective, the offensive, economy of force, of mobility, surprise and simplicity of plan—had not changed. But it was clear that the application of these ancient and unchanging principles would undergo a vast transformation on the battlefields of the future.

The first big problem was to decide how far into the future we should try to project our thinking. I chose the decade 1960–1970. If we tried to confine our thinking to two or three years ahead, I felt that we should soon become so submerged in the pressures of the present that we could not plan boldly and with sufficient imagination. If we projected our thoughts too far ahead, unforeseen developments in the field of science as applied to weapons, transport and communications would make our plans obsolete before they could even begin to go into effect.

That study, begun in 1953, is still going on. It has made great progress. It has uncovered new and thorny questions for which answers are still being sought. It has produced some new and forward-looking theories, which are being analyzed in the service schools and tested by the troops in the field.

We do not presume to have final answers to all problems yet. We do not expect the answers we do adopt will ever be final in this fluid art of war in an ever more rapidly changing (Continued on Page 78)

What most women save for a rainy day are telephone calls.

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"Old-fashioned caps used to make catsup bottles as hard to open as holes in a tough defensive line."
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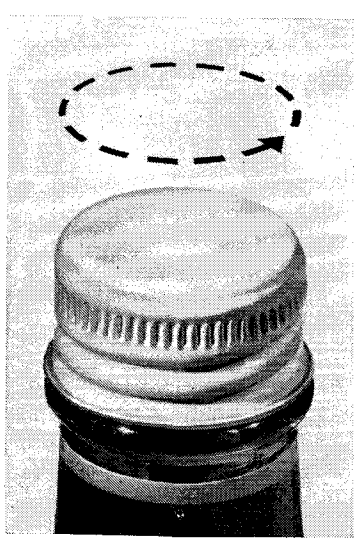
OTTO GRAHAM, star quarterback of the Cleveland Browns, teams up with his wife, Beverly, in a tip on the best way to shop for catsup



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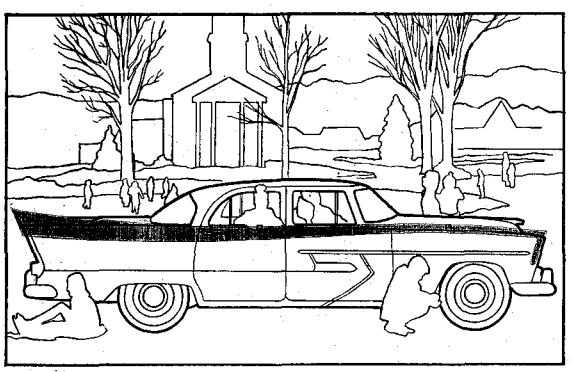

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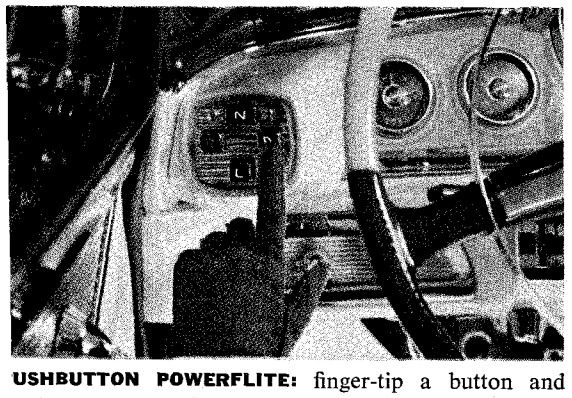

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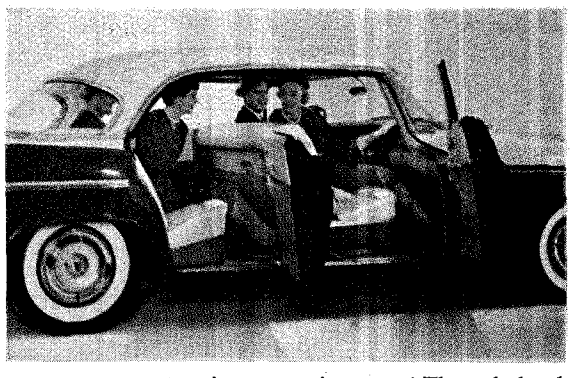

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(Continued from Page 74)

world. But we do think we can see, in broad outline, the shape of the future.

In broad terms the Army must be a streamlined, hard-hitting force, armed with nuclear weapons in adequate numbers and with greatly improved nonnuclear weapons. Its basic combat units will probably be a grouping of small battle groups of all arms—infantry, armor, artillery and engineers. These units, and to a lesser degree the groups themselves, will be semi-independent, self-contained and capable of operating over great distances on a fluid battlefield for long periods of time with a minimum of control and support by higher headquarters. These groups and the higher echelons into which they will be formed will correspond roughly to the regimental combat teams of our present divisions and to the divisions themselves, but their numbers, types and groupings, and their systems of control, all remain to be determined.

All elements of these forces except the heaviest armored units should be transportable by air, both strategically, between continents, and tactically, within the confines of the battle zone, to the greatest practicable extent. Their weapons must be as light and compact, and their vehicles as capable of rapid movement as we can make them without detriment to their capacity to accomplish their missions.

Ground combat will still consist of fire and maneuver, but stylized concepts of battle and formalized battle organizations as we have known them will no longer be employed. The battle commander of the future must possess initiative, self-confidence, daring and imagination in the highest degree. He must be a man of greatest mental flexibility, physical stamina and moral and physical courage.

The nuclear weapon must set the pattern for both offense and defense. The defense must disperse to survive, in staggered tactical formations disposed in great depth, and the composition and dispersion of the larger units must be such as to allow them to absorb an atomic blow without shattering. At the same time they must be capable of moving swiftly to prevent the enemy from exploiting his strikes. This rapidity of movement is also essential in order to maneuver the enemy into forming remunerative targets for our own nuclear weapons.

In the offensive, men and equipment must move from dispersed positions with great speed to the focal point of attack. They must concentrate rapidly, and once the objective is seized, they must disperse with equal swiftness to avoid a counter-blow. Not only close supporting fire but guided missiles and rocket firepower, directed from widely separated, far-off points, must be directed against the objective. Forces must be capable of moving into the area of mass destruction before the enemy has time to recover. The velocity of movement must be such that we strike before the enemy has time to bring his land forces to bear, while offensive actions by our airborne and armored units further confuse and paralyze him by hit-and-run hell-raising in his rear, on missions similar to those of historic cavalry. This technique, the operation of airborne "cavalry," was demonstrated at the recent "Sage brush" maneuvers in Louisiana.

Superior firepower will be absolutely essential to successful operations. It must extend throughout the entire field army. It must be based on a family of weapons capable of delivering nuclear and conventional explosives on any type target anywhere in the combat zone, regardless of weather, visibility or enemy countermeasures.

Superior firepower won't mean much, however, unless the combat units can be fed, supplied and transported quickly. Fixed land lines of communications and huge supply dumps will be obsolete, for they will be vulnerable to atomic attack. In the main, aircraft must provide the means for transport, resupply and communications, and both the supply and transport systems must be flexible enough to adjust to quick changes in task-force organization and to swift changes in the location of widely scattered combat units.

Air carriers of every type will be needed—big planes for strategic airlift over long distances, helicopters and fixed-wing carriers for battlefield transport, reconnaissance, communications, control and supply. And all planes must be able to operate from small, unprepared or hastily prepared fields.

It is obvious that the Army described above bears little resemblance to the massed, slow-moving armies of World War II. It also is obvious that it does not ignore, but utilizes to the fullest, the capabilities of the air arm. It is an army in the process of evolutionary changes—in weapons, tactics and organization. It is an army seeking the combinations with which to fight tomorrow's wars with tomorrow's weapons and techniques, and this it will do when tomorrow's weapons are in hand.

No soldier doubts that American inventive genius will provide the tools it needs. But an army needs more than weapons. It needs what every army has needed since Caesar's time—the assurance that it has the trust and confidence and ungrudging support of the people it protects. It must have the bold and competent leadership of men who are proud of their profession. It must have sufficient numbers of trained, courageous men. For in the last analysis, man is the only ultimate weapon, and upon his determination, his courage, his stamina and his skill rests the issue of victory or defeat.

This is the second of six installments by General Ridgway. Next week he tells about his adventures as a young lieutenant fighting bandits in the Nicaraguan jungles. The Editors

All I could do was pray...

(Based on Company File #HO-189KAL6133)

Peggy and I were driving East to attend our son's wedding. As we were moving briskly along, a car up ahead suddenly stopped.

I tried desperately to avoid the crash. But there just wasn't any escape. We were in a three-car smashup.

It was 25 miles to the nearest hospital. One ambulance couldn't take us all. Peg and several others were brought in by a local volunteer firemen's ambulance-rescue unit.

One of the rescue team stopped by the next day to see how we were. Our car, he told us, had been towed to a garage. He assured us our luggage was in safe hands. Would we like any of our things? He'd be glad to bring them over.

When he also offered to contact our insurance man back home in Nebraska I learned this new friend was the local Hartford Agent. Call it coincidence if you like—*we were insured with the Hartford!*

That's how we found out that the Hartford promise of "hometown service – anywhere" is no empty boast. For that Hartford man, who'd never heard of me until the day before, stepped right in and took care of all my problems.

He notified my own agent and the nearest Hartford Claim Office. He made out accident reports. Looked into charges the police had lodged against me. Cleared bail bond matters . . . filled in financial responsibility forms . . . checked with witnesses . . . obtained repair estimates on my car.

When you're hurt and in trouble—as we were – it means a lot to have so many worries taken off your hands! In fact, I feel this service was as valuable as the payment of our $300 medical bill by the Medical Payments feature of our Hartford Automobile Insurance.

You can see why my advice to anyone buying automobile insurance is this: *Put yourself in line for the same kind of help if it's ever needed, near home or away from home.* See your Hartford Agent now – or tell your insurance broker that you want *Hartford* protection when your renewals come up.

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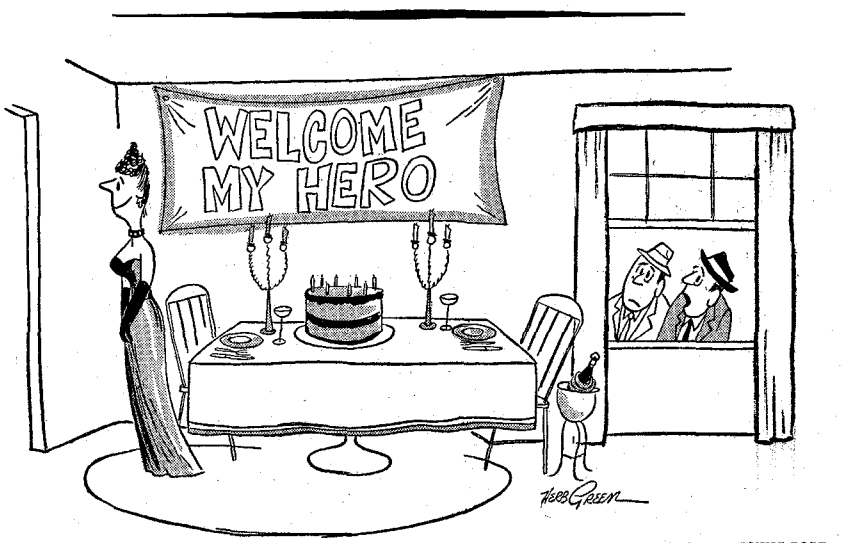

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I haven't got the heart to go in and tell her I didn't get the raise."

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"Oh, come now, Mary Lou—every girl is a little nervous on her first date."

The Colossal Mayor of Kansas City

(Continued from Page 19)

again. "Anybody," he said, "who has made four million dollars since 1945 without being indicted for tax evasion is an extraordinarily honest man."

Without vituperation, Bartle defeated Berry on March 29, 1955, by 56,958 votes to 28,474, and carried into office with him the entire Citizens Association ticket, except for one city councilman from the machine-dominated First Ward.

After seven months in office, Bartle had easily outfooted all his recent mayoral predecessors. He had one commission of top-flight businessmen overhauling Kansas City's archaic tax structure, and another group enticing new industries to town. He had visited the mayors of cities as far as a 100 miles away, arguing for establishment of a "Heart of America Authority" to accommodate the 1,500,000 population Bartle predicts for the area within a decade. He had approached humble citizens on the streets for their views on government, had cheered the baseball team and had visited every fire station, police precinct and social agency in town. In the evenings he had met with two score neighborhood associations which had civic grievances. He had distributed 122 keys to the city to visiting celebrities. His office had been open until one A.M. almost daily to all who wished to see him or telephone him.

Bartle even increased his speechmaking. His theme, always the same, is here quoted from remarks to the Advertising and Sales Executives Club: "It will take more than the Athletics to make Kansas City a big-league city. We must become big league in every aspect of life and living. . . . Our job is to sell the efficient, businesslike, low-tax, forward-striving honesty of Kansas City to manufacturers all over the world, and at the same time to make our town honest and pure, vitalized by a religious life in which the spirits of men are rekindled. . . . We have thrown aside the swaddling clothes of civic infancy for the full mantle of manhood."

At his inauguration, Bartle concluded his address by raising his right hand in the Boy Scout salute, repeating part of the Scout oath: "On my honor I will do my best: to do my duty to God and my country." This gesture was considered to be demagogic by many beholders. In Bartle's case, however, it was much more. He has been making solemn vows, and keeping them, since he was fourteen years old. These pledges are the key to his character. The first time he ever asked a girl for a date, she spurned him because he was dressed in a neighbor's castoff clothes. Crushed, Bartle trudged home and before a mirror, hand upraised, swore that no child of his would ever know poverty, so help him God.

He knew that this oath would have bitter consequences, for it ruled out the clergy as a career. His father meant the boy to become a preacher. Bartle's father, the late Samuel Dunn Bartle, was a Scottish-immigrant Presbyterian minister, a doctor of philosophy who served missionary parishes in the mountains of Virginia, Arkansas and Kentucky for thirty years. Young Bartle's mother, Ada Mae Roe, was a Roe of Kentucky, scion of a race of 350-pound, long-lived giants, all of whom were politicians and country gentlemen. From his mother's family, the present mayor of Kansas City drew an appreciation of luxury and social prominence, while from his father he absorbed a passion to do good in the world.

Bartle's esteem for his father verged on worship. He rereads Victor Hugo's long novel, Les Misérables, word for word every year, because his daddy did. Even today Bartle makes major decisions only after soul-searching analysis of what course would have pleased his sire. He would have done anything for his father except endure the poverty of the parsonage.

At the age of seventeen Bartle won the preparatory-school debate championship of the Southland, in a contest at Memphis, Tennessee. He knew then that he was destined for a career in the law. Doctor Bartle, however, opposed such a choice. "Not a penny of mine," he thundered, "will be spent to teach a boy of mine how to swindle widows and orphans!"

Guilt-ridden, the son shortened his name to H. Roe Bartle, and set out for the University of Chattanooga, Tennessee, with fifteen dollars in his pocket. He played football, orated for pay and wrote for newspapers. In his junior year, the Mexican-border campaign lured him from the campus. Since he was a graduate of Fork Union Military Academy, he obtained a reserve commission in the Army. His Virginia National Guard outfit had been mustered from the Mexican border only a month when it was recalled for duty in World War I. Roe was a major when the

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conflict ended. He returned to Chattanooga and gained his law degree in 1920.

Two weeks after his graduation, his father made one last pitch on behalf of the ministry. He called Roe (formerly Harold) into his study and preached a long sermon on life's obligations. He adjured his son never to shame the blood that had sired him, or the God Who had given him life, or any person less fortunate than himself, or the nation which, he said, had spread limitless opportunity before immigrant feet. Now, Doctor Bartle concluded, had Roe any resolution to make?

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Roe had. He knew what his father wanted him to say, but he remembered vividly the scrawny old roosters that passed for meat on the parsonage table. To Roe, chicken symbolized penury. He raised his hand and swore that never again would he eat chicken. (He hasn't; to this day he won't even eat eggs.)

The sermon, however, had done its work. Again Roe lifted his hand. He promised that after he had achieved financial security he would quit the law and dedicate his life to activities of which his father could be proud.

Shortly thereafter, in September, 1920, Bartle became an attorney in Lebanon, Kentucky. At first he was a trial lawyer. Very quickly, however, he began to feel shame for the personal abuse he poured on opposing counsel in the courtroom. One night he vowed never again to speak unkindly of a fellow man. This compelled him to abandon the courtroom. He enrolled at once in the Hamilton College of Law in Chicago, and in nine months completed two years of work for the doctor-of-jurisprudence degree. Graduating in 1921, he returned to Lebanon as an expert in financial and banking law. He had saved almost all of his Army pay, which he invested in oil lands and banks.

A year later he decided he had his nest egg put away. Abruptly, he quit the law. Nobody knew why, except his father. He married Margaret Ann Carleen Jarvis Rains, of Lebanon, the niece of a client, J. M. Rains, a leading investment banker. Bartle took his bride to Casper, Wyoming, where he became state director of the Boy Scouts of America.

By the time Bartle reached Kansas City, in 1928, after a four-year detour through the Scout office in St. Joseph, Missouri, he was generally considered to be the most promising young Scout leader in America. Investments in a booming national economy had also made him a wealthy man. But he felt that his position in Scouting required him to live humbly. He took a house "on the wrong side of the tracks," in which he still resides.

Four years later he had reorganized his Scout area, which embraced nine Western Missouri counties. The soundness of his administration is proved by the record. He began with 2300 Scouts, a $26,000 annual budget and a $40,000 debt; by 1955 the organization totaled 31,900 boys, $260,000 in annual expenses, and an endowed surplus of about $50,000. But he had other interests. As early as 1932 he was known as a wizard at reorganizing bankrupt businesses and as an able bank administrator and investment counselor.

Then came the "bank holiday" of March, 1933, when banks all over the country were closed temporarily for appraisal of their soundness. Bartle was a stockholder in five banks. If these failed to reopen, his business friends, his thrifty Scouts and his personal fortune would all be hit hard. For twenty days Bartle traveled across the nation, turning his banks' mortgage paper into cash. This feat accomplished, he went to Scout headquarters and collapsed. He was unconscious for seventy-two hours, and invalided for six weeks.

Next he organized a one-man lecture bureau, and for more than a decade earned $100,000 a year as an international spellbinder. On one occasion, he made four commencement addresses in two days without going to bed. After a morning speech in Denton, Texas, he orated that night at Lawrence, Kansas, the following morning at Kirksville, Missouri, and in the evening at Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

In speaking, Bartle uses no manuscript, he just blazes away. To remind him that even a Bartle speech must end, a friend gave him two watches set into cuff links. Now, no matter with which hand Bartle gestures, he is aware of time's flight. When he is thoroughly warmed up, he fires off 325 words a minute, counting double and triple synonyms. "It is my wish, will and desire!" he shouts. Or, "It must be done with speed, dispatch and rapidity!" He is for God and country, home and fireside, all the virtues and freedoms, and for Kansas City, which to him is "the heart of America." He is a master of the applause-prompting cliché. Example: "No man ever became president of a corporation on a forty-hour week."

This rhetoric evokes cheering, foot stamping, whistling, laughing or, if indicated, tears. The Jackson, Mississippi, Daily News reported a Bartle address as follows: "He played on the emotions of his audience like a master violinist and all he said was replete with wholesome humor and wholesome philosophy." The secretary of the service club, Metro International, was so dazed after a Bartle speech that he wrote in the minutes: "Mr. Bartle gave one of the most dynamic speeches ever heard by man." Just what he said, however, was not recorded.

Bartle invested the fruits of his oratory in the future of Kansas City. The town was to increase to 490,000 population by 1955, an upsurge of 100,000, in fifteen years. Bartle's fortune expanded with it—and his girth, for by 1951 he weighed 355 pounds. So well hidden were his financial resources that often when he volunteered to subscribe to an investment, the promoters would ask, "Are you sure you can raise the money, Chief?" Bartle's fleshy jowls would sag, his manner indicating that he might have to borrow on his insurance. Quickly, then, he would rearrange his assets to get the needed cash. All it took was a telephone call to his business office, located near Boy Scout headquarters, and a word with one of his secretaries—he employs a bevy of five.

During this period of strenuous oratory and investment management, Bartle continued in his Scout executive post, steadily refusing to accept the $15,000 salary or any expense money. He also set some kind of record for public service. He took on as many as thirty appointments to philanthropic boards, commissions and clubs, in almost all of which he became in time either president, chairman or executive committeeman. He amassed fourteen honorary-doctorate degrees, and many accolades, such as the American Legion's Most Distinguished Citizen of Kansas City in 1939. For sixteen years he was national president of Alpha Phi Omega, adding tenfold to its membership. During World War II he was the executive director of American War Dads, a soldier-welfare group. From 1948 to 1951, without resigning from anything else, he served as president of Missouri Valley College at Marshall, Missouri. In 1951–52 he was regional director of the Federal Economic Stabilization Agency for the states of Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas. On entering this last post he was required by law to cut his business connections. He resigned as a director of seventeen corporations.

Socially, too, Bartle expanded. He became a member of an inner circle of reputed millionaires within the Kansas City Club, known as "The Thirty Club." His wife kept a five-gaited horse at the swank Saddle and Sirloin Club. His daughter, Margaret, an only child who is now Mrs. John J. Taylor, of Kansas City, attended expensive schools. The word circulated around town that Bartle's wife must have inherited a legacy from the Rains family, of Kentucky. Bartle let the rumor grow, although it was untrue.

Not until he had resigned as Scout executive in May, 1955, soon after his inauguration as mayor, did he begin to live in rich style. His only previous extravagance had been thirty-five-cent cigars, smoked at the rate of twenty-five a day; these had cost him more than $3000 a year. Now he bought a $7000 air-conditioned limousine and a new wardrobe. His suits are the most expensive in town, since they must be designed to accommodate fifty-pound fluctuations in his weight.

It is still too early to assess the effect of Bartle's latest vow, made on election day, that he would be "the best mayor Kansas City ever had." His term extends to 1959, but he may not complete it; already admirers are talking of the governorship of Missouri.

In politics, Bartle's wife is his strongest backer. No shy homebody herself, Mrs. Bartle is active in nine civic organizations and three amateur-theatrical troupes. Last year, in the role of Raggedy Ann for the Children's Theatre, she made her stage exit by turning three ungrandmotherly cartwheels. She thinks her husband should bypass the governorship.

Says she: "Papa can do anything on this earth that he sets out to do. I have often seen him accomplish the impossible, and he has more energy than any other five men alive. I have said for years that my husband would make as fine a President as these United States have ever had."

THE END

People are Like That

The average woman outlives the average man by about five years, according to vital statistics, but what of widows and widowers? Does the same life expectancy apply after the loss of a spouse?

Surprisingly, it does not. As a rule, the typical widow greatly outlives the average widower. When the wife dies first, the bereaved husband usually survives for about seven and a half years. But when the man dies first, his widow survives for an average of sixteen years.

Henry C. Nicholas

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Traffic is a Monster (Continued from Page 41)

A Madrid official sought information on pedestrian protection. One in Rio wanted driver-training data. Scotland Yard asked whether parking meters have been satisfactory in large American cities. The St. John's, Newfoundland, Planning Commission wanted to know whether pedestrians will use tunnels dug for them under heavily traveled streets. (They will not.) And H. K. Nivas, city engineer of Patna, capital of Bihar State in India, asked for any sort of traffic data at all that would impress the first annual meeting of Patna's Safety First Club.

Students at Yale University's Bureau of Highway Traffic in New Haven, world's leading traffic-engineer-training center, make annual pilgrimages to sip afternoon tea at the Eno shrine. A traffic men's tea party is not a bit ridiculous at the foundation, which has the furnishings from Eno's country estate and his Washington, D.C., town house. It resembles a museum. One immense chamber contains chairs used by Napoleon's Josephine and a fancy desk once owned by Marshal Ney, commander of Napoleon's Old Guard. The building's marble corridors, mahogany doors, Hepplewhite tables, Chippendale highboys, Flemish tapestries and paintings in heavy gilt frames appear to fascinate traffic men. Maybe it is because such décor contrasts so violently with a typical traffic engineer's office, described by one engineer as "a cluttered warren full of men at drawing boards, noisy phones and irate taxpayers. The walls are maps stuck full of colored pins, intended to baffle P.T.A. groups seeking new school-crossing signals."

The foundation's Continental flavor is appropriate. In his lifetime Eno helped make traffic rules for Paris, London, Berlin, Rome, Buenos Aires and Tokyo. His main job was done in New York, where he inherited a real-estate fortune in 1898, just as traffic there was moving from a nuisance to crisis status. Eno wrote the first traffic rules ever printed and distributed to drivers. When traffic finally became unmanageable in New York, the Police Department adopted Eno's rules for its first traffic code. Other cities then passed traffic laws patterned mostly on New York's. This makes Eno largely responsible for the basic rules that today regulate the nation's 70,000,000 motorists. He introduced the traffic circle, one-way streets, pedestrian crosswalks, safety isles and rules for handling vehicles passing each other, stopping, or turning corners.

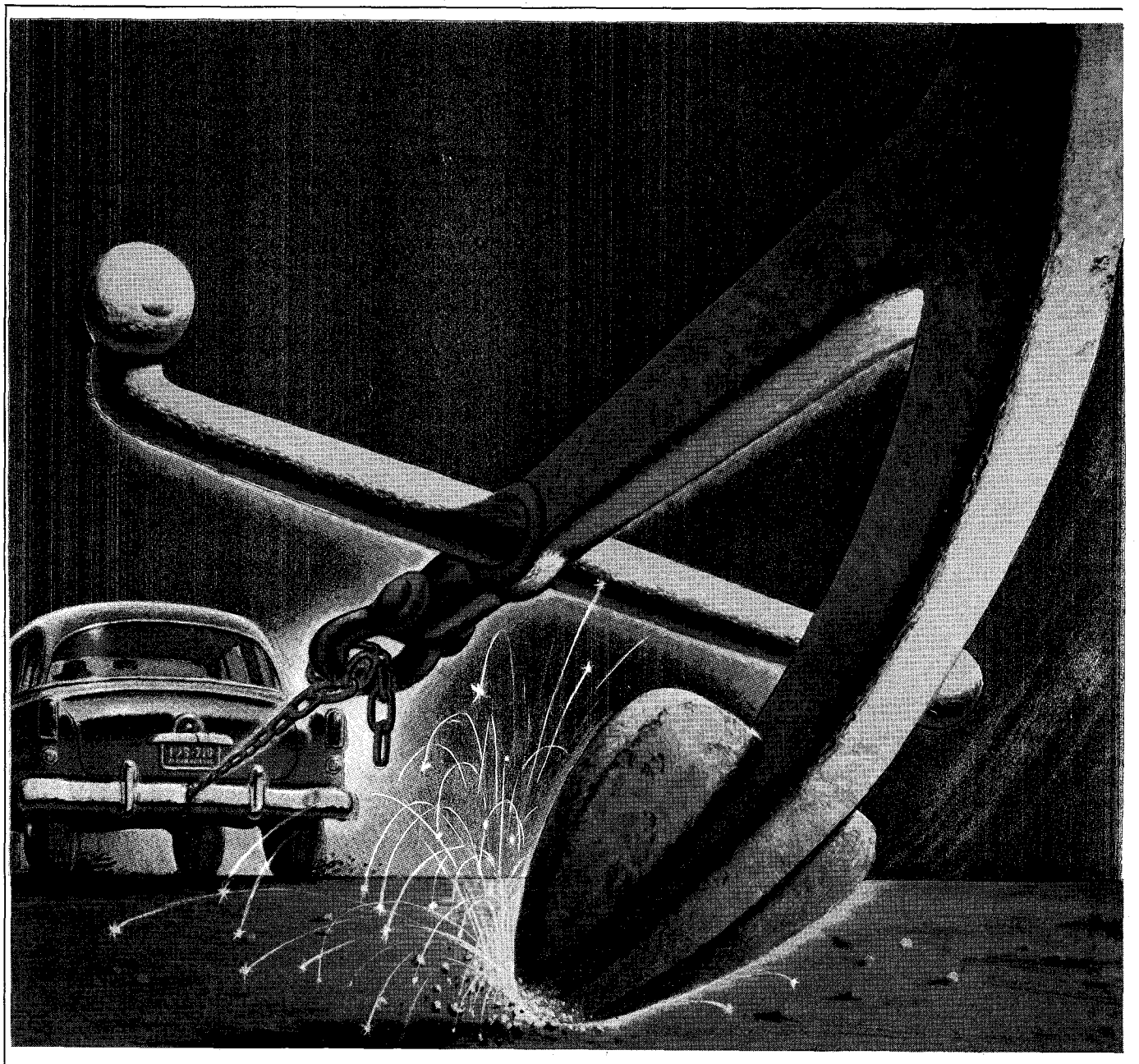
But few people have heard of Eno. Residents of Saugatuck, where he summered for fifty-eight years, know only that his foundation has something to do with traffic, and slow down when passing. Others go there in the belief that it's the place to pay speeding fines, get license tags or take drivers' examinations. Once inside, they are awed by the air of philosophic contemplation and the lavish appointments. People who expect to see a police barracks usually take one look, remove their hats and depart rapidly.

Traffic control is on the way to becoming a science, but it is still poorly understood. Salaries in this field are not large, and there are only 900 traffic engineers in the United States. This is like 900 doctors trying to deliver all the nation's babies—and traffic is increasing faster than the birth rate. Ten years ago experts predicted 60,000,000 cars on United States roads by 1980; there are 60,000,000 already.

Today, traffic engineers rely heavily on the Eno publications to keep up to date in their dynamic field. Several other organizations distribute traffic information, notably the National Safety Council, the Highway Research Board of the National Research Council, and the Automotive Safety Foundation, supported by automobile manufacturers. The Eno Foundation, however, is the only entirely independent group in the field.

Thus, when communities start looking for free traffic advice, chances are they will write to Eno's Foundation. Recently the Toronto Downtown Business Men's Association inquired whether parking meters were available that made loud noises when cars overstayed their time. The foundation knew of none. Officials of Anchorage, Alaska, wanted to know how to make a parking survey. The foundation sent them a book on the subject. The Tampa Tribune wanted to find out how many off-street parking spaces are required for various businesses. Answer: One space for every three hotel rooms, one for four hospital beds, one for each ten restaurant seats and a space for every 200 square feet in retail stores. One popular question is, "How far will a short-time parker walk?" The foundation's reply: In a small town he will double-park rather than drive to a vacant spot three spaces away. In most large cities he won't walk more than 500 feet. In New York he will park, then take a taxicab.

If many questions come in about some little-known problem, the foundation may assign a staff member or an outside expert to do the research and write a book, which the foundation distributes free to traffic officials, civic groups, newspapers and others. A typical Eno research job was done a few years ago by Edmund R. Ricker, who is now with the New Jersey Turnpike Au-



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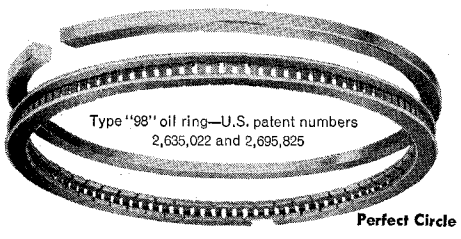

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thority. He spent a year examining with tape measure and stop watch parking garages in a dozen states. The book that resulted is the only treatise ever published on common mistakes that have been made in building parking garages.

These errors include building "knee braces" to the rear of parking stalls at the right height to knock off taillights; locating drains in the middle of the aisles instead of at the rear of stalls, causing aisles to flood in rainy weather; failure to provide enough space for customers to leave and pick up their cars, which causes waiting lines during the rush hour. Architects without traffic experience are apt to design car bays to fit the width of current models, forgetting that cars keep getting wider. One Missouri department store built a customer-parking garage after World War II, with stalls seven feet, six inches wide. The store had to build an annex to accommodate the newer models.

Occasionally the Eno Foundation grants research funds to some other agency. One time, Yale's Bureau of Highway Traffic decided to find out how drivers reacted at intersections—how long it took them to start on the green light, stop on the red, and so on. Signals had always been timed more or less by guess. The Eno Foundation put up the money and Dr. Bruce D. Greenshields, now of George Washington University, spent two years on this job. He took pictures at intersections with a movie camera geared to a windshield wiper to make eighty-eight exposures a minute. He photographed traffic from the ground and from tops of skyscrapers.

But he wanted to get high enough to make whole panoramic photographs, so he borrowed a helicopter from the Coast Guard. The 'copter vibrated too much. Then he got a Navy blimp, complete with crew, from the air station at Lakehurst, New Jersey. That worked fine until one day the crew got one propeller running forward, the other in reverse. The blimp fell from 2000 feet to seventy-five feet above the earth before the crew managed to stop its descent.

Doctor Greenshields' book, Traffic Performance at Urban Intersections, became a traffic-engineering text and was responsible for more scientific methods of timing of traffic signals. The American Statistical Association compared it with "the first mathematical studies of nuclear physics."

One of the Eno books attacks urban traffic jams by encouraging people to open parking lots. It gives 114 pages of down-to-earth information, such as: Average cost of parking-lot land in Eastern cities has been $3.50 a foot, rental forty-three cents a foot a year. Average cost of operation per car space per year, $206.35; average income per car space, $256. Best business days, in order, are Saturday, Friday, Monday and Thursday. Tuesday is the worst day; October the best month. When a man goes to the bank to borrow money to open a parking lot, chances are the bank will check in the Eno book to be sure his prospectus is sound.

Eno books are beautifully printed by Columbia University Press on heavy, ivory-tint paper. Many of them are edited by Roscoe B. Ellard, director of instruction at Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism. Ellard lives next door to the foundation. Like most folks in Saugatuck, he once imagined Eno was the owner of Eno Effervescent Saline, a widely known laxative. It wasn't until Ellard became Eno's editor that he learned the old gentleman was a real-estate heir and a traffic expert.

In fact, Eno had been a sort of myth around Saugatuck since 1887, when he bought an old house on the sound and enlarged it into a thirty-room mansion. He lived there like a feudal lord, in dignity and elegance. His steam yacht plied between his private dock and Bar Harbor and Martha's Vineyard all summer, and his stables held a score of fine horses. Eno was always attended by a coachman and a footman when he went to drive. He never drove an automobile.

His French Huguenot ancestors migrated to Connecticut in 1640. It was his father, Amos Richards Eno, who made the family fortune; he built New York's Fifth Avenue Hotel, and once owned the Flatiron Building. William Phelps Eno, youngest of Amos' nine children, inherited so much money that he never had to work at all.

His interest in traffic problems arose at the turn of the century, when the advent of the automobile promised to make crowded streets almost impassable. New York's traffic was probably the worst anywhere. A standard sermon topic with local ministers was Perils of the Streets. The Times said a merchant who sent his wagon to the docks for a load of hay could not tell within hours when it would return through the plunging horse-drawn traffic. The Herald declared: "In any other city such maimings and killings from traffic would excite an uprising."

Eno's inspiration to reform all this was a slight inconvenience at the opera. One rainy night in 1901, he and his wife had to wait forty-five minutes before their carriage could reach them through the opera-house jam. Eno wrote the Metropolitan management, suggesting that they install near the entrance a box with electrically illuminated numbers designating which carriage in the line should drive up next. This device, possibly the first electric traffic signal in history, reduced the after-theater confusion. Newspapers praised Eno for eliminating "the midnight tumult and shouting."

Stimulated by recognition, Eno wrote a pamphlet, Suggested Rules and Reforms for Management of Street Traffic. These are now familiar to everyone, for Eno had written what are still the basic principles of traffic law:

Slow-moving traffic keep near the right curb. A vehicle that meets another keeps to the right, but passes on the left. A right turn into an intersecting street is made close to the curb. In making a left turn, the vehicle must pivot around the center of the intersection. A stop is signaled by raising the whip hand, a turn by pointing with the whip.

Eno persuaded Police Commissioner Francis V. Greene to sign his rules, so they would have "more authority." The city had no funds to print the rules for distribution to drivers, so Eno paid for printing 125,000 copies. On December 9, 1903, his rules were made into law by the New York Board of Aldermen—the first traffic code anywhere.

At Eno's urging, the Police Department set up a traffic bureau. Officers assigned there were called The Apollo Squad, and described in the press as "the comeliest of the mounted police, youthful, agile, intelligent and of good address, chosen for their dignified carriage and manner that will enforce obedience by a nod, a look or a wave of the gloved hand." But photographs indicate that the "Apollos" ran to large stomachs and luxurious mustaches.

One of the new bureau's gravest problems was speed. On Thanksgiving Day, 1895, Charles and J. Frank Duryea won the first American automobile race, averaging seven and one half miles an hour over a 52.4-mile course from Chicago to Waukegan. Eight years later at Indianapolis, Barney Oldfield began to set speed records with his famous "999." Possibly inspired by Barney, New Yorkers developed into speed demons.

On the wide roads leading from the Bronx into Westchester County, motorists would "tune up to forty and fifty miles an hour and laugh at pursuing bicycle police." At this point, Police Commissioner William McAdoo introduced perhaps the first "scientific" speed trap. The system, put to work along the Hudson drives, consisted of three dummy tree trunks set up at one-mile intervals along the roadside. A policeman equipped with a stop watch and a telephone was concealed inside each fake tree.

When a car sped past the first station, the policeman telephoned the exact time to the officer in the next tree. The second officer set his stop watch accordingly. When the car went by his post, he computed its speed for the mile. If this was above the limit, he telephoned the policeman in the third tree, who lowered a pole across the road and stopped the car. Of 3200 cars that passed in a month, 140 were stopped and the drivers were warned. "A warning is enough," wrote one commentator. "Offenders do not care to monkey twice with this automatic buzz-saw."

Another high point in early traffic control was the removal of the New York Curb Market from the middle of Broad Street, where brokers had traded in unlisted securities for forty years. They defied all traffic except fire engines; for these they leaned out of the way slightly, without interrupting their bidding. On June 25, 1905, the city roped off a cramped area in the center of Broad Street, leaving room on either side for vehicles to pass. The brokers were corralled inside the ropes, and mounted policemen rode herd. Before many days the Curb Market moved indoors.

Eno, meanwhile, had become an international figure because of his traffic work in New York. He introduced the first rotary movement of traffic at Columbus Circle in 1907, and soon installed the same system on Place de l'Etoile in Paris. He took several New York traffic touches, including mounted police, to European cities, and brought the safety island from there to the United States. Between 1905 and 1910, traffic bureaus adopting his ideas had been set up in Trenton, Buffalo, Louisville, Kansas City, Boston, Indianapolis, Dallas, Milwaukee and Minneapolis.

In 1921, Eno incorporated his foundation as a charitable institution. Its present building was finished in 1938. By then a good many young traffic engineers had been trained to tackle scientifically the problems Eno had approached as a dilettante. Eno died just as the last war ended, survived by his second wife, now Mrs. William Astor Drayton, of Mountain Lake, Florida. Childless, he left most of his estate to the foundation. The present president is Col. R. C. F. Goetz, a retired cavalryman, and a grand-nephew by marriage of Mr. Eno.

Colonel Goetz founded the Traffic Quarterly, which traffic men have accepted as a semiofficial voice of the profession. Authors contributing to its pages include J. Edgar Hoover, Chief Justice Earl Warren, Paul G. Hoffman, various ambassadors, mayors, governors, traffic experts here and abroad, and unknowns with interesting ideas. The Quarterly has never paid an author, but nobody has declined an invitation to write for it for this reason. Titles range from Laws Concerning One-Eyed Drivers in Belgium, to Public Relations for Traffic Officers. There are requests for several times the 5500 copies of each issue that the budget allows, and reprints of articles most in demand are made by thousands.

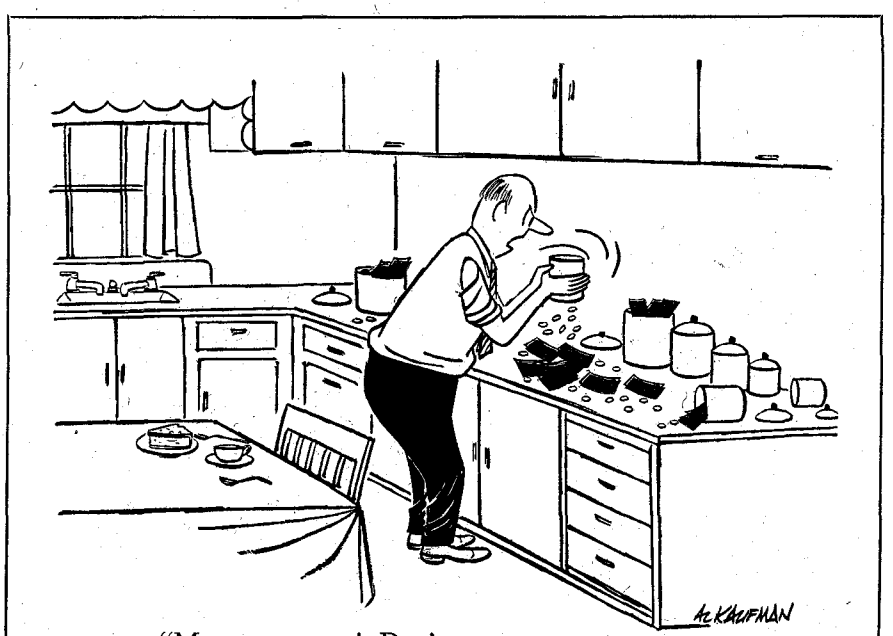
Many Eno study projects are inspired by Wilbur S. Smith, the foundation's technical adviser, and a lecturer at the Yale Bureau of Highway Traffic. Once or twice a month the foundation sends a free speaker—often Smith—to some city anxious to modernize traffic. Smith arrived at Ottawa a few years ago during a howling snowstorm. He thought nobody would come out on such a night, but 250 business and civic leaders showed up—more than had been invited.

Such interest is justified, because traffic growth is ruining some business districts and enriching others. Yet there are few experts who know how to control this monster, and there is little scientific knowledge about it. For instance, the physical features of highways that are most likely to cause accidents are not known, from lack of study. It is not even known what paving materials are best. No device has been invented to measure a highway's traffic capacity. In fact, there is not even a good definition for "highway capacity." It is usually measured by the number of vehicles that pass a given point in a given time, but the taxpayer is not interested in that. What he wants to know is how long it will take him to get where he's going.

"We have been so busy solving immediate problems," one traffic engineer said recently, "that nobody has time to sit down and sort out some basic facts."

And that is why the Eno Foundation is exceptional. In the world of traffic, it is the only agency with the time and money to take the long view. It is the main fount of pure research, and it has become so important in its field that people consider it the great oracle of traffic as far away as India, where they still drive elephants.

THE END



"Money, money! Don't we have any sugar around here?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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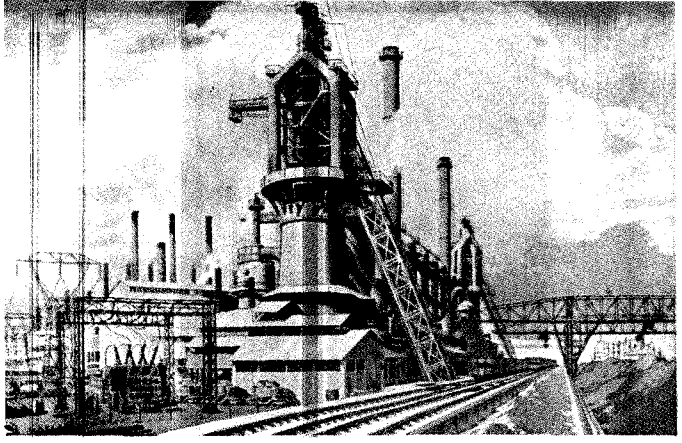

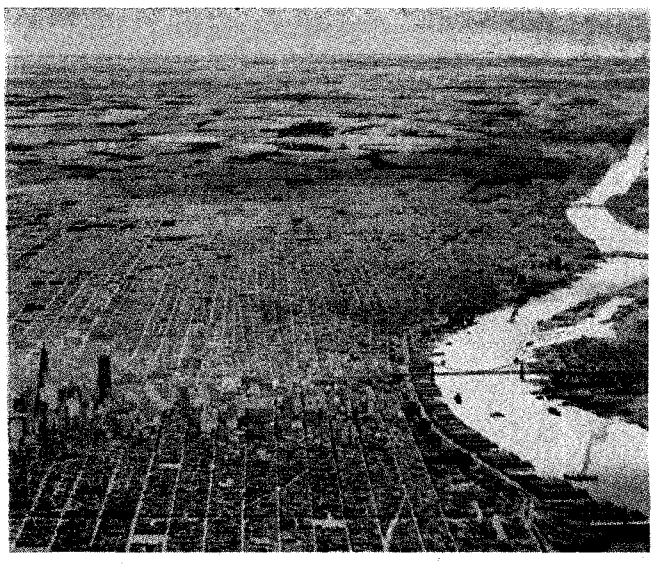

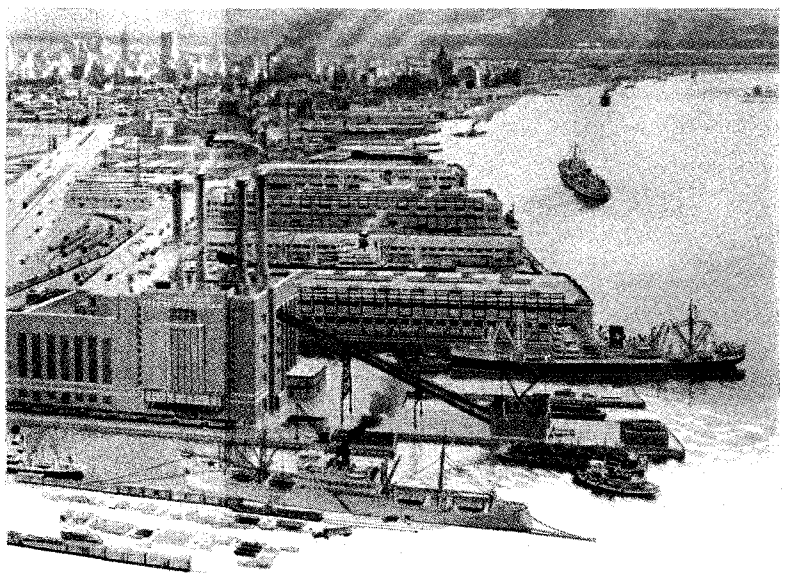

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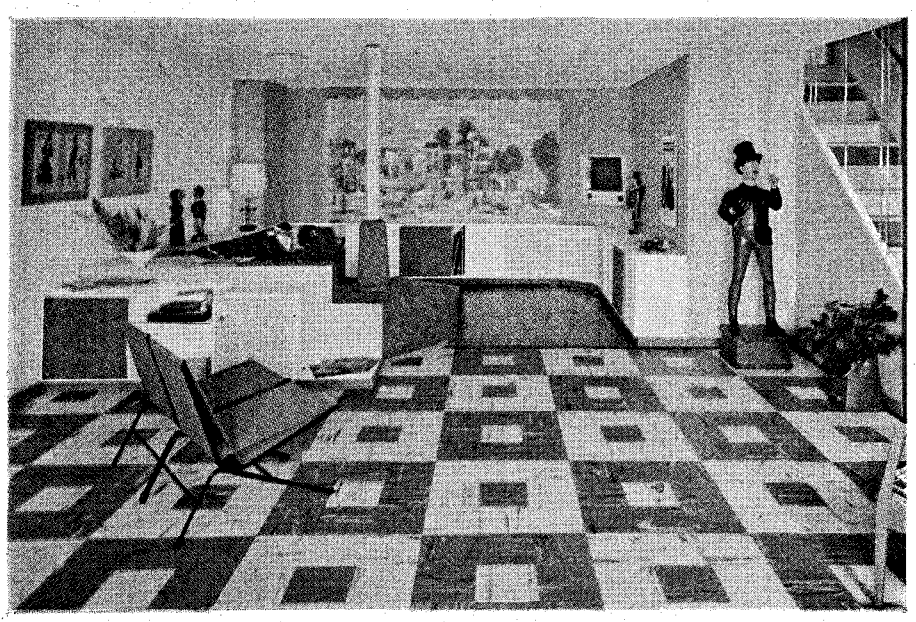

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Exiles on a Pinpoint

(Continued from Page 23)

include keeping the Very Important very happy. "Don't wake me up," says his order about the military, "for anything less than four stars."

Others share his attitude. At an early breakfast in the Pan American World Airways employees' cafeteria last summer, a new ramp worker sat down beside an island veteran. "Hey, Joe," said the newcomer, "Eleanor Roosevelt's eating in the passengers' room." Joe finished his fried eggs, then wiped his mouth. "I gotta go now," he said. "The supply ship got in last night. I wouldn't want to miss seeing them unload it."

It's unlikely that Mrs. Roosevelt was disturbed. But a military aide definitely was upset in 1950 when Gen. Douglas MacArthur flew in to meet President Truman, coming from the opposite direction a few hours later. The aide, somewhat officious, stepped briskly from a building to an automobile stopped outside. To its driver he announced, "General MacArthur would like to go down the road—if you don't mind." He reached for the door handle.

But the driver's voice was flat. "I do mind," he said, "and this is my car." Leaving the aide with his tonsils showing, the car moved away.

On the other side of the coin is the story of a fluttery lady visitor who glanced at a flag over the air terminal. "My goodness!" she said. "Isn't that wonderful—to see flying up there the same tattered flag that the marines refused to surrender to the Japanese?"

The Wake Islander beside her just smiled. He didn't trouble to explain that the marines did surrender, flags and all, or that the terminal colors are tattered because the wind blows a lot. This was near the end of the month, almost time for the new flag which goes up every thirty days.

Waterless, uninhabited and covered only by brush, Wake was discovered by Alvaro de Mendaña, a Spaniard, in 1568, but had precisely no importance for 300 years. In 1866, the German bark Libelle plowed aground here in a storm. Twenty-two passengers escaped in a 1500-mile, small-boat voyage to Guam, but the bark's second boat, and $300,000 in gold the Libelle reputedly carried, never arrived. The bark's rusty anchor remains on Wake today, but no bulldozer yet has turned up the missing $300,000.

The United States flag was raised here three times between 1898 and 1906, lastly by John J. Pershing, who also cached supplies for shipwrecked sailors. These promptly were stolen by Japanese fishermen gathering feathers from the millions of nesting birds.

But Wake's real history began only in 1935, when the freighter North Haven laboriously lightered ashore men and supplies to build a Pan American seaplane base. In a rough U shape, the islands of Wilkes, Peale and Wake—which gives its name to the whole atoll—surround a lagoon open at the northwest, except for a coral reef. The base—hotel, dock and hydroponic garden—was built on Peale. Coral heads were blasted from the lagoon and Wake was in business. For six years, clumsy flying boats came and went on their way between Honolulu and Manila.

World War II defense of this four-square-mile coral blob was a classic example of too little and too late. On December 8, 1941, attacking Japanese found 1146 civilians still finishing defense works and seventy air-line employees, but only 516 marines, sailors and Army signalmen. The story of the sixteen-day battle has become a marine classic. At least two Japanese destroyers were sunk and about 500 Japanese died. But, inevitably, Wake was lost. Some fifty marines, thirteen Navy men and forty-seven civilians had been killed. Sixteen hundred surrendered.

For Wake, one short life was ended. Virtually everything built since 1935 was destroyed. In its place, 4000 Japanese constructed gun emplacements, tank traps and bombproof blockhouses. But the atoll also proved the scene of an even more tragic fate for the Japs. A corporal's diary recorded 243 air raids in 268 days and ended incoherently as he starved to death. Battle fleets shelled the atoll, and a submarine torpedo put a supply ship, the Suwa Maru, high on Wake's southwest reef. She still lies there, groaning as the sea troubles her.

Wake became a prison for ninety-eight American civilians, whom the Japanese had kept as maintenance workers. They were executed by their angry captors during one carrier attack in October, 1943. Later on, when starvation followed the American air raids, some Japanese stole food, and their superiors deliberately starved them to death as examples. Others ate broiled rats—the atoll's only wild animal—and morning-glory stew. Americans permitted one hospital ship to evacuate 900 physical wrecks, but 1200 others died from bombs or starvation before the atoll was surrendered again, on September 4, 1945. The

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Go get daddy's glasses."

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surviving Japanese went home, leaving an atoll littered with crude graves and quivering with terrible memories. Rear Adm. Shigematsu Sakaibara, who had ordered the ghastly execution of the Americans in 1943, was hanged in 1947 as a war criminal.

The first postwar civilian airplane landed on a Wake airstrip in November, 1945. The Civil Aeronautics Administration presently paved and extended the runway to 7000 feet. Military and civilian workers built roads, houses and the all-important water-catchment basins and water-distilling plants. Families with children arrived and a school opened. Wind-operated washing machines gave way to electric and bottled-gas appliances. Gardens flourished until the imported soil leached away through the porous coral. Demolition teams searched for stray ammunition—the boom of a rusted 500-pound bomb being exploded still is an occasional event—and the dead, Japanese and American, were removed. Fresh food came in by air, nonperishables by ship. The ships still must moor offshore and send in lighters. Aviation fuel comes ashore through a floating pipeline.

Wake was ready for the next emergency, the 1950–51 Korea air lift, when aircraft landings increased suddenly to seventy-two a day—one every twenty minutes. One line alone carried 114,000 persons and 23,000,000 pounds of cargo through Wake in a few months.

September 16, 1952, was a day when weather forecasters thought winds might reach sixty miles an hour. Two hours later they were blowing at 180 miles, as the eye of a typhoon just missed the island. Wind picked up all light buildings, tore them apart and set down the pieces somewhere else. Sea water swirled over the runway. Families clustered in old bomb shelters, sandbagging the doors. Others spent the howling hours flat on the floor of a stalled bus while wind sucked out the windows and sucked in sand. When it was over, Wake's people all were alive, but there was no fresh water, shelter or food. Rescue planes brought supplies for essential workers and evacuated the rest. Another rebuilding of Wake began.

Wake today isn't beautiful. The largest flora is the twelve-foot dwarf buka tree. A piquant story concerns former pilot Bill Knox, who agreed to mind a friend's children while papa was away on holiday. Promptly one of the little darlings climbed a buka tree. The horrified Knox followed—and himself fell out. Airline officials still retain his report of a sprained knee—the only known case of a man falling out of a tree on a supposedly treeless island. Dozens of rusted artillery barrels tilt up through the *Scaveola frutescens*, a bush which hides other scars of war. Grass fights for existence, and salt-loving ice plant fringes the beaches. Japanese poinsettia splashes scarlet on old bunkers, and a morning-glory—the same the Japanese found fine for camouflage, but poor for breakfast—grows profusely. Half a dozen hives of bees, kept by Homer Willis, produce good honey.

The 500 human residents are CAA workers, employees of Pan American or Trans-Ocean Airlines servicing bases, and a Standard Oil fueling crew. A handful of United States Coast Guardsmen serve a loran station, and a single Navy search-and-rescue flying boat operates from here. Fifty families are present, with thirty-eight children in school. At any given moment, the island also has aboard some 125 aircrew members who break trans-Pacific flights with twenty-four-to-forty-eight-hour layovers. Pilots love this place for fishing, swimming and economy. Stewardesses love it even more, for lots of men.

Because food, water and housing are problems, visitors must have special permission to stop at Wake. Airline passengers never stay overnight unless they're delayed by plane trouble. In this case, they occupy, briefly, a Quonset-hut hotel which survived the typhoon, and looks it.

But for its residents, Wake has some good points. The newest Filipino waiter draws about $100 a month, plus expenses, and the highest island income is roughly $12,000 a year. Liquor and cigarettes are tax free, and families buy food at a cost-price commissary or eat in one of the three cafeterias. Most houses are cool at night, and a few boast air-conditioned bedrooms. Clothing is the absolute minimum, and children rightfully resist wearing shoes. Nightly outdoor movies are free, attended even by the island dogs.

There's swimming in the soup-warm, transparent lagoon—stare down twenty feet, and a parrot fish may stare right back up. Reef fishing is good and there is water skiing. Some thirty residents and air crewmen own an offshore-fishing cruiser—yellowfin tuna, barracuda, alua and groupers. And another group, ground-bound by their jobs, own a small land plane. The Wake Island Flying Club is limited in scope—it isn't smart to fly out of sight of land—but keeps the aerial puddle jumper busy.

And for people who just can't let golf alone, there's the Low Tide Country Club. The nine fairways and greens are hard-packed sand beside the lagoon. At high tide, greens flags flutter forlornly a hundred yards from shore—but even then the course isn't entirely unusable. Good bonefish have been caught near the third tee.

Wake boasts three bars plus an after-hours club, the Rats Cellar, in an old bomb shelter. Curiously, the late stayer's principal problem is how to get home. The atoll's U shape makes for fairly long roads, even though nothing is much over a mile

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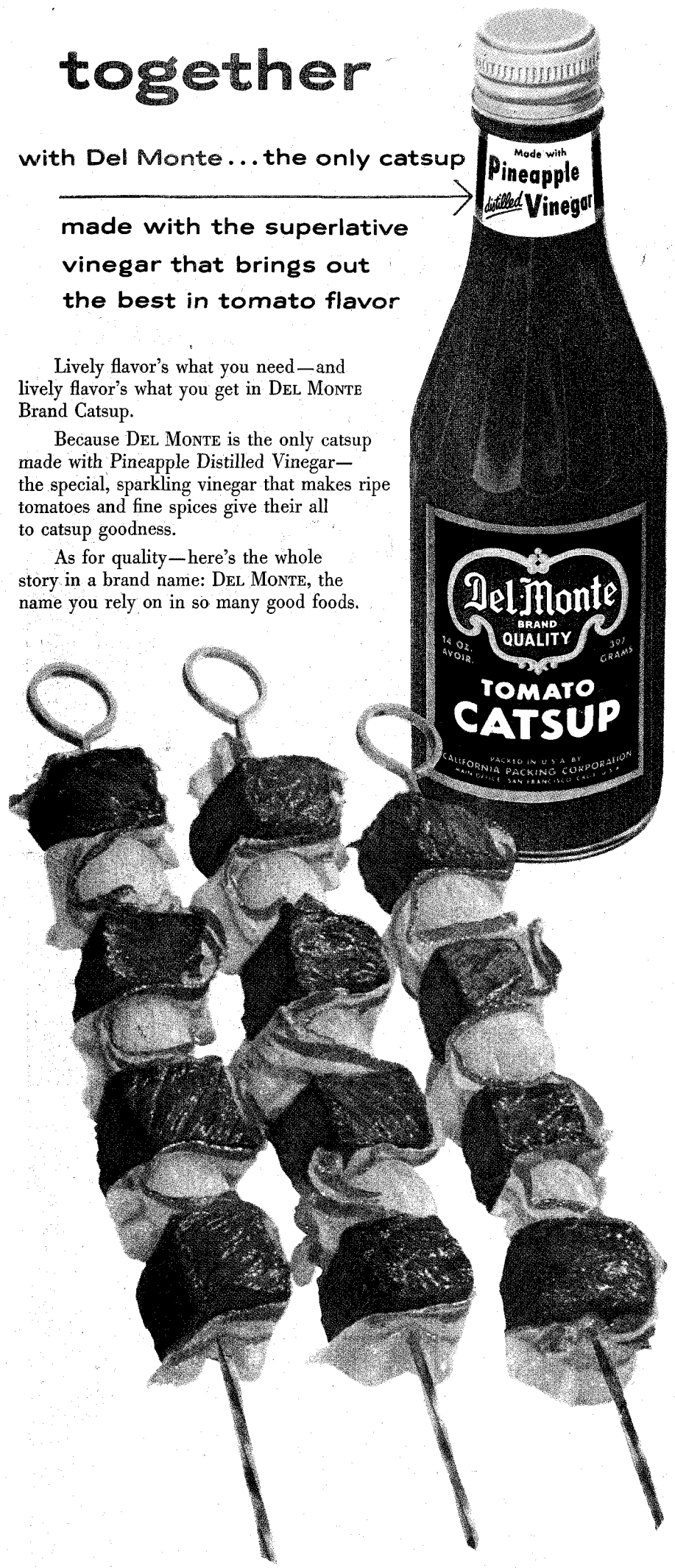

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from anything else as the crows would fly—if there were any crows. There is no public transportation, and private automobiles rust quickly. The resultant shortage is only partially relieved by jeeps put together from military scrap piles, plus motor scooters, bicycles and a midget car.

On Peale Island's tip, thousands of frigate birds and albatrosses nest untidily in the brush. Millions of sooty terns lay eggs on the sand. A jeep ride here after the young birds are able to fly is a trip through a whirling, squawking mass of wings. The wise man wears old clothes and guards his face against the fledglings, which can get off the ground but have no sense of direction. Gilbert Islands natives who formerly worked here were fond of tern eggs. But the obvious problem was: with a million eggs on the ground, how do you tell which are fresh enough to eat? Elementary, Watson! On Monday you clear all eggs off a spot of ground and mark it with a circle in the sand. On Tuesday all eggs in the circle must be fresh. But they still taste like fish.

On Wake it's routine for a gift shop to open at four A.M. to accommodate travelers. "Most of them," says a clerk, "are so confused about time that they don't even think it's unusual." Families dream of home, but hesitate to go there because the move might cost them thousands a year in bankable income. Single men come here to save for marriage, and married men to save for a divorce. Bitter men with cash in their pockets leave the island forever—"You can have the place, Jack. I want to see something besides sun and coral"—but write back within months, asking for their old jobs again. Here are Samoans, Asians from Honolulu, Filipinos and a variety of Caucasians, living and working easily together.

Island wives avoid housework—just sweep out the sand and keep everything which could mildew in a closet with a light bulb burning—and spend their time in shell collecting, jewelry making and at card parties. Most households have collections of sun-faded Japanese glass fishing floats, picked up on the beach. Any small boy who goes fishing is likely to bring back the family dinner.

Generally, islanders ignore the war history. Rusted Japanese tanks have been pushed into a breakwater, and residents seldom glance at the ruined guns. But a memorial column features the propeller and cowling of a plane in which Marine Capt. Henry T. Elrod crashed in the battle for Wake. He survived the crash, but lost his life in the last of the land fighting. When the facts were known after the war, he was awarded a posthumous Congressional Medal of Honor.

Thomas D. Musson, CAA island manager, wears a dozen official hats, but worries least about his title as United States marshal—because there's almost no crime. Charlo Jackson, Pan American manager, sometimes forgets that he's also United States commissioner. And an island doctor has to remind himself that there's more to medicine than fixing an occasional coral cut on this disease-free atoll.

Morris (Tex) Marshall, of P.A.A., believes that he meets more celebrities at aircraft than the official New York City greeter ever sees. Claude Wall, of Trans-Ocean, knows hundreds of military bigwigs, but really is touched only by the little Japan Air Lines stewardesses. They bring him armloads of flowers on every plane from Tokyo.

Wake is where the sun shines all day every day, and the famous are ignored. Everybody goes through, but only a few ever look around. The whole island is interested in a big fish or a new baby. But nobody even glances up at the twenty huge aerial transports which arrive daily.

Inevitably, Wake has its Acid Soul. He was standing in the shade of the terminal building recently when a plane came in. His face grew longer as the passengers debarked—not a pretty girl in the lot. But of course there was one man loaded with amateur camera equipment. A few steps from the plane, he checked his light meter twice because he could not believe the reading—and finally shot a careful picture of the aircraft and a long taxi strip which looks like any other.

The Acid Soul shook his head. "Can't figure it," he said. "On every plane, there's one of those guys. When he gets home, he ain't going to be able to tell whether that picture's on Wake Island or in Waco, Texas."

The photographer put away his camera, strolled over to the shade, noted the mechanics wearing shorts and no shirts, and the beautiful tan of a stewardess waiting to fly again after a two-day stop. To the shaded group, the passenger said, "Tell me, what do all of you do on Wake?"

It was simple for the Acid Soul. "Friend," he said, "we bake." THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"We can dispense with your 'ker-plunk,' Ethel!"

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The American Invasion of Spain

(Continued from Page 27)

construction job, costing $31,000,000 and its tank storage $32,000,000. It is the lifeline fuel-artery for the whole SAC complex. By following this pipeline route from Milepost Zero near Rota on up, we get the clearest picture of the lay of the Spanish land, the location of the major bases, and their relation to one another. When I last saw the pipeliners, in their first construction camp, in a cypress grove in the middle of a cotton field just north of Jerez, they were cursing the six-week delay caused by the loss of valuable equipment cargo in Hurricane Diane. But they kicked off next morning, and flying over the operation that afternoon, I could see the pipeline spread laying pipe at the Paul Bunyan rate of three miles per day, a pace that should bring them to the River Ebro, three quarters of the way across Spain, before next spring.

Around Jerez, the fragrant capital of sherry wine, the claylike, red-and-black Andalusian soil is easy to work, the major obstacles being choice vineyards, export-olive groves and wheat fields. The general line is north by northeast, toward Seville, a city "famous for its oranges and women" and the birthplace of Don Juan. But first, about thirty miles south and east of Seville comes Morón de la Frontera. The pipeline will have a spur here into the first major SAC base (Base No. 2 in the present program, counting the Navy's Rota as No. 1). Morón is almost the classic model of what wild-blue-yonder SAC-men dream about as an ideal base—flat long-glide-angle terrain of limitless horizons, in a cloudless clime of high blue sky, within recreation range of a major city.

At Morón, the only real difficulties were the diversion of a trunk railroad line and the search, so far fruitless, for a source of ground water. The runway will be 12,000 feet. (On all of these SAC bases, length is about 12,000 feet, plus overruns, to take the B-47 medium bomber and the upcoming B-52. Allowance has been made for an extension to 15,000 feet, to provide for planes not yet flown, but which may require extra length. Work at Morón is several months in advance of Rota, although it is still in the final stages of dirt grading and sub-base construction.

Picking up the pipeline again, just before it runs under the meandering, senile Guadalquivir River, there is a cutoff to San Pablo, the combination civilian and military airdrome of Seville. San Pablo is Base No. 3, but it is destined to become an Air Matériel Command supply and maintenance depot, rather than a bomber base proper. Its runways, already 7000 feet long, will later be lengthened to 11,500 feet and reinforced, but in the present program there is no serious work going on at San Pablo (except for a prototype new jet, the M-200, which Willy Messerschmitt has been designing in a Spanish Air Force hangar).

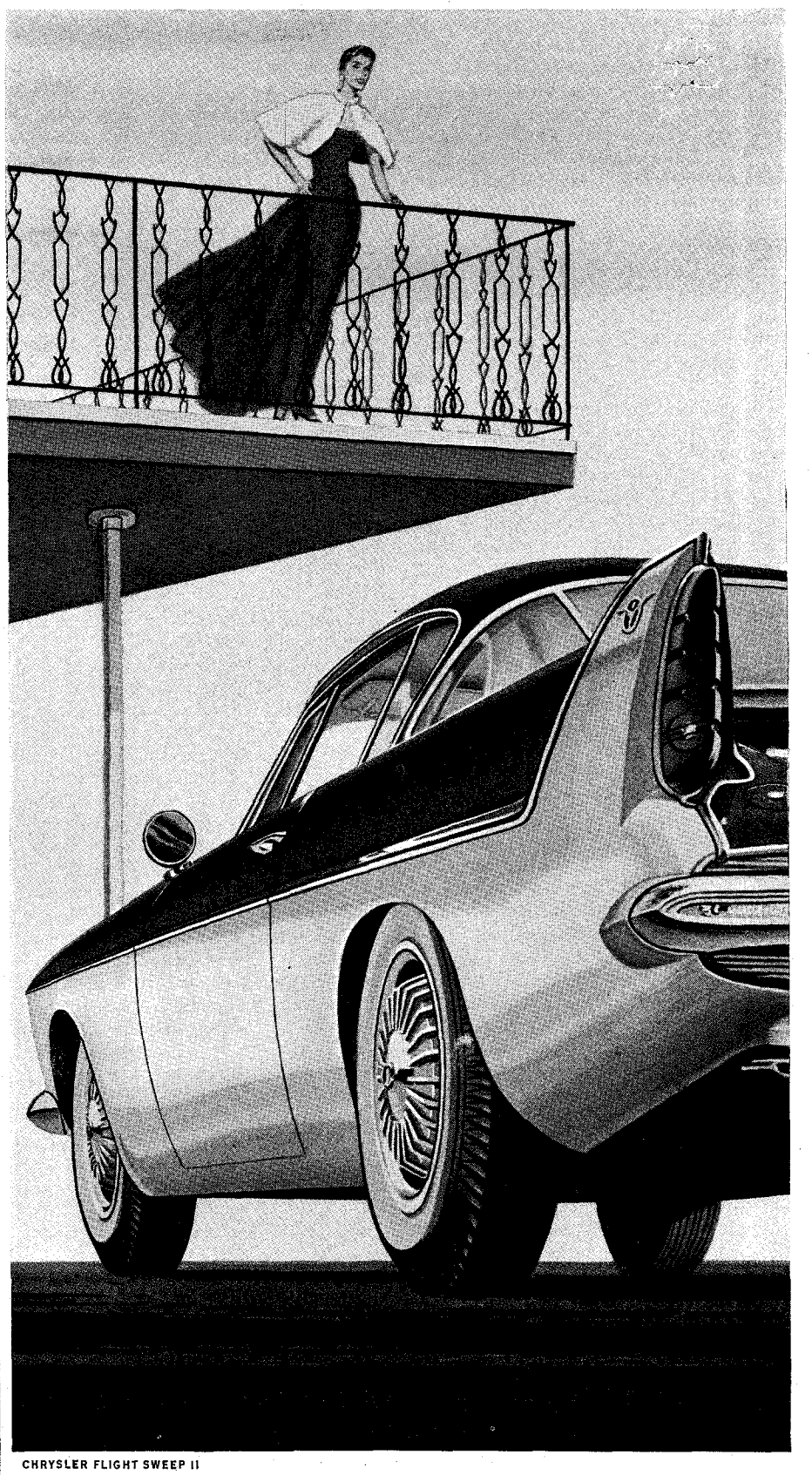
The pipeline now hustles along toward Córdoba, its compass-bearing veering northeast. Here the pipeliners must leave behind the pleasant and easy work of guitar-strumming Andalusia, fun with the bolero dancers and *bodega* binges. Behind Córdoba loom the lofty Sierra Morena, gaunt mountain ranges, laced by erosion gorges and canyons, the rugged vertebrate plateau of the real Spain that separates the men from the boys. The pipeline must mount more than 2000 feet and bore through seventy miles of granite to traverse this treeless, town-poor and joyless mountain tableland. There will be powerful pumping stations in such dismal provincial centers as sultry Ciudad Real. May the dear God help the GI's ever stationed there. This is New Castile, the moon-crater, plow-defying landscape of Don Quixote. The pipeline pushes grimly onward toward Madrid.

Madrid is at the precise geographical center of Spain, one of the original reasons it was chosen as capital. Air Base No. 4 is at Torrejón, about twelve miles northeast of Madrid, in what the Spanish writer, Unamuno, once called "a petrified sea full of sky." Because of its central location and because it is scheduled to be finished first—late in 1956—Torrejón will be the headquarters of the SAC complex. It has by far the largest apron of any single base—1100 by 7500 feet—plus extensive apron accesses, primary and secondary taxiways, parking stands, warm-up pads, hardstands and hangar-access aprons. Concrete-pouring began here more than a year ago, and Torrejón will be ready for emergency operation by May, 1956. Its proximity to Madrid makes the Spanish shudder a bit, but it is a great break for junketeering congressmen, who can get out and case a real base and still be back at the Conrad Hilton Hotel for lunch, cocktails and a press conference on how to build air bases.

Beyond Madrid the pipeline now bends directly northeast, on its last major lap to Saragossa. Skirting south of the purple Guadarrama Mountains, it passes the pockmarked civil-war battle site of Guadalajara, winds through beautiful but remote maquis and desert land, around mesas and over the meseta, out of the parched ocher-and-burnt-sienna landscape of Castile and into gray-golden Aragon. Finally, descending from a sheer cliff which fronts on the black Ebro River, within sight on a clear day of the foothills of the rampart Pyrenees, it will empty its POL charge into the last large subterranean tank farm in the valley of the Ebro. There is a prevailing funnel-like north wind here, the *cierzo*, so strong that it saves about 1000 feet in runways, like the breeze over the flight deck of a carrier.

The confusion as to the number of major bases in the present program arises from the fact that what we have here near Saragossa is a double-yoke base, two separate runways almost end to end, less than one half mile apart. Sanjurjo, presently both a Spanish Air Force base and the civil airport, is being extended first, an added ramp and apron, and it may be ready for operation at the same time as Torrejón near Madrid—possibly sooner. A twin base, with connecting runways, can not only take double the number of SAC wings; it also has the tactical advantage that take-off and landing operations can be handled simultaneously. This could be very important in a wartime operation.

It is time now to interrupt the geographical narrative and pull the long bow on several questions that must be asked. Is this Spanish program, as some critics are already murmuring, another Morocco, that memorable Pearl Harbor of overseas construction. Just as some military men can justly be accused of preparing to fight the last war, so too many senators seem to have the delayed-reflex urge to make hay out of the last scandal, and have swarmed about Spain roaring about delay, squandering and bad planning. Others have referred to Spain as a substitute for Morocco, and that's not quite true either. The late Admiral Forrest Sherman flew into Madrid to open talks with Franco in 1951, before much dirt had even started to move in Morocco. Moreover, Spain was always a necessary link in the planned SAC arc screen around Western Europe. With one complex of SAC bases in the United Kingdom and another complex in Morocco, to



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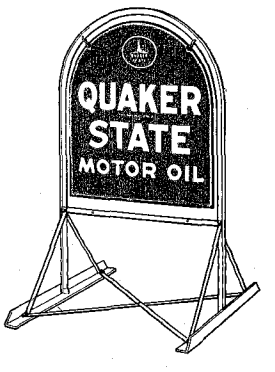

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by-pass Spain in the strategic planning would have been like building a baseball diamond and omitting second base.

It is fair to hold the mirror of Morocco up to Spain only if one notes, as is the way with mirrors, that the reflection comes back in reverse. The programs were similar in scope and grandeur, in roughly the same corner of the world, and faced many of the same problems. But we really seem to have learned from our blunders in Morocco and we are applying the lessons here in Spain. An impatient critic might observe that we are running this one off in slow motion, like a football coach after a Saturday debacle. But that's the only way to locate all the spinner plays and hidden-ball tricks.

There's the first big difference right there. Morocco was a crash program, an unhappy phrase for any Air Force to choose, launched at the height of the Korean war, when President Truman was recording in his diary that a showdown war seemed "perilously near." But by the time the dirt got moving in Spain, late in 1954, the world situation had steadied a bit. Then in mid-1955 came the Geneva Conference. Under the spirit of Geneva, we continue to build bases in Spain, but we refrain from identifying the hostile power whose industrial heartland lies less than 2500 miles away.

In Morocco, just about everything that could go wrong did go wrong, and in Spain a reporter misses those mighty Donnybrooks, almost with a twinge of nostalgia. There was the testy wrangle between American and French diplomats, who had signed an "agreement in principle" that had loopholes you could fly a B-36 through. There was valiant Marshal Juin, the French resident-general, who carried on a four-front war—with his own government in Paris, the American Air Force moving into Morocco, the sultan in Rabat and the American Corps of Engineers in Casablanca. There were the Arabs and the Berbers, working each other over in preparation for a bloody showdown with the French. The United States Air Force, when it wasn't out switching base sites, stayed home and sharpened service knives against the Army Corp of Engineers. The Atlas constructors, taking arabesque orders from everybody, ended up doing wild dervish dances on the desert sands.

In Madrid the Spanish-American agreement took two long brass-tacking years to hammer together, from the summer of 1951 to September 26, 1953. But most of the *i*'s got dotted and the *t*'s crossed. In the Spanish cockpit was Generalissimo Franco, a man with a reputation for knowing just when to draw to an inside straight. Franco knew what he wanted out of us—money—and he got it. We knew what we wanted out of Spain—base sites—and we are getting them. It was one of those wholesomely cynical deals, free of any invocation of democracy or freedom, and in that sense more honorable or at least more likely to be honored. Franco, that Cincinnatus with no plow to go home to, is his own resident-general in Spain, and there are no Arabs here any more, except for his own Moorish cavalry.

Finally, just as it takes two to make a marriage, but only one to cause a divorce, an alliance is a two-way affair, and a tricky thing in the psychology of nations. The American and the French military often exasperate each other, for the sad reason that only yesterday morning France was *la grande nation*, a potent military power in Europe, and French officers resent American officers in the condescending role of big brother, mouthing platitudes about Lafayette. American officers resent being resented, and thus the backs are up. In Spain, however, a country whose own modern philosopher, Ortega y Gassett, described it as "a cloud of dust marking the spot on the road where a great nation vanished into history," the sober Spanish military know there is today no place to go but up. And with American aid, so much the faster.

All roads in Spain are rocky, and many Spaniards like to quote in despair their own bitter gibe: "All we know about the future of Spain is that we Spanish will surely lose the way." In 1939 Spain emerged, gored and bleeding, from the hundred wounds of murderous civil war. In the 1939–45 war, blockaded by both sides, more Spanish poor died quietly of starvation than in any other country in Western Europe. In 1946 Spain was declared a pariah country by the United Nations. In 1949 Atlantic-washed Spain was again blackballed by the North Atlantic Treaty powers, who were soon to embrace Moslem Turkey on the Black Sea. By now, the Spanish began to feel that the cup of international hypocrisy was overflowing, the penalty for premature anticommunism curiously severe. Then suddenly, in 1953, from second place in the Iberian League, there they were up with the Yankees, in a matey arrangement with Uncle Sugar Able.

Only this backdrop can explain the astounding phenomenon of the present Spanish-American love affair. Maybe it won't or can't last forever, maybe all the present hearty, mutual backslapping is merely to locate the precise spot to insert the *estocada* blade. For one of the oldest stories in Europe is Spanish xenophobia—their hatred of foreigners. The Spanish have a notorious reputation as great despisers, even of one another. Proud, haughty, thin-skinned and cantankerous, they are the black Irish of the Latins. The Spanish have a historical mad-on against the British, all the way from the Armada to Gibraltar. They loathe what they call feminine France, and they look upon gay Italy as the bull looks upon the steer. The Spanish admit to a grudging admiration for the Germans, just to be out of step with the rest of Europe. Thus most of Western Europe held its breath in mock horror, preparing to explode in gales of ironic laughter, as the free-wheeling American Don Quixote pulled on the old armor and set out to break a few lances in Spain.

Conceded, the stage seemed all set for a romping farce, like the Marx Brothers having a go at the Barber of Seville. In this corner the Americans, who believe that time is money, over against the Spanish, who regard making money as a waste of time. Here the engineering Americans, who feel that someday they will probably be called upon to air-condition heaven, against the Spanish, who know that hell is a real and sulphurous place, brimming over with anguished, damned souls, most of them Protestant. Just what would happen, many skeptics asked, when the offspring of the signers of the Declaration of Independence came up against the descendants of the men who mounted the Inquisition?

So far, and keeping all fingers crossed, the American military and civilians under Air Force Maj. Gen. August W. Kissner seem to be pulling off a model of peaceful penetration, a political egg dance where one slip could land them in a Spanish omelet. General Kissner has with him an elite group, still under 2000, chosen not only as job specialists but because they wanted to come to Spain in the first place. They are free to pack up if they choose, and the few bad actors are flown out, pronto. Most of the Americans here have gone Spanish in a big way, attending the *ferias* and the bullfights, boning up on Spanish history and, most unusual in an American overseas operation, a clear majority have acquired a working command of Spanish.

Nobody wants to take away the good grades in deportment earned by the high-quality Americans out here, all the more since the American military abroad usually scrape their boots so vigorously on the doormat that the word "welcome" is soon effaced. But this Operation Tiptoe seems also to have had a distinct assist from the Spanish, a people wise in many Arab proverbs, including the one about the camel's nose under the tent. One of the reasons that the 1953 agreement took so long to work out—or so I was told in Madrid—was that the Spanish Government first sent a quiet task force to gumshoe around Europe and explore points of friction. In England they found the pubs of Oxford and Cambridge bulging with American Air Force uniforms. We want none of that, concluded the Spanish, in Salamanca or Burgos. In Germany they found mammoth PX emporiums in downtown Frankfurt and Munich. Nix on that, said the Spanish, not within ten miles of the Prado. In the valley of the Loire, in France, they came upon huge American military depots in the shadows of the châteaux. We won't have that, insisted the Spanish, anywhere near our Moorish Alcazars. What finally emerged was a gentlemen's agreement restricting American personnel to a military minimum, out of uniform as much as possible and not bunched up in the national shrines. It is working well in practice.

Many a girl marries a promising young man and then spends the rest of her life waiting for him to keep them.

FRANCIS O. WASH

There was one sticky problem, however, that General Kissner and the Spanish tried to negotiate by sailing a bit too close to the wind. Spain is a Roman Catholic country, and church, or canon, law is the law of the land—above all in such civic matters as marriage. Most Spanish girls are baptized Catholics, and Protestant families in Spain are almost as rare as palm trees in Norway. Most of the American airmen, however, at least 65 per cent of the SAC rotation crews who will soon fly into these bases, are Protestant. General Kissner requested, and seemed about to get, a "procedural agreement" governing mixed marriages. The delicate powwows were secret and since it is hard to say in Spain where the government ends and the Church begins, General Kissner negotiated with Gen. Juan Vigon, chief of the Spanish General Staff; and the American Air Force chaplain, Lt. Col. Raymond Stadta, worked on preliminary drafting with the vicar general of the Spanish armed forces, a Roman Catholic archbishop. When The New York Times broke this story, on Christmas, Sunday morning, 1954, things were really in the fan. American Protestant churchmen blew a loud whistle, heard all the way from Washington to Madrid. The negotiations were dropped, and remain dropped.

The lack today of any marriage agreement has led to some curious results, not nearly so curious as they are going to be. Among the some fifteen Spanish-American marriages so far, in each case where the American was a Protestant, he married in the Roman Catholic Church, making the stringent "promises" that Church requires. Mixed marriages among American personnel are easily solved by simply flying down to Gibraltar or Tangier for what are called "black-market nuptials." So far, since we have only the advance guard of the American contingent in Spain, matters have been handled gingerly on a case-by-case basis. But it doesn't take too powerful an imagination to see why that won't do for long.

Just one good look at these fan-flicking and castaneting Carmens, with their goo-goo-googly black eyes, and write your own script. Along comes Airman 1st Class Homer Jackson, with his sharp blue uniform and his, for Spain, fabulous pay check. When it's teatime in Toledo, when those long purple summer evenings descend over wild Estremadura, when the torrid fiesta rages in gypsy-blooded Andalusia, when things begin to pall in Ciudad Real, then will come the soft feminine conquests, Spain's sweet revenge for San Juan Hill and the Battle of Manila Bay.

Another problem here in Spain that might have had serious emotional overtones was extensive land condemnation in a land-conscious, land-hungry and land-living society. Some of the terrain for the bases is still in litigation, but Spanish officials secured the right of way and right of re-entry along the pipeline in the really expeditious time of five months, from more than 12,500 proprietors. There was only one really prolonged holdout, a stubborn hidalgo down Córdoba way. All sorts of arguments were tried on him—patriotism, persuasion, the right of eminent domain. Finally the man from the Ministry of Public Works pulled the Toledo blade of authority from the velvet sheath:

"Look, Don José. Wouldn't you really like to sit here on your veranda and watch the Yankee pipeliners come through? Or would you prefer to read about it sitting on a strange stool somewhere—in prison, for example?"

This little incident throws a sharp clear light on the kind of government Spain has today. It is not the soul-crushing absolutism we saw in Nazi Germany and see in Soviet Russia. Nor does it today have much of the bombast and peacock strut of Mussolini's Fascism. What Franco presides over today is an authoritarian, theocratic, military dictatorship, an embryo monarchy with distinct nostalgia for a return to tradition and legality. Franco operates in much the same way as his little official from the Ministry of Public Works.

Most Americans here who have had to deal with Franco and Company report that they are tough, resourceful and instinctive bargainers, out to get every last buck they can for Spain, but once the bargain is made and sealed, they carry it through with almost chivalric insistence. Delays there have been, but in almost every case they can be traced to causes natural, human or built into Spanish history or character. Some graft there may have been, since Franco's reputation for personal honesty does not necessarily extend to all prominent members of his entourage. But not all Americans were born yesterday, either. In the beginning, the American mission found itself blocked in its desire to insert "penalty clauses" into the contracts awarded. In the country of *mañana*, that would have been an intolerable blow to Spanish pride. So our boys figured out a really prize gimmick. In 1955 they began renting out American equipment—steam shovels and clamshells, cranes and concrete layers from North Africa—at the stiff *per-diem* rate this heavy hardware calls for. Now a Spanish contractor who wants to end up with a fair profit has to work his staff on double shift, and it is amazing how fast the dirt has begun to move.

To date, this whole Spanish program, and therefore this article, is a construction story. SAC crews, even in an emergency operation, cannot let down wheels here until mid-1956, they won't really begin their world-wide rotational flights until 1957, and Navy fliers probably won't be using Rota as an anchored carrier until 1958. Sometimes out here, wandering around the cordillera, I imagine I can hear Gen. Curtis LeMay chewing on his cigar all the way

(Continued on Page 90)

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(Continued from Page 88) back in Nebraska. It's time to turn to the twin factors of cost and delay, and try to work out an answer to a paradox question that must also vex the taxpaying reader. Just why is it that these overseas-air-base programs seem to cost so much, and take so long, in countries that we know have low-cost economies?

First as to cost: this Spanish program is usually referred to in Pentagon releases as a $400,000,000 affair. But that figure is very deceptive. On the one hand, it includes "future money" that the Congress has not yet appropriated. More important it does not include money the Congress will have to pony up, if these bases are ever to achieve their optimum military efficiency. At Saragossa there will have to be more extensive taxiways, Torrejón will need more maintenance aprons, Morón maybe a second strip, Rota a blimp station and a dry dock. Part of this programming, or "phasing," was sensible planning to arrive at emergency operating capacity first, full efficiency later. Part of it is tricky "fiscal-year budgeting." But it also has the flavor of Huey Long's famous highway program in Louisiana, when the Kingfish would put in a strip of concrete every other mile, and then launch a campaign to "fill up the spaces." Moreover, the basic figure does not include the $220,000,000 we have already given to the Spanish Government in military and economic aid, and will have to continue at the annual rate of $80,000,000 if we do not want Spain to collapse under us.

There are a few fixed stars in this exploding universe of dollars by which we can navigate a bit. The pipeline will cost $63,000,000. The base at Torrejón, about $51,000,000. The tank farms will hold $60,000,000 worth of POL. The Rota artificial harbor will cost $17,000,000. Using a mental slide rule to equate the part with the whole, plus some educated guessing, and one arrives at the following horseback estimate: when the last square yard of concrete and asphaltic cement has been poured at the last base, when the last pumping station has been installed in the pipeline, when the last eucalyptus tree has been planted in front of the last officers' club, say around 1959 or so, this Spanish venture will have cost something around one billion smackers—$999,999,999, for example.

Now do delay, graft, bad planning and service squandering account for such a whopping figure, as some senators have alleged? Not unless you want to label and libel American military men and engineers overseas as crooks, stumblebums and spendthrift adolescents or slander the Spaniards just for the fun of it. Sure, one faulty site was chosen at El Copero, and dirt moving at Torrejón began in winter and bogged down in rain. The pipeline won't reach Torrejón in time to service the first bombers in, and fuel won't flow through the pipeline until the Navy hustles up its programming of the POL pier. There was a $5,000,000 misplaced Spanish decimal in the dredging contract at Rota. A program of this gigantic extent requires that several hundred contracts dovetail together, and all just never do. Thus work that is weeks behind at Point A causes a delay of months at Point B—the old bottleneck business. Trying to build bases in Spain is like trying to drive an American car on Spanish roads. You look at the road map and it seems a cinch. You forget to account for the merino sheep, the goats and the road washouts bound to appear along the route in what is still a pastoral economy.

A SAC bomber hovering over Spain, searching for a place to set down, is like an eagle trying to nest in sparrow-hawk country. What we are doing in Spain is not just pouring millions of square yards of cement; the flat work is the simplest part of the job. What we are really doing is exporting our Industrial Revolution—and there is no more dynamic symbol of that revolution than the Strategic Air Force—into an Old World economy that has been static, like a fly in amber, since the seventeenth century. We are up against an inexorable law of military economics—call it the "law of industrial lag"—and it operates as follows: (a) The more economically advanced the nation building airfields abroad, and (b) the more primitive the economy of the nation it enters, then (c) the higher will be the cost. This inverse ratio of cost begins with the design, it continues in the construction phase and it determines the ultimate cost of operation. For an air base is not just a huge concrete slab dropped in the middle of the desert, nor a space ship floating in the nowhere of science fiction. It is a throbbing technological organism; it must have arteries to the economy around it or these must be built in. This "building in" is what is expensive in countries like Spain, Morocco and Turkey, as against advanced economies like England, Belgium and Germany.

To take a primitive example, water. Water, H_2O, in abundance is often taken for granted by modern industrial man. In New England, water comes out of a tap; in the rest of the United States out of a faucet. If you want a lot, open a hydrant. Now, it requires 1,200,000 gallons of water per day to operate a SAC bomber base. Geology has been cruel to the Spanish, and for at least two of these bases, Rota and Torrejón, it is easier to deliver 1,200,000 gallons of wine than water. Nor do you get that kind of water by cutting open melons. So what do we do? We start advancing money to the Spanish to build pipes and aqueducts, reservoirs and dams, hydroelectric projects. In short, to industrialize.

Another simple example, labor. Nowhere more than in Spain does one find proof of the old textbook thesis that cheap labor is poor labor, the most expensive kind there is. The real reason we had to build a pipeline in Spain, a country where filling stations are rarer than cathedrals, was that one wing of B-47's, flying one day for five hours, consumes more fuel than the entire Spanish railroad tank-car fleet can handle in a month. Pipelining needs imported American welders, for example, at twenty-five dollars a day. The Spanish apprentice to hold the American welder's tools earns twenty-five pesetas a day—about seventy-five cents. This is not exploitation; it is an accurate reflection of the worth—the economic worth—of these two humans. In heavy construction, much work has to be done by hand, time-consuming training is given on location, the trainees louse up expensive equipment or they fail to coax out of the machine its true worth.

Or finally, the really frightening problem of logistics and communications. How do you get your ammo, including such delicate little packages as B-47's and B-52's are designed to carry, from the ports to the depots? You end up underwriting new highways. How do you get your heavier bulk supplies to the bases? By giving Spain new locomotives, new rolling stock and new roadbeds. How do you get power in a country short of water, short of electricity, short of coal? You bring in your own power plants, you import coal, and then you kneel down and pray that the Spanish are producing water with the money you gave them originally when you first felt thirsty. How do you lay out a radar-warning net in a country that has electrical blackouts three summer days in seven? You bring in master electronics crews who are also magicians at quick switching. And how do you get from base to base in this picturesque but dragon-backed country? If you have business to do, you fly.

So much for economics. A few political and military questions remain. To play back all the political and military overtones of the American adventure in Spain would call for another report, and there will probably be several before our experiences in this country are over. Meanwhile, here are those that relate most directly to the construction story:

To whom do these bases belong? They belong to Spain, and specifically to the Spanish Air Force, which flies the flag, controls the exterior guard and names the base commander (but not the operations commander). We are here on ten-year lease only, with two five-year extensions "to be mutually agreed upon." This situation is not really so bad as it sounds. The Air Force wanted a twenty-five-year lease, primarily because Congress will not allow permanent installations to be built on a ten-year lease. So the Spanish came up with the 10–5–5 compromise. To the question whether the Spanish might not, in the eleventh year (1964) try to sell us these bases all over again, Air Force strategists have an answer maybe the Spanish haven't heard yet. By 1964, or a very few years thereafter, it is unlikely we shall still be flying piloted bombers or need these bases in Spain.

How is joint occupancy working? Part of the basic agreement was that the American and Spanish Air Forces will occupy these bases jointly. Moreover, that the Spanish will supply the home-ground fighter cover. When you step down on one of these bases, and spot the Messerschmitt 109's and Heinkel 111's that are today the backbone of the Spanish Air Force, it is to laugh. We are beginning to send in F-86's, but again one runs into the bind. It is impossible to link the Spanish and American Air Forces at the technical level modern war requires. And it is ludicrous to conceive, in a wartime situation, of Spanish pilots mounting to ward off Soviet bombers while our jet hot-shots stay back in the barracks playing canasta, or hopscotch along these nice long runways.

What happens if war comes? Spain, in signing the American pact, abandoned a tradition of neutrality of 125 years standing, and thus quite probably put herself in the front line of any future war. Still, many things can happen in this changing world, and one of them is that the United States, because of the NATO Pact or other reasons, could find herself at war with the Soviet Union, and Spain—not a NATO member—neutral. Do we then have the use of these bases? A careful reading of the small print reveals the weasel phrase: "The time and manner of wartime use will be as mutually agreed upon." Does Spain then have a paper veto or do we have a secret agreement? When this loaded question was shot at the then Secretary of the Air Force Harold Talbott, he gave a jaunty, off-the-cuff answer:

"Well, who's going to stop us? There are certain agreements on the use of the bases, but when the balloon goes up, we are going to use them."

That was a painful bobble, and the secretary had to pull in both cuffs, quick like. But his question still remains one hell of a good one.

Girl in High Gear (Continued from Page 30)

"I've just come out of a hospital," she told him, "and off a psychiatric couch. I had a nervous breakdown. Maybe I can't do anything. I can't even learn the first two lines of a popular song."

Caesar needed a girl. After breaking off his four-year battle of the sexes with Imogene Coca on Your Show of Shows, he had trouble finding an actress who could stand up to him. He tried out a number of talented young women, but none of them could make like his TV wife with Miss Coca's fervor. None of them was pretty enough and funny enough at the same time. And none of them could stay afloat when he "fumfed."

Miss Fabray, who claimed she couldn't remember anything anyway, would certainly not be bothered by departures from the script. She and Mr. Caesar clicked at once. Results have been gratifying. The Caesar offering is the kind of overblown satire that is hilarious when it comes off, but a television horror when it falls apart. The consensus among show folks is that it comes off most brightly when Miss Fabray is on view.

Mr. Caesar contrives new situations while the show is on camera, confident that Miss Fabray will be right there with him. Nanette picks up Caesar's extemporaneous japes and throw-aways with ease. She is apparently able to read the man's mind.

She has failed to escape disaster only once. Late in November of last year she had finished her stint for the evening and started backstage to seek repose. A ten-foot section of heavy pipe, used in sceneshifting, fell from the flies and struck her on the head and shoulder. Nanette was out for forty-five minutes and suffered a concussion which took her to the hospital. But next Monday night she was on view again, peering through dark glasses and gamely grinning at Caesar from her hospital bed. Caesar and his leading lady saluted each other affectionately, no hard feelings.

Miss Fabray, who was having a rough time before she went into television, is just fine today. She gives Sid Caesar full credit for pulling her out of the dumps. Mr. Caesar is a grand, patient man, she says, who has restored her confidence. And she felt at home immediately on his show. "I was having a nervous breakdown. The Caesar show is just like a nervous breakdown."

Her principal characterization on the Caesar show is Mrs. Bob Victor, whose bumbling, immature, suburban spouse is played by Mr. Caesar. As every woman knows, wives are smarter than husbands, who are boobs. Sir James M. Barrie exploited this idea forty-seven years ago in a play starring Maude Adams, and television has adopted it. The philosophy has become such a profitable cliché that a dozen or more shows use it every season. But the Fabray-Caesar commentary goes several steps farther than domestic reality.

Miss Fabray not only treats her husband like a small boy, in the accepted television formula, but sings wonderfully, dances prettily and shows her fine legs in frothy production numbers. This is wish fulfillment at the peak: many wives think they are like that, or could be, and many husbands wish they were.

Since the Sid Caesar show went on the air last fall, Miss Fabray has been right in

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there wifing and prancing at $3750 a week—a salary approached by only the most notable Broadway and Hollywood players. This, you would think, would make anyone contented. Miss Fabray is happy all right. She says flatly that Mr. Caesar is a sort of combination Svengali and Santa Claus, and she loves working for him. But Miss Fabray, for all her easy grace and charm, is a worrier and a fretter. During the production season she lives principally on weak tea, which she drinks, and drugstore sandwiches, which she looks at in dismay and tosses aside. All her big hits have been made on Broadway and her current success is there now. But she flees the city at every opportunity and takes a plane to California. She will desert New York for the sake of a quick weekend in California any time. She yearns to run an alfalfa ranch. She owns one too.

Nanette in person is an exciting trick, slim, long-legged, auburn-haired, wide-eyed, smiling, just as you see on the television tubes, but she is also as complicated as electronics. She has had troubles about everything, from her real name—which is Fabares, and hard to pronounce—to her nose, her ears, her husband and her psyche.

I met her for the first time at her Beverly Hills home, a small house on San Ysidro Drive up the street from Danny Kaye's mansion. Something struck me as odd. I had stepped out of the Los Angeles smog straight into a New York apartment. The furniture, including a gilded grand piano, was formal and smart; Park Avenue instead of Early American or Western slap-dash, the prevalent movie-star style.

Picture windows also help a lot of people to learn how the other half is living.

EDWARD H. DRESCHNACK

Miss Fabray made an entrance. All actresses make entrances. The lights seem to go up and they embrace you with a smile that almost demands applause. Miss Fabray does this more incandescently than most. I asked about the furniture.

"New York," Miss Fabray said. "Shipped it out. Makes me feel at home both places. But out there in the patio I grub in the ground. I'm a peasant, you know. French peasant. What I want is earth to dig in and a family. Lots of children. That's what I'm really cut out for.

"Look over here." Miss Fabray led me to a picture window. "On that hillside. Planted 'em myself. *Mesembryanthemum edule*. That represents my romance with the California Highway Department."

Miss Fabray said that she was driving along the Hollywood Freeway one afternoon when she spotted a stand of *Mesembryanthemum edule*—also known as Hottentot's Fig—fell in love with it, stopped her car, snarled up traffic and swiped a handful. Later, she called up the highway department and asked for more. The highway department was charmed. Nobody had inquired before about their *Mesembryanthemum edule*. They gave her a batch, and Miss Fabray calls in by telephone every so often to report how it is getting along. Getting along fine.

We sat on a settee and I asked questions. Miss Fabray moved closer. Now, I am an uncle type, and I am not accustomed to soubrette types moving in close on settees. More than likely I turned pink. Miss Fabray considerately moved across the room and perched demurely on a chair.

"I'm a bit hard of hearing," she explained. "I found that out when I was singing in Bloomer Girl. The orchestra was in sort of a shell and I couldn't hear it. I'd get off on the wrong beat. So I went to a doctor and he told me I'd be stone deaf in five years. Worried me sick. I learned to pick up the beat from the conductor and to sing without hearing the orchestra. I didn't tell anyone, I was so frightened.

"Finally, I went to another doctor. This man told me I'd been slightly hard of hearing all my life, and always would be. He assured me I wouldn't lose my hearing, ever. Makes things difficult, though. On the Caesar show the orchestra is far from the stage. Television cameras and gadgets are in between, you know. So they move the sound boxes up close and blast. It's tough on the others."

Miss Fabray is the kind of girl you call "Nan" at once, especially if you're an uncle type. She explains her nose without being urged. The Fabray nose is pert and hardly larger than a boy's thumb. When she was a child performer, working with Ben Turpin in vaudeville and doing radio serials, her mother had it operated on and enlarged on classic lines.

"But on cold days it turned blue," Nan explains. "We had it done over, but it never was a proper nose. So eventually I had it bobbed back to original size."

This sort of frankness seemed to be leading up to the nervous-breakdown story, but Nan changed her mind. It might be a bad idea, she said, to let her fans—many of them young married women—know that the housewife she plays on television had ever had a nervous breakdown. I pointed out that all wives have nervous breakdowns every day or so. No lady is a housewife in good standing unless her husband, her children and the PTA are driving her to distraction. Miss Fabray said she'd think that over. Meantime, she said, we'd better look at her laundry room and her garage.

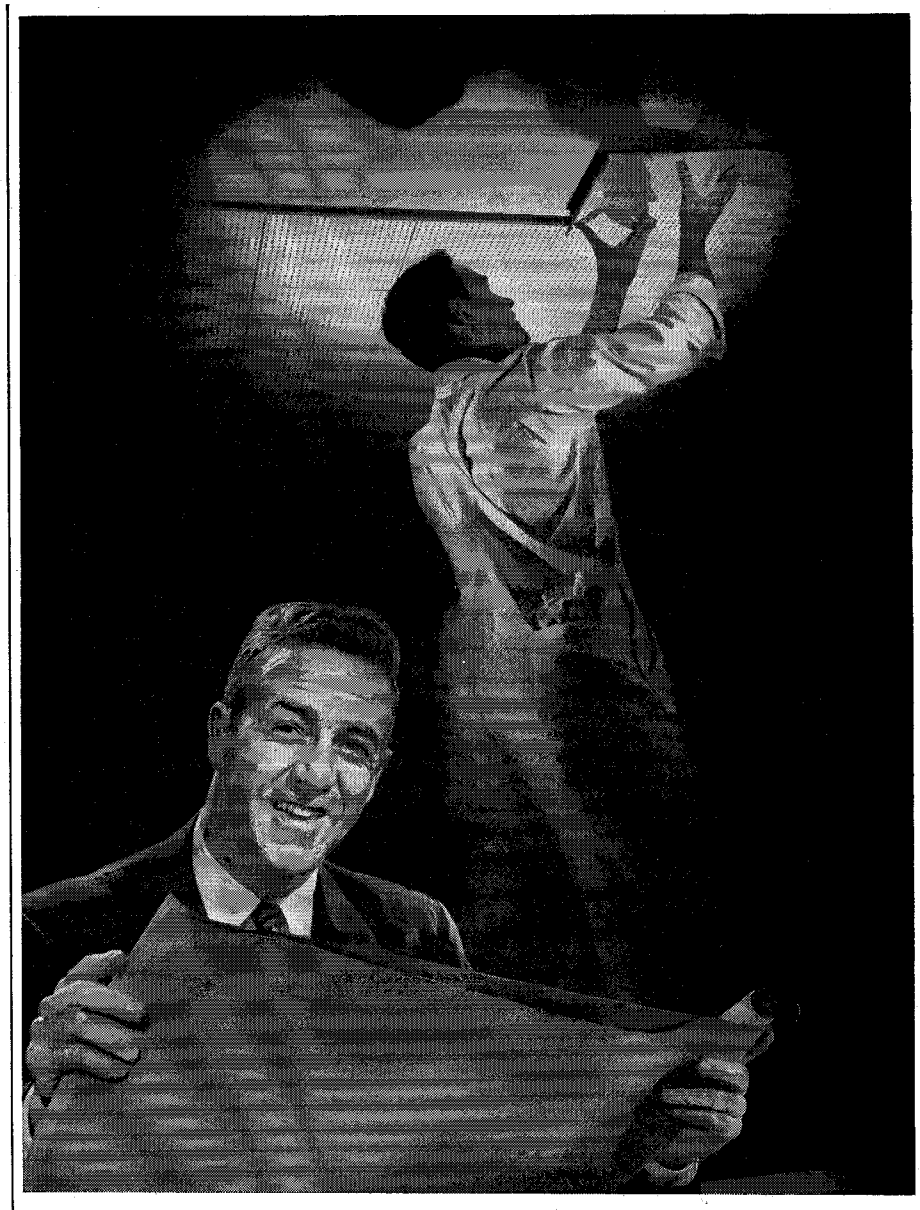
Both laundry room and garage are plastered with posters from her big Broadway shows. Her two Donaldson awards are on display in the laundry room. These are the only theatrical touches in the house. The posters are saucy and colorful, showing Miss Fabray in enticing poses, with her name in big letters.

"I pretend to be modest," Nanette said. "I pretend to hide these things, but you see how it is—I always show guests the laundry room and garage first. See that Meet the People poster? That was my first New York show. I was working in that, singing *Caro Nome* in coloratura and tap dancing and grinning at the audience at the same time, when Artur Rodzinski heard me.

"Mr. Rodzinski—you know, New York Philharmonic and Salzburg Music Festival—came to see Pal Joey. He stepped into the alley between acts, heard me next door and decided he had discovered an operatic singer. Mr. Rodzinski insisted on getting me a scholarship with the Juilliard School of Music. Juilliard tried to groom me for big music—opera. Well! I worked there for a year and a half and I think I learned a few things. But every time I'd sing *Caro Nome* or something like that, I'd start tap dancing too. And grinning. I just can't keep a straight face for grand opera. I horrified Juilliard."

Actually, Miss Fabray has an unusual voice with a range of three octaves. You seldom hear her in full cry today in the popular songs she sings, but she is as comfortable in the upper registers as any coloratura.

Nanette thought at this point that she had talked enough about herself and that I ought to meet her friends. I did, and discovered the Nanette Fabray She's Wonderful Society. This group, composed of Broadway and Hollywood people, does not exist as a formal organization, but it is powerful, close-knit, and devoted to its girl. The chief mover and shaker is Dave Tebet, one of New York's nimblest press agents. Mr. Tebet, who looks a good deal like



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Frank Sinatra, is not Nanette's publicist. He is her ex-husband.

"Remind you," said Mr. Tebet, "that when Nan was doing High Button Shoes at the Shubert Theater, her big number, Papa, Won't You Dance With Me, was a show-stopper. It came on at nine-fifty every night. Well, sir, the bar at Sardi's would empty at nine-forty-five and everybody'd troop across the street to stand in back and listen to her. Walter Winchell claims the record. He heard her do Papa thirty-seven times. She's wonderful."

Miss Fabray and Mr. Tebet were married in 1947. They discovered that they were good companions only when not married. Dave and Nan kept this upsetting news to themselves, a major feat of dissembling in gossip-hungry show business. Then they went to Mexico in 1951, got unhitched, and kept that secret for more than seven months.

The secret divorce, it transpired, was part of Miss Fabray's nervous breakdown. It represented, she says, her inability to cope with reality. She knew the separation was necessary, but couldn't face admitting it.

When Nanette finally admitted it, she tells me, she felt better. She and Tebet became good friends. Mr. Tebet is reportedly about to marry another actress, but today he tolerates no straying from the Fabray claque of professional applauders. Such individualists as Sammy Cahn, the song writer; Leland Hayward, the Broadway and Hollywood producer; Fred Astaire, the dancer; Howard Keel, the singer; and the almost legendary Max Liebman, who puts on the big television spectaculars, stay in line willingly and cheer loudly.

Tebet himself assumes the privilege of an ex-husband and tries to explain Nanette.

"Insecurity," he says. "When she was a kid, her parents split up. Nan was a prodigy, a tab-show and vaudeville performer at three. She and her mother traveled around and were poor. Now get this: all actresses are insecure. They need to think that everybody loves them. Nan needs this more than most. She needs to think she's liked for herself alone, not just as an actress. Do you know, she doesn't even know she's beautiful?"

Max Liebman, whom I interrupted while he planned his fall season of opera and musical-comedy classics on the brink of a Beverly Hills swimming pool, began by apologizing for having no fault to find with Nanette.

"Easy to do with most performers," Mr. Liebman said. "You can point out flaws. But you can't with Nan. She's entirely professional, never late, always knows her lines. Ask me now why she is so good. I'll say because of the air of immediacy, the element of doing everything for the first time, that she brings to every performance. The next thing is the way she transmits a feeling of good fellowship to an audience. Nan just opens her arms wide and wants to embrace the world. And with that smile so full of light!"

Mr. Liebman has made no money from Miss Fabray's smiles. He had her signed for guest appearances in the fall of '54, but lost her to Sid Caesar. His sponsor wanted not only Miss Fabray but the excellent Miss Judy Holliday as well, and Liebman saw at once that these two soubrettes would conflict on the same show.

"So I lent Nan to Sid—whom I had just released, letting him break a seven-year contract—and Sid kept her," Mr. Liebman said. "Nan owes me two shows and I hope to collect."

Sammy Cahn is the song writer who wrote the libretto for High Button Shoes, Be My Love, Three Coins in a Fountain, and many of Frank Sinatra's hits. He, too, belongs to the She's Wonderful club, but in the beginning he had a severe distaste for Miss Fabray.

"She fooled me," he said. "You know my opinion, don't you? I mean my conviction that nobody can sing my songs better than I can sing 'em? Well, when we were starting High Button Shoes and I was plugging in drawing rooms everywhere, trying to raise money to put the show on, here came Fabray, a big-name Broadway star, and she sort of yawned at the whole enterprise. It was an interim thing for her until she found a better show. She had only three songs in it, and about six lines to say. But on opening night in Philadelphia she stopped the show three times. Stopped it cold. And Shoes ran for two years.

"About this girl: she doesn't light up for you in run-throughs. She lights up for audiences. Another thing—she can whistle through her teeth. Only actress I know who can whistle through her teeth. She tossed off the whistle in the third act. This pretty girl, whistling through her teeth! The audience whistled right back at her."

Nanette was born in San Diego in 1922. Her true name is Ruby Bernadotte Nanette Teresa Fabares. She changed her last name when she discovered people mispronouncing it. Her father was a locomotive engineer of French descent. Her mother was Lillian McGovern of New Orleans. The Fabares were bitterly unhappy together, finally agreed on divorce when Nan was a teenager. As soon as their separation was legal, they began to like each other. Today they are partners in a California alfalfa ranch Nanette bought for them, and which, Nan says, she pines to live on.

Nanette's early career went the way of precocious show children. She danced and sang and was billed as "Baby Nanette." She played juveniles in radio serials. But when she was fourteen she won a scholarship at the redoubtable Max Reinhardt's famous theatrical school in Los Angeles and became a dramatic actress for two years. She played Sister Beatrice in The Miracle in West Coast productions and was considered by Reinhardt himself as a candidate for dramatic stardom. But she bounced out of the school into a Los Angeles confection called Meet the People, sang and danced like crazy, and wound up on Broadway.

When Nanette wondered whether she should admit to a nervous breakdown, she called her ex-husband Dave Tebet for advice.

"Tell it," said Tebet. "Everybody's nervous these days."

Miss Fabray's trouble, she says, involved considerably more than simple nervousness.

"Bugs," she says. "Bugs scared me."

Nan traces this to a horrifying experience when she was a show child about six years old. The family was making its way by car through Texas. She was tired and distressed. Her parents weren't getting along. She was being pushed on and off stage in small shows, and feeling unloved. One night the Fabares' car was invaded by insects. Nan thinks they might have been locusts. At any rate, disgusting things swarmed on her and clung to her. The child fainted.

More than twenty years later, again in Texas, Nanette was doing Bloomer Girl in an open-air show. She was singing a number in a flouncy hoop-skirt costume when a large insect flew into the spotlight toward her face. She screamed and collapsed again.

Nanette feels today that the insect episodes were symptoms, not fixations. Her serious crisis came in 1953, when she was successful, famous and well protected from bugs. She does not know precisely what ailed her. But she does know that she suddenly revolted against reality. She felt, she says, overwhelmed by the mere routines of daily living.

"I rushed everywhere, saw everybody, did everything, and just gave out. I was getting two or three hours' sleep a night. I don't know why. I could have taken it easier."

She acquired various pains and aches, all of which turned out to be psychosomatic. "But they hurt as much as if they were real."

After a short run in New York in Make a Wish, Nanette went on a night-club tour. You'd think that with her warmth and smile and her habit of embracing the whole audience such a tour would be a hit. It was, financially. But saloons appalled Nanette. Alcoholic wisecracks dismayed her. She broke off her trip, returned to New York and stared at the wall.

"I couldn't even face tying my shoes," she told me. "I couldn't make a decision of any kind. Not even about what to wear. And nobody's talk made sense. I heard the words. I understood the words. But they didn't make any sense. I tried to learn a new song. I literally couldn't get past the first two lines. Once I blanked out on the telephone. I was muttering, 'No more, no more, no more' when they put me to bed."

Nanette committed herself to a mental institution in upstate New York. She signed herself in for two months—and immediately put up a battle to get out.

"I'll let you out," a doctor promised. "But where would you go? You'd have to decide."

Rather than face a decision, Nanette stayed in for seven months. She was thoroughly psychoanalyzed, finally felt better. For therapy she wove a basket. When she sent this to Edward Traubner, her business manager, Mr. Traubner replied with a note that helped fetch her back to reality.

"Go into the basket-weaving business," he wrote, "if you think there is any profit in baskets that take ten thousand dollars' worth of your time to weave."

Nanette emerged from the rest home with a new philosophy. She puts it about like this: "Everybody has a choice—to live or to die. Dying's no choice, so cancel that out. In living, there are two things. You merely exist or you live to full capacity—without burning yourself up the way I was doing. Most people don't begin to tap their sources as human beings. I loved life before my breakdown, but I was disorganized, driving myself frantic doing everything at full speed all day, with no direction. All motions. Some businessmen do it too. Telephones. Pencils. Golf. Buzzers. All motions and no direction. They collapse, get heart disease or ulcers. It's all the same thing."

Nanette had just enjoyed the triumph of being able to get dressed and eat breakfast when Max Liebman sent for her, but turned her over, instead, to Sid Caesar. The Caesar show, of all unlikely therapies, has given her the sense of direction Nanette feels she needs. Miss Fabray's quotes about Caesar are utterly thankful. The best one, perhaps, is this:

"He's the star of the show, but he's so generous about shoving me in front of the camera that I'm black and blue from being pushed around by Sid Caesar."

Hard work, it appears, gives no one a nervous breakdown. Nanette is spry and healthy today, and toils harder than ever. She starts the week's work at one P.M. every Tuesday with music and costume conferences. On Wednesdays she reads skits with the cast from eleven A.M. to six P.M. On Thursdays the whole show rehearses all day, starting at nine A.M. On Fridays more rehearsals or skits, with dance and production numbers added. On Saturday everybody rehearses everything until late at night. On Sundays there's an all-day orchestra workout at Rockefeller Center.

Monday starts at nine o'clock with a run-through at the Century Theater. Rehearsal is interrupted that day only by costume and hair-do technicians. Caesar supervises each detail. The show is still rehearsing when the producer calls air time at eight o'clock, EST, that evening.

Mr. Caesar and his principal comic aides, Carl Reiner and Howard Morris, put out their cigars only when the show goes on. During rehearsal they puff constantly. Miss Fabray, who works intimately with the three men in many scenes, dodges cigars and tries to avoid asphyxiation all week, is relieved when the show finally starts. Mr. Morris, the short man of the trio, does not enjoy cigars, but he smokes them. "Had to," he claims, "or I'd be mistaken for a girl."

Nanette thrives on the hard work and the tough schedule. "At last I'm a comedienne," she says. "I used to be a mere leading lady."

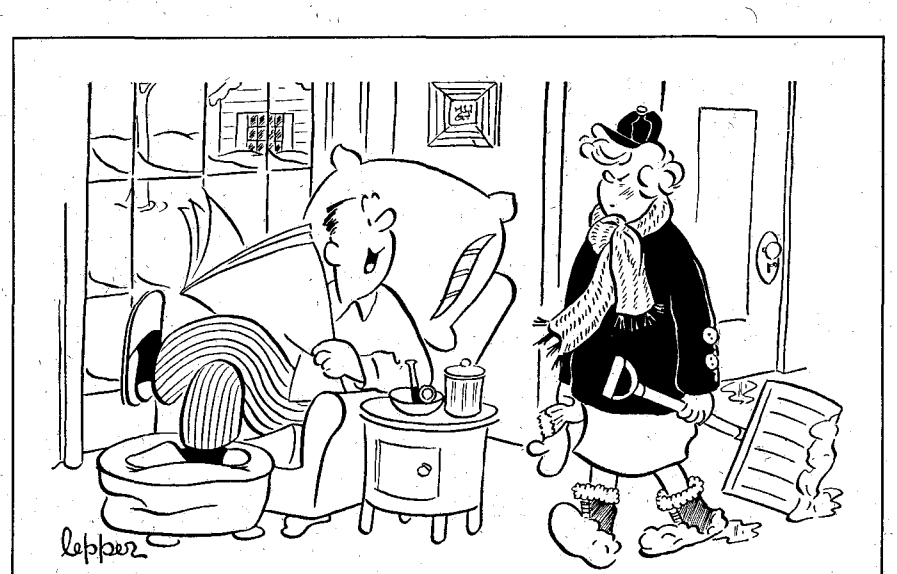
She dotes on her fan mail, which pours in, and tries to answer it all. One anonymous admirer sends yellow roses every Monday night. Three others propose marriage weekly. Most of the mail comes from young women who want advice about clothes. Nanette won the Fashion Academy Award in 1950, but as Mrs. Bob Victor on the Caesar show she wears inexpensive things. She claims they photograph better.

Her most frequently asked question comes from wives. It is inspired by Miss Fabray's crooning of lullabies to Sid Caesar when she is treating her make-believe husband like a little boy.

"Do you really sing your husband to sleep?" several dozen wives ask each week.

Being currently unattached, Miss Fabray doesn't. She wishes, however, to send word that she thinks it might be a good idea.

THE END



"Now. Admit it! That wasn't any tougher than mowing the lawn, was it?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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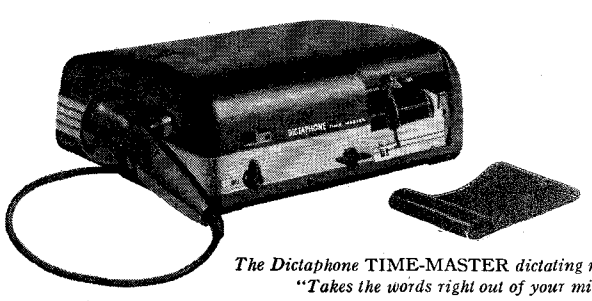

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The American Ingredient (Continued from Page 21)

that sent Bonneval and madame into an absolute hysteria of excitement and happiness.

It was on the stationery of the Cercle Intime des Grands Gourmets de France, in other words, that sacrosanct inner circle of all the gastronomic organizations of the country, those supreme knights of the palate and the gizzard, formed of the most sensitive and exclusive overeaters of a nation devoted to defying indigestion on many fronts.

The missive read in part:

As you may know, this club tenders an annual banquet to His Excellency the President of France, and for which each year a French Chef of outstanding accomplishment is selected to compose the menu and cook the dinner.

Not long ago the Duc de Courbertin happened to dine at your *auberge* while en route. A member of this club, he has professed himself an admirer of your art, he has forwarded such an unstinted and glowing report of your accomplishments and such is his influence with our club that you have been unanimously nominated for the post of *Chef du Cercle* for this year's dinner.

Write us that you accept, *cher* Maître Bonneval, and send us at once your menu and choice of dishes, so that it may be printed and given to the press in advance of the banquet, which is next month. You are, of course, aware that the entire responsibility for the dinner will be yours, and once you have made your choice, there is none can interfere or alter your decisions.

Monsieur and Madame Bonneval read and reread this eloquent letter with tears streaming down their faces and then embraced each other. For the selection as chef to the Cercle Intime for the annual banquet tendered to the president and a few members of the Corps Diplomatique almost automatically carried with it the coveted award of the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

"My dear husband, I am so happy for you," wept Madame Bonneval. "Now at last your true genius has been recognized."

"Oh, would that I were indeed worthy," cried Bonneval, in a seizure of becoming modesty, "and could somehow give something extra in return for this great honor that has come to me!"

And then, as by lightning from the sky, compounded in part from his deep sense of gratitude and the memory of his recent visit to the vast and fruitful land across the sea, Monsieur Bonneval was riven by an idea. The idea embraced how he might be the instrument to perform a good work, earn his decoration and at the same time indicate his gratitude to the generous host from Dallas who had made it possible for him to learn the culinary secrets of the Texans with their chilis and enchiladas, the Alabamans with their *fritures*, the New Englanders with their chowders and dumplings, the Idahoans who produced a fabulous *pomme de terre*, the Californians who roasted meat in a charcoal pit.

"*Maman!*" he shouted to his spouse, who was already seeing the receipts in the black-japanned cashbox doubled, once her husband wore the red rosette. "Do you know what I shall do? I will combine all that I have learned on our recent trip and cook a United States dinner for the president of France, thus proving my skill and originality as well as cementing Franco-American relations. Will this not constitute a sensation?"

"Perhaps it might be wiser if ——" began Madame Bonneval, but then concluded, "Prepared by you, I am sure that it will be a most wonderful repast." Had the chef not been so gripped by excitement and pleased with his marvelous notion, he would have seen that her reply was slightly less than enthusiastic. Often women have a fatal intuition.

Shortly after, Monsieur Bonneval, having accepted the invitation, forwarded to the Cercle his menu, consisting of ten courses and side dishes spreading from New England to the Mexican border, bounded on the east by the Atlantic and the west by the Pacific Ocean.

A secretary acknowledged receipt of this novel and interesting bill of fare and confirmed June fifteenth as the date at the Ritz in Paris. He noted also that, although this was likewise the occasion of the annual dinner at the same hotel of the Chantilly Hunt Club, an organization devoted to the chase, supported by wealthy British and American sportsmen currently residing in the charming area of Chantilly, there would be no interference. The Ritz would provide Monsieur Bonneval with his own kitchen and all the assistance he needed.

And in due course, also, there appeared at the Auberge Château Loiret a scruffy-looking reporter from a Paris paper, with dirty cuffs and even dirtier fingernails. In France it is not unusual for representatives of the press to appear in less than immaculate condition. Hence, Monsieur Bonneval was neither on his guard nor, in his innocence of the world, aware that this specimen was filled with the gall, wormwood and general overflow of malevolence characteristic of his political affiliations.

The fellow named his paper, which meant nothing to Monsieur Bonneval, whose reading was confined chiefly to a sheet giving intimate details of the love and home life of bicycle-race riders. The reporter then said, "I have seen the menu you have presented for the annual capitalistic orgy of—that is to say, the Fête des Gourmets of the Cercle, and wish an interview."

"But of course," replied the unsuspecting Bonneval. "Ask me what you wish to know and all shall be made clear."

"That idea of presenting North American dishes ——"

"Ah, yes. An American millionaire from the famous state of Fort Dallas, in the country of Texas, invited me there. In gratitude to him and this great nation that is aiding us so nobly in combating the evils of communism, I shall cook United States."

The reporter coughed, produced a crumpled cigarette from a soiled packet, extracted a frayed vesta and lit it. Then, consulting Bonneval's menu from a typed sheet, he asked, "This strange item here in the middle of the repast called the 'hush puppy'—what is that?"

"Oh, oh! The hush puppy! This is a most famous and extraordinary food of the inhabitants of the city of Florida in Tallahassee where I have visited."

"Indeed. How, for instance, would you translate this dish?"

M. Bonneval reflected. "To be exact," he replied, "it would be called '*Tais toi, petit chien.*' Is not that adorable?"

"Indeed," agreed the reporter. "But what is it and how did it come by this astonishing name?"

"Ah, ah!" said the delighted Bonneval. "Well may you ask. It is the most touching of stories. It is a dough comprised of white maize flour, baking powder, salt, milk, water and a large chopped onion, and fried in the fat devoted to a *friture* of native fishes."

"Yes, yes, but the origin of the name?" pressed the reporter.

"I was arriving at this," said Monsieur Bonneval. "It is the custom in the Southland, after the hunt or the fishing, to gather about the campfire for a fish fry. There the hunters relate exaggerated tales to themselves and their faithful Negro retainers with their dogs of the hound variety, who sit around the outer edge of the firelit circle of the camp where the evening meal is cooking.

"The odor of the food frequently excites the younger animals in charge of the darkies, causing them to make the disturbance with barks and whines. Then one of the hunters detaches a piece of this marvelous maize-and-onion cake fried in the fish fat and hurls it to the animal, saying softly, 'Hush, puppy. Be quiet, little one.' The satisfaction of this food, it is said, is miraculous, and once a beast has engulfed a portion of it, no further sound emerges from him, and thus the evening's entertainment may proceed without further interference. Is this not a beautiful custom?"

"Quite," said the reporter and, having pumped Monsieur Bonneval some more, permitted the friendly little chef to treat him to a meal and a bottle of wine, and then departed for Paris.

The storm broke three days later. It began, of course, in the communist paper with a story headlined:

U. S. INSULT TO FRANCE! GESTURE OF CONTEMPT! NATIVE CHEF BRIBED TO GIVE FRENCH PRESIDENT MIXTURE FED TO DOGS OF NEGRO SLAVES IN FLORIDA CONCENTRATION CAMP!

The Radical Socialists, fearful that the communists had latched onto something this time, took it up, as did the parties of the Center and the Right.

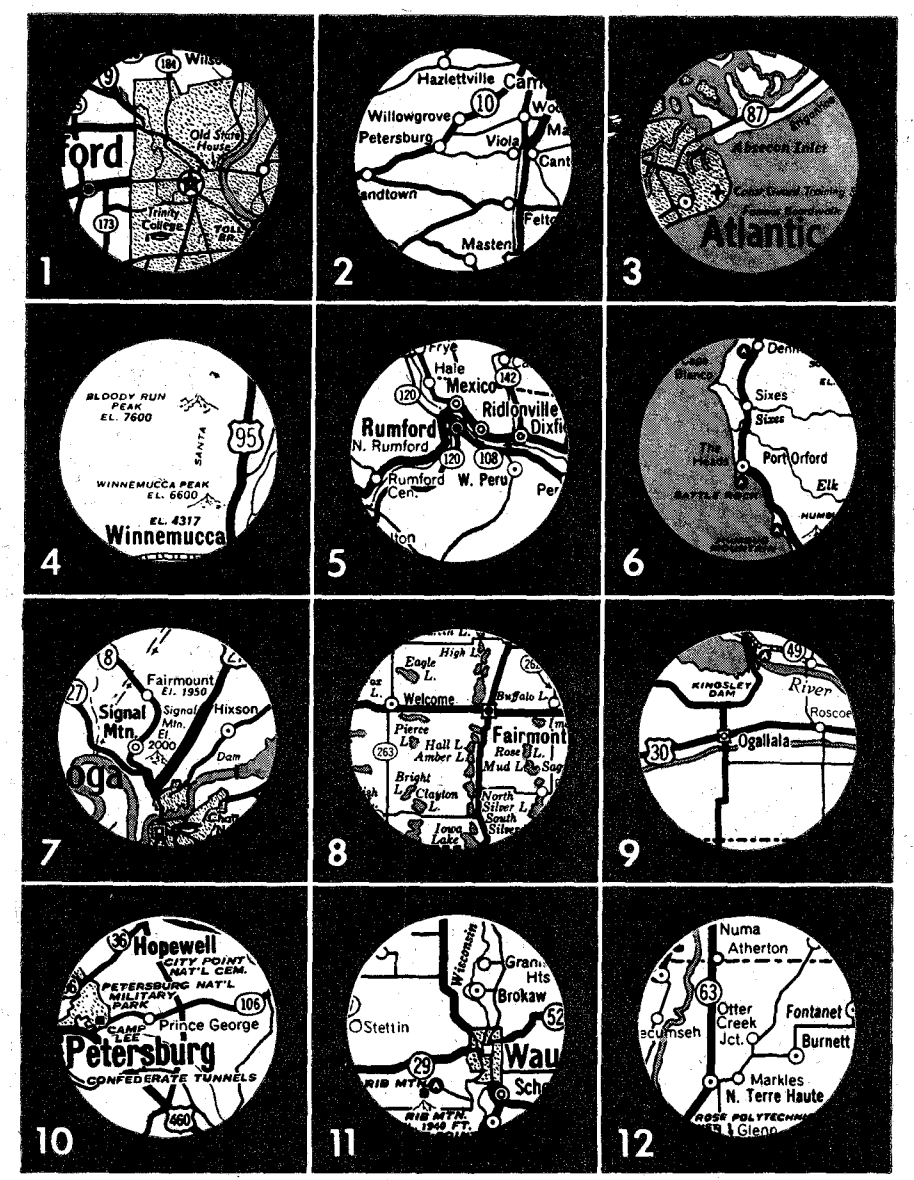
The menu composed by Monsieur Bonneval for the Cercle, which had previously been ignored by the press, was now published in every newspaper, with stinging comment and editorials reflecting all political and cultural shades and opinions.

FRENCH CHIEF OF STATE TO DINE ON DOG BISCUITS trumpeted one. DISHES OF THE SAVAGE INDIANS OF THE MOUNTAINS OF TEXAS FOR FRANCE'S PRESIDENT headlined another. HAS BONNEVAL BEEN BOUGHT? asked a third.

"Can it, then, indeed be true," inquired a fourth, "that it is seriously proposed at the annual banquet of the sacrosanct Cercle to compel the elected head of the French nation to consume a drugged cake used to calm hysterical hounds belonging to the uncivilized inhabitants of a still barbarous portion of the United States?"

The De Gaullists took the nationalistic line and demanded to know since when the classic French cuisine had not been good enough for Frenchmen. The Socialists wrote of American imperialism and interference with the internal affairs of France.

Bonneval was denounced as a traitor in the Assembly—the first time the members of that body apparently agreed on anything. There were repercussions at the Quai D'Orsay, and the ripples eventually reached the (Continued on Page 96)



RAND MCNALLY & CO.

Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states? **Dorothy Joyce.**

(Answers on Page 96)

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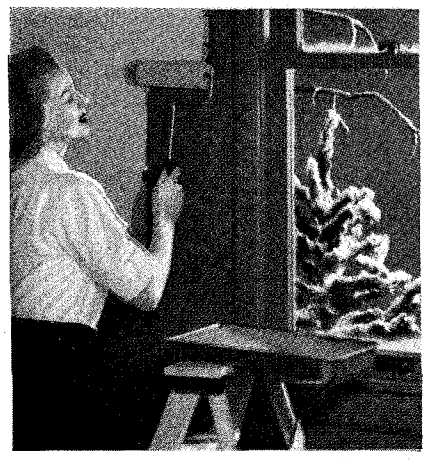
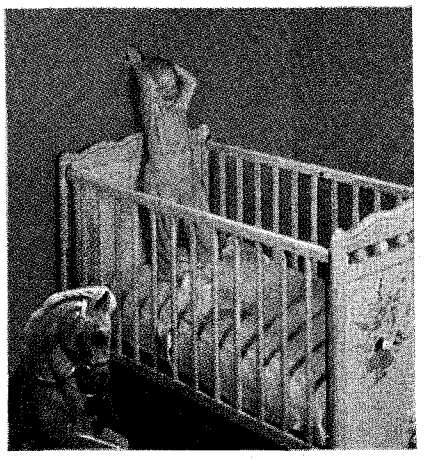
Color Recipe: Ceiling—SPRED SATIN *Ceiling Flat White No. 3470; Walls*—SPRED SATIN *Mayfair No. D-81; Woodwork*—SPEED-WALL *Semi-Gloss White No. 4600; Floor*—GLID-TONE *Honey Maple No. 242*

She's a Smart EARLY BIRD

I've finished my spring painting in January, thanks to SPRED SATIN



YOU BRING ON SPRING in January with SPRED SATIN because you can paint in closed rooms. No objectionable odors, no need to "air out". SPRED SATIN rolls or brushes *twice as fast* as ordinary paint.



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SPRED SATIN-DRAMATONE color chips give you complete decorating information, give harmonizing paint colors, also carpeting, fabric colors. Now anyone can do a *professional decorating job!*

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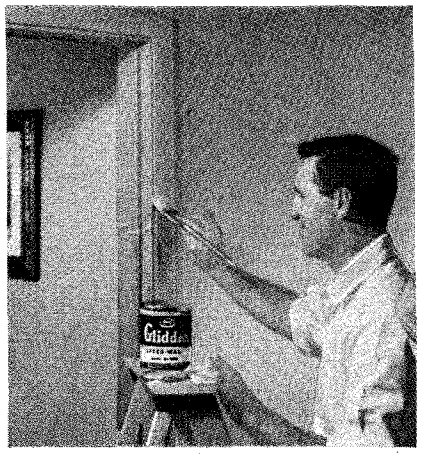

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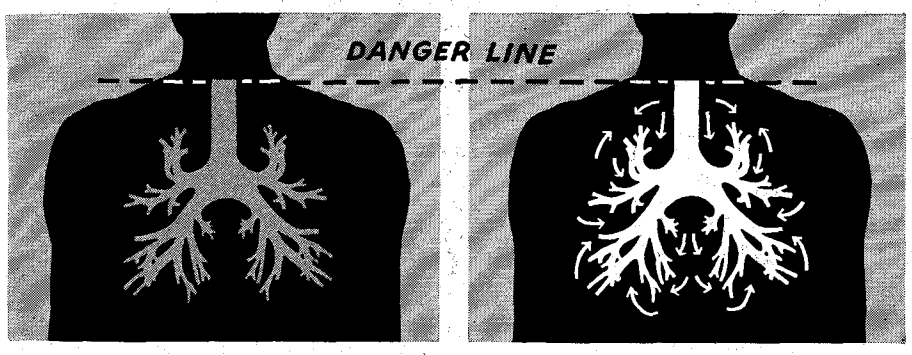
AT LAST! A cough syrup that speeds relief into the "Danger Zone" to help

CLEAR UP COUGHS EVEN BRONCHIAL COUGHS!

DUE TO COLDS



Ordinary cough syrups do not act below the "Danger Line" to effectively clear out clogged bronchial tubes. Serious illness may result.

Wonder action of Super Anahist Cough Syrup penetrates deep into the bronchial area, acting instantly to help clear out the clogged tubes.

New SUPER ANAHIST Cough Syrup with VITAMIN C does what no ordinary cough syrup can do:

1. It penetrates deep into the bronchial area to help break up worst congestion fast!
2. Relieves bacterial allergies of colds to relieve sniffles, sneezes as well as cough.
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4. Relieves cough "tickle"— soothes throat lining fast!
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6. Has no medicine taste— children love it!
7. Helps build back lowered resistance, with Vitamin C.

Result: You stop those severe coughing spasms—expel deep congestion—feel better and sleep better, too.

And on Cold Tablets, Nasal Spray or Chest Rub the name SUPER ANAHIST means "Best Medicine for Cold's Distress"

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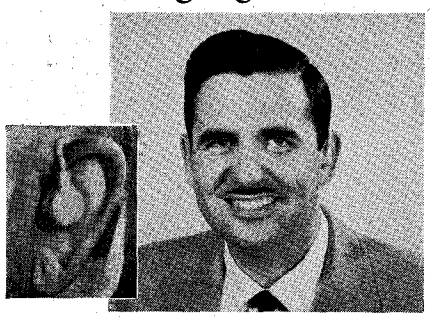
MIDGET HEARING AID ALL ON ONE EAR!

no dangling cords



- *more natural ear level hearing*
- *use telephone naturally*
- *ends clothing static forever*
- *clearer, more life-like tone*
- *weighs fraction of an ounce*

It's easier to put on than a pair of glasses—fits comfortably and unnoticed behind one ear. No cords, headbands—nothing interferes with complete freedom. Women completely conceal it with a bit of hair. Full range finger-tip adjustment.

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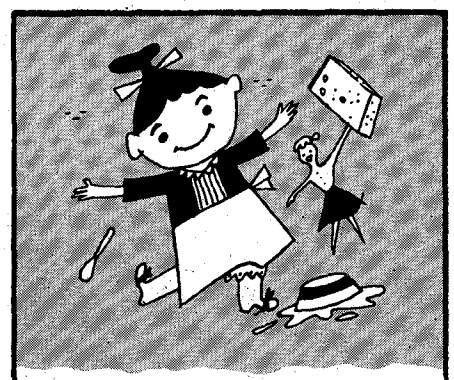

More of the meal's on Baby than in!
Mom has the answer, to see her grin.
Du Pont Sponges mop spills with ease,
Rinse out fresh with just a squeeze!

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LONG-WEARING

DU PONT SPONGES

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping

Better Things for Better Living...*through Chemistry*

(Continued from Page 94)

State Department in Washington, causing a query to be cabled to the American ambassador in Paris.

Poor Bonneval found himself plunged into a sheer hell of notoriety. He was badgered by the press. Hordes of reporters descended upon peaceful Loiret. He was the recipient of petitions and blackguarding mail and was subjected to abuse and pressure of every kind.

The Cercle itself, consisting for the most part of aristocrats and professional people disinterested in politics, took a strong line and issued a statement to the effect that the banquet was traditional and once the chef was selected the entire responsibility for the menu remained with him. The club would under no circumstances interfere.

But this left Bonneval alone to weather the tempest, buffeted hither and thither. He was no reed, however, but a man of courage and considerable stubbornness. He was a Frenchman and independent, and he refused to budge, though, of course, all hope of his Legion of Honor faded.

The harassed chef had one silent rooter in the person of the American ambassador, a cultured and patient man who was already fed to the teeth with the dangerous antics of French politicians in international affairs, and who diplomatically refrained from taking any part in this controversy. But privately he remarked to his wife, "By George, the little fellow has courage. If he serves that dinner I'll see that he gets a decoration from the U.S.A. if it's the last thing I do."

But the unhappy affair was taking its toll. The unfortunate chef began to lose some of his comfortable rotundity. Worry and lack of sleep drained the cheerful stoveside red from his face.

But the dignity of Monsieur Bonneval under these attacks was something splendid to see as he stood firm on his decision to present the best dishes of France's old friend and ally. His physical as well as moral courage was an example, so much so that a few more daring souls even began to speak up in defense of his rights.

And then, suddenly and inexplicably Monsieur Bonneval yielded. At first the news was received with astonishment and skepticism until it proved to be true, confirmed by the Cercle. The pressures had apparently been too much for Bonneval to bear, and giving in, he had presented a substitute menu in honest French for the president's banquet.

Most saddened by this news was the American ambassador, so much so that he almost canceled his acceptance to the invitation to the dinner, but, on second thought and the persuasion of his wife, reconsidered.

The communists crowed; the De Gaullists exulted; the Socialists pointed with pride. And only two people really knew what final straw had proved too much for the back of this stout little culinary camel. It had been none other than Madame Bonneval.

Unable any longer to bear the spectacle of her gallant husband withering away before her eyes, she had said to him a week before the date of the affair, "Armand, I beg of you, do what they wish. You cannot hold out against all of France."

"Never! No one may dictate what I, Armand Bonneval, shall cook!"

"Armand, my husband, do this for me. I cannot bear these attacks any longer. I shall have a breakdown."

Bonneval regarded his wife long and fondly. "There is no power on earth could make me give in but you," he said finally.

"Oh, Armand! Do you promise?" Madame was deeply touched, for she knew that never had a greater compliment been paid her.

"Very well then. I promise."

"Ah! I am so happy! See, I did it only for you. Now you will receive your Legion of Honor. In the end, you would have regretted having lost it, besides making yourself ill."

"Wretched woman, what have you done?" cried Bonneval. "I should never have yielded for myself. Give me back my promise."

But this, madame refused to do, insisting it was true that the strain was too much for her, and in the end Bonneval went into the little office and mused upon the devious ways of women. Then, suddenly, with a curiously intense expression on his countenance, and removing his chef's toque and napkin for greater freedom of thought, he penned the substitute menu and sent it off to Paris. I have a copy of it before me and reproduce it as it appeared in all the French newspapers:

BOUILLABAISSE DES PALOURDES DE NORMANDIE À LA CRÈME
SAUMON DE LOIRE DIABLE SOUS CENDRE, SAUCE DE L'ENFER

ENTRAILLES DE JEUNE PORC À LA BAMA
FEUILLES DES NAVETS AU LARD,
QUENELLES DE MAIZE BLANC AU PAYS FLEURI

POULET DE BRESSE, TERRE MARIE
POMMES DE TERRE DE SENÈGAL CANDIES
SOUFFLÉ INDIENNE

SALADE ROUGE DE AVOCADO

GÂTEAU DE COURGE

You have no doubt read of the tremendous success of the banquet of the Cercle and the cheers that echoed for the great chef who cooked it. But you will not know about the strange affair of the disturbance next door, plus the astonishing behavior of the American ambassador.

The matter of the interference from the adjoining banquet hall will remain your secret and mine, when I have revealed it, but there were several in the vicinity of the American ambassador, when he seemed to be in the grip of a seizure of near apoplexy, who declared that his difficulty appeared to be, as the dinner progressed, to keep from laughing himself to death.

But first we should glance backstage to the special kitchen of the Ritz, where guest-chef Armand Bonneval, like Toscanini, conducting without a score, created his fabulous banquet wholly from memory and without referring to any text.

Refusing all assistance provided in the form of fryers, sauce makers and junior cooks, he buzzed about the kitchen, a veritable dynamo of energy, whipping salt pork, minced clams, potatoes, onions and cream into the wonderful bouillabaisse; with his own hands preparing the hot sauce

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

Page 94

1. Connecticut
2. Delaware
3. New Jersey
4. Nevada
5. Maine
6. Oregon
7. Tennessee
8. Minnesota
9. Nebraska
10. Virginia
11. Wisconsin
12. Indiana

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containing onion, catchup, vinegar, Worcestershire, various peppers, paprika and chili powder for the charcoal-grilled salmon; and crisping the long, sausage-shaped quenelles in the fat wherein frizzled the fascinating dish of swine's intestines flavored with cloves and chopped red peppers.

With deft touch and loving care he golden-browned the tender Bresse chicken sections, creating the thick cream gravy to pour over them. To the tubers imported from French Africa he added honey, orange juice and brown sugar; he took particular care with the vegetable pudding and the avocado salad, and lavished attention upon the dessert browning in the oven.

Marvelous odors, rich and spicy, filled the kitchen and were wafted out to the two banqueting rooms beyond—the one where the Cercle waited hungrily, and next door where the Chantilly Hunt Club was likewise dining in great state, formal red coats and all.

Reports tell how the members of the Cercle were enthralled by the very first dish—the wonderful soup concocted by their guest chef. They began to applaud with the appearance of the fish course with its new and marvelous sauce, and their enthusiasm knew no bounds with the arrival of the pork accompanied by the quenelles, the like of which, for flavor, they had never tasted before.

Tears were shed over the chicken with its accessories of fabulous potatoes and extraordinary soufflé. Excitement mounted to a fever pitch with the unusual salad, and when the fragrant, mahogany-brown, spicy Gâteau de Courge appeared, the dignified members of the Cercle, stuffed to the eyebrows, were prepared to carry Monsieur Bonneval in triumph upon their shoulders.

However, this had to wait upon the address of the president of the nation and the summoning of the guest-chef to the banquet room to receive the plaudits of the members and France's highest decoration.

It was at this moment, just as the toastmaster announced, "*Messieurs, le Président de la République*" that the disturbance next door broke out, precipitating a crisis such as not even the oldest member of the Cercle could recall.

For as the chief of state rose to his feet, several dozen hounds collected in the hall without gave tongue simultaneously in shrill whines, barkings, yappings, yelps and shrieks. It was the famous Chantilly Pack, being brought to the banquet for the annual ceremony of being blessed by the Bishop of Chantilly.

Held in leash outside the banquet hall in the foyer, they yapped vociferously in both French and English, while the president of France stood on his feet, unable to hear himself think, much less speak, and the chairman and members of the Cercle turned crimson with embarrassment. No one knew what to do. Indeed there seemed to be nothing to be done to save the situation.

But attend! Likewise outside the door, up to his knees in baying fox hounds, there waited one who was also in possession of a tremendous secret. It was none other than M. Armand Bonneval, ready to be called inside to take his bow. He saw the impasse. He realized the solution. For him, to see and to know were to act.

"*Vite! Vite!*" he called to an assistant nearby. "Bring the quenelles! Run! Fetch the remaining quenelles at once!"

The assistant ran. He returned with a huge dish heaped high with crispy, fragrant, brown, sausage-shaped cakes. Bonneval seized them and flung them by handfuls to the screaming Chantilly Pack.

"*Taisez-vous, méchants chiens!*" he cried.

The animals flung themselves upon the succulent offerings. They gobbled. And a moment later nothing but silence, golden silence broken only by almost inaudible canine snufflings of joy, filled the foyers and banqueting rooms. The president commenced to speak; ten minutes later, Monsieur Bonneval made his entrance, to be greeted with a standing ovation and ringing cheers as the distinguished new member of France's Légion d'Honneur.

And outside in the hall a baffled Negro kennel boy in the employ of an American film man, owner of the Chantilly Pack, fingered one of the golden-brown, sausage-length cakes and, shaking his head, said, "He called 'em quenelles, but dey looks like, dey smells like, dey tastes like and dey sure enough acts like good old-fashioned Tallahassee hush puppies."

Ah, yes. By now you will have guessed what that wicked Monsieur Bonneval had done to revenge himself upon his tormentors, evade the promise extracted by his wife and maintain the dignity of a chef of the Cordon Bleu, retired, to whom nobody tells anything about what he shall or shall not cook, or how.

But if not, you will only have to imagine yourself a mouse at a quiet investiture in the American Embassy, where M. Armand Bonneval was decorated with the United States medal of the Legion of Merit, the citation reading in part, "For courage in the face of great adversity and an unexampled demonstration of supreme friendship for the United States of America."

For, being the only American present at the exclusive feast of the Cercle, none but the ambassador, who had been born in Alabama, educated in the Midwest, attended Harvard Law School and practiced law on the Pacific Coast, was aware of the true nature of the French-sounding repast prepared by M. Bonneval.

Picture the diplomat's joy, for instance, when the bouillabaisse arrived and he found himself eating the finest Boston clam chowder to be had outside of Gallagher's Fish House on South Market Street. Imagine his delight at next being presented with barbecued salmon with roundup barbecue sauce, as it is prepared in the Columbia River section of the Northwest, where the big sockeyes run, followed by Alabama hog chitlins with turnip greens, pot likker and genuine Florida-style hush puppies.

His enchantment, amusement and affection for the little chef grew with the appearance of Maryland fried chicken with cream sauce, candied yams and old-fashioned Southern-style corn pudding, was augmented by the real red Guacamole the way they used to make it in Monterey, and climaxed by the appearance of the famous *Gâteau de Courge*, which any French dictionary and a little imagination and skill translate into good old New England pumpkin pie.

None of the above, of course, appeared in the citation; the ambassador never mentioned it to anyone, nor did Bonneval ever breathe a word, not even after his red rosette was securely implanted in his buttonhole.

Nevertheless, the facts have somehow managed to leak out and appear in this space, unfortunately or fortunately, as you may care to look at it, considering that that great delicacy, the Tallahassee hush puppy, has probably made its last appearance in *la belle France*. THE END

Museum Musing

By Lucille M. Bonaiuto

I have learned, after wandering
through numerous galleries,
That Renaissance ladies didn't
count calories.

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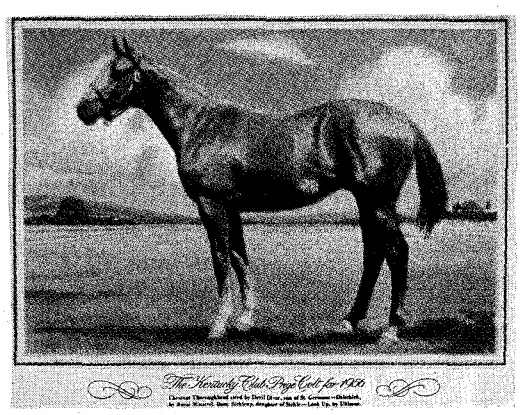

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The Jailkeeper's Daughter

(Continued from Page 24)

pants pocket and opened it and began cleaning dust from under his fingernails.

"Action," he murmured. "That's what I need. A little action." Chet Rollins turned his head slow and looked at him. Monte closed the knife and slipped it back in the pocket. He pushed his hat up his forehead. "Shucks," he said. "That's just a job."

Chet Rollins sighed. "It's only been two weeks since ——"

"That long?" said Monte. "That's a mighty long time. At my age anyway."

Chet Rollins sighed again. Beside him, Monte shifted rump on the rail and turned a bit toward him.

"No," said Chet. "I ain't got a cent."

The hot glaze of mid-afternoon shimmered over the two corrals and on out over the far plain. Monte strolled to the side fence and vaulted it and angled to the bunkhouse. Inside he began a thorough search, unhurried, competent, pulling out the pockets of the clothes hanging on wooden pegs along the front wall, peeling back blankets and feeling under the lumpy straw-filled mattresses in the bunks along the side walls. Several dollar bills and some change began to accumulate in his left pants pocket.

"There'll be a ruckus," said Chet Rollins in the doorway, "when the boys get in."

"Shucks," said Monte. "They always ante in an emergency."

Ten minutes later, jogging along at a steady pace across the plain, he heard hoofbeats behind him. Chet Rollins on a chunky gray came alongside his short-coupled pinto and pulled to the same pace. They jogged along in a companionable silence.

"Poorest outfit I ever was with," said Monte Walsh. "Only seven dollars and seventeen cents."

The unorganized town of Harmony slept in the afternoon glaze. Curtains were pulled or flour bags hung at the windows of the few houses to shut out the sun. The doors of the livery stable and the blacksmith shop and the stage station were closed for the same sensible reason. The wide porch of the combination hotel and office building served the same purpose. A blanket hung down over the one wide window of the barbershop. An innovation—an awning—shaded the front of the general store. Even three of the four saloons had the solid doors behind the swinging doors closed. Down the brief length of the main, the only recognizable, street not a twitch of movement disturbed the silence. Two freight wagons stood motionless in the street dust, their ox teams lying down under the yokes. Across the way an old farm wagon sagged over its axles, its team still and wooden, too dulled even to flick tails at flies. Harmony reigned in Harmony. And over the last rise of the rolling plain that stretched to the horizon all around and on down to the main street jogged a short-coupled pinto and a chunky gray.

"Well, looka there," said Monte Walsh. "One new shack and a frill on the store."

The two knowing cow ponies swung together to the tie rail in front of the one open saloon. Monte and Chet Rollins dismounted and eased cinches and stepped up across the plank sidewalk and went inside. The bartender, perched on a stool behind the bar and hunched forward on his elbows, reading a newspaper, looked up and saw them coming. He reached under the bar and set out two small glasses and a plain labelless bottle half filled with a dark, deadly liquid and returned to his paper.

"Not that stuff," said Monte. "We can pay."

The bartender turned his head to look up sideways. He waited. Monte fished in his left pants pocket and pulled out one of the dollar bills and laid it on the bar. The bartender swiveled on the stool and reached with both hands, one to take the dollar, the other to take a bottle with a bright label off the shelf behind him. He set the bottle out by the two glasses and in the same motion restored the first bottle to its place beneath the bar. He settled again on his elbows over the paper.

"That'll cover four," he said.

Monte Walsh and Chet Rollins drained the first pair and leaned with backs against the bar, surveying the interior of the saloon. An old man in too-large clothes that looked even older sat slouched on a chair near the front, staring dull-eyed out the one side window at the blank wall of the next building. Farther back, the two freighters from the wagons outside slept with long, puffing snores by a streak-topped table. One was upright, head back, mouth open. The other was slumped forward on the table, head cradled in his arms by an empty bottle.

"Mighty lively," murmured Monte Walsh.

The bartender slapped his hands down on his newspaper and pushed up straighter. "What d'you expect?" he said. "A brass band and dancing girls? Won't be payday for any outfit around for a week or more." He settled again to his paper.

Monte Walsh and Chet Rollins drained the second pair. Monte stooped down and peered toward the back of the saloon. At this level he could see, behind a round table in a corner, stretched out on three chairs in a line, the long thin form of a man lying asleep with a hat over his face. Monte strolled back and fingered the top chips in a box on the round table. He picked up the deck of cards beside the box and riffled them with little snapping sounds.

The figure on the chair stirred and a voice issued from under the hat, "What've you got?"

Monte tried to sound joyful. "Six dollars," he said.

"That ain't even drinking money," said the voice.

Monte strolled toward the front. Chet Rollins was inspecting what looked like a framed picture on the wall, but there was no picture in the frame. Between the board back and the glass many nails in zigzag patterns stuck out from the wood, their tips almost touching the glass. Along the top were slits in the frame. Along the bottom, behind the glass, was a row of little compartments. The one in the middle offered, in gilt letters, the golden legend: $10. Two others, spaced out on each side, proclaimed: $5. The others were blank. Pasted to the back boards in an upper corner, plain through the glass, was a diagram showing a coin being inserted in one of the slits and tracing with a dotted line its course bouncing from nail to nail and dropping into the ten-dollar compartment.

"Ain't that cute?" said Chet Rollins. "Those blamed nails're so close together over the winners nothing could get through if it tried."

The bartender slapped his hands down on his newspaper. His voice was aggrieved. "Man so stupid he can't figure that out," he said, "deserves to lose his money." He settled to his paper again.

Footsteps sounded on the plank sidewalk outside. Two pairs of polished boots showed beneath the swinging doors and two top hats above them passing by. Monte Walsh and Chet Rollins stood by the bar and looked at each other. Monte reached for the bottle, but the bartender's hand was there first. The bartender went on reading, his hand holding the bottle. Monte fished in his pocket and extracted another dollar bill. The bartender's hand left the bottle and took the bill.

"Wonder who's dead?" murmured Monte. The bartender turned his head and looked up. "Funeral, ain't it?" said Monte.

"No," said the bartender, and returned to his reading.

Monte Walsh and Chet Rollins drained the third pair. Monte strolled over to the old man by the window. He was beginning to bounce a bit off his toes as he walked. "Hello, Johnny," he said. The old man's head lifted and swung toward him. Monte leaned closer. "Buffalo," he said.

The old man straightened on the chair. His eyes brightened. "Where?" He jumped up and looked around and his eyes focused on Monte. "Aw-w-w, you," he said. "Cows. That's all you know. You ain't never seen 'em. Thick as flies they was, right around here." He waved an arm in a wild gesture and his voice began to climb. "Skinnin' was what I did. Any jack kin shoot a gun. You gotta know to skin." He moved out into the open and began to flourish an imaginary knife. "Cut it around the neck. Up by the horns. Slice it down the belly. Clear to the tail. Slit it down the legs. Peg it through the nose. Hook on the team and start ——"

"Not now, Johnny," said Monte Walsh. He was headed for the door and the sound of hoofs and creaking wheels outside. The old man subsided, shaking his head, and returned to his chair. (Continued on Page 100)

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"REDCAP!"

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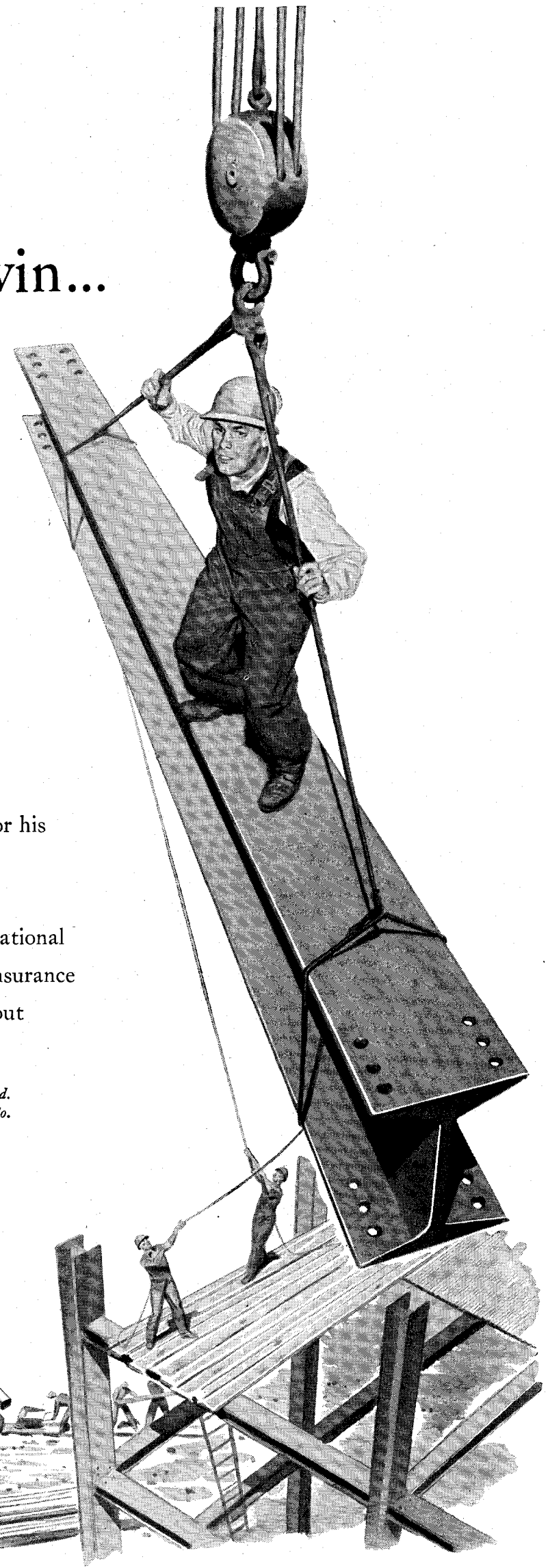

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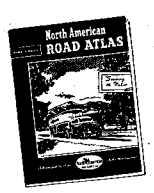

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WORLD-WIDE MOVING SERVICE BY LAND, SEA, AIR

(Continued from Page 98) Outside on the sidewalk, Monte Walsh and Chet Rollins watched the stagecoach swing in by the hotel down the street. They saw two men climb out and recognized them, despite their dressed-up appearance, as the proprietor of the general store and one of Harmony's three land-claim lawyers. They saw these two stand aside, very respectful, while a third man climbed out, very neat and respectable in a matching suit and tall hat. They saw the three be greeted on the hotel porch by the two who had passed the saloon, and all of them disappear inside. They looked at each other and returned to the bar.

Monte filled their two glasses again. The old man was off his chair and coming close. "Lemme tell you," said the old man. "Sixty-seven in one day. That's what I did. It was out ——"

"Some other time, Johnny," said Monte. He leaned over the bar and reached under and found another small glass and filled it from the bottle and handed it to the old man. "Make it last," he said, and the old man retired to his chair, hugging the glass to his outsize old shirt front.

The bartender took the bottle and set it back on the shelf behind him. "Oughta count that," he said, and returned to his reading.

Monte Walsh and Chet Rollins raised their fourth pair and looked at each other over the glasses. "Preacher?" suggested Chet.

"No," said Monte. "Wrong kind of collar. Railroad man maybe."

The bartender groaned. He folded his paper and set it aside. He picked a cloth from under the bar and began to wipe already dry glasses with mechanical gestures. "It's a judge," he said. "Kind of a judge. Justice of the peace. Sent out by the county to civilize you heathen."

Monte studied his glass, shifting it to catch the light from the door through the whisky. "Anything interesting for him to judge today?"

"No," said the bartender. "Ain't been a payday lately."

Monte studied the glass some more. "You mean," he said, "you get a judge here today and there ain't a thing for him to judge about?"

The bartender shrugged shoulders and eyebrows at the same time. He made a point of turning about and retiring with his cloth to the other end of the bar.

"My, oh, my," murmured Monte Walsh. "What'll he think of the place?"

Chet Rollins sighed. He drained his drink and picked up the paper and edged away from Monte and unfolded the paper and inspected the front page.

"What kind of a judge d'you think he is?" said Monte. "Five-dollar kind?"

Chet Rollins folded the newspaper slow and careful and put it down. He pointed at the nail-studded contraption on the wall and held out a hand, palm flat. Monte fished in his left pants pocket and pulled out a nickel and laid it on the palm. Chet ambled over and dropped it through one of the slits. It joggled from nail to nail and bounced into a blank compartment. Chet ambled back. "See?" he said.

Monte Walsh paid no attention. He was cradling his drink in his right hand and rocking slow and soft on his boot soles and staring upward, dreamy-eyed. "Looked like a five-dollar judge to me," he said.

Chet Rollins sighed again. "I ain't listening," he said. "I ain't even here." He ambled to the opposite side of the saloon and set a chair by the wall and sat on it, tilting it against the wall and settling his feet on one of the rungs.

Monte Walsh reached his left hand into his left pants pocket and took it out and counted what was in it. He put the hand back in the pocket and took it out empty. He drained his drink and set the glass down with a little flourish. He strolled out into the middle of the floor and reached up and pushed his hat off his forehead.

"Yow-eee!" he yelled. "I'm ahowling!"

The old man turned on his chair and regarded Monte with a vacant stare, and turned back to his glass and the window. Chet Rollins sat still and studied his boot tips with a pained expression on his face. The two freighters stirred a little and went on snoring. The man lying on the three chairs at the rear jackknifed up to sitting position and surveyed the room and retrieved his hat and lay down again. The bartender groaned again and tossed his cloth aside and leaned on his arms on the bar to watch developments.

Monte pushed his hat farther back and scratched by one ear. He strolled over by the freighters, bouncing off his toes with each step, and fingered the high crown of the hat of the one slumped over the table. With gentle touch he tested the space between the top of the crown and the head beneath. He strolled back to the middle of the open space and pulled his gun and fired, and the hat lifted off the freighter's head and flapped to the floor with a neat hole through the crown. The two freighters jerked on their chairs, struggling out of sleep, and their eyes focused on Monte. They saw him dropping his gun into its holster. They saw him stand, rocking on his boot soles, grinning at them.

"Yow-eee!" he yelled. "I'm really ahowling!"

They looked at each other. One fished a coin out of a shirt pocket. "Tails," he said, and flipped it spinning and caught it and slapped it on his other wrist. A slow smile spread over his face. He tucked the coin back into the pocket and started to rise.

"Shucks," said Monte, rocking forward, "I mean both of you." He took hold of their table and tipped it onto them, and they went sprawling and came up off the floor in a roaring rush.

The bartender reached under the bar and took hold of a heavy bung starter and walked down the length of the bar and around the front end.

"That ain't polite," said Chet Rollins. He was quiet on his tilted chair, but his gun was out of its holster and held in his right hand on his lap.

"All right," said the bartender, "but it's a lot quicker." He laid the bung starter on the bar. He threw back his shoulders and drew in a deep breath and plunged forward into the whirling melee in the middle of the floor.

"Yow-eee!" yelled Monte Walsh, slammed into the bar to the tune of rattling glass, and bouncing off and using the momentum to drive a shoulder into the bartender's midriff. "Three's more like it!"

Justice Coleman rocked with slight little testing sways in the swivel chair that adorned the office that had been his for almost an hour. He liked the chair. It fitted his rear proportions and did not squeak with the rockings. Encouraged, he leaned back in it until it rested against the edge of the roll-top desk behind him. He folded his hands in his lap and looked straight ahead to inspect the battered, stocky figure of Monte Walsh.

"Disturbing the peace, eh?" he said in a careful judicial tone. He turned his head a bit to the right to inspect the battered figures of the two freighters and the bartender. "There would appear to be ample evidence," he said, and turned his head to the left toward the row of townsmen along the wall for appreciation of his remark and obtained it. He looked straight forward again at Monte Walsh. "Well, young man. I expect you are expert at explanations."

"Shucks, no," said Monte. "Things were so blamed peaceful seemed to make sense disturbing 'em."

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Justice Coleman unfolded his hands and folded them again with fingers reversed. "So you proceeded to disturb them," he said. "Logical. From your point of view. But alas, not legal. So it becomes my duty to disturb you."

"Go right ahead, judge," said Monte, and shoved his left hand into his left pants pocket.

"I intend to," said Justice Coleman. "That will be ten dollars ——" He stopped. He straightened in the swivel chair and pushed it with his feet against the floor as far back as possible, butting against the roll-top desk. Monte Walsh was halfway to him, hands out to grab, before being intercepted by one of the freighters in a flying dive, followed close by the bartender and the other freighter. Justice Coleman tucked his feet out of the way under the swivel chair and watched a repetition of the original disturbance. He began to be worried. Reinforcements sprang from along the wall. He sighed in relief. He pushed his feet out again and settled into a more comfortable position, and looked down at

... ...

Lines to Myself at 6:30 A. M.

By Stephen Schlitzer

Although you're reluctant
to face the day,
Don't look so dejected and
blue,
Just remember this as you
go your way:
The day must also face you!

... ...

Monte Walsh flat on the floor with a man sitting on each leg and arm. "—— or ten days," he said.

The last light of the sun low to the horizon shone through the one high window in the rear wall of Harmony's new shack. The bright patch it cast on the side wall was marred by four perpendicular shadow lines made by four iron bars set into the window frame. There was no glass in the window. An outside shutter had been swung back and hooked to the outside wall. The outside door of the shack stood open. It led into a narrow anteroom running across the front of the shack. The inside partition had a doorway leading into the one wide squarish room behind. A grillwork of iron bars filled this inner doorway, hung on heavy outside hinges at one side and fastened with a heavy padlock on the other. A plump, graying, pear-shaped man in old dungarees and a plaid shirt stood by the grillwork, peering through at Monte Walsh, inside on the edge of the cot along one wall.

Monte lay back on the cot and put his hands up behind his head and regarded the ceiling. "Shucks," he said. "How was I to know they'd got a jail too?"

"Don't go getting snooty," said the pear-shaped man. "It ain't just for you."

Monte continued to regard the ceiling. "Now me," he murmured, "I'd be plumb ashamed to be running a jail."

"It's a job," said the pear-shaped man. He turned away and disappeared from view. Monte waited a moment. He came to his feet in one motion and made a quick circuit of the squarish room. It was firm and solid. He stopped by the grillwork door. Near the bottom, between two cross strips, a segment of bar had been removed, leaving an opening about ten inches square.

"Have to be a circus freak," he said, "to wiggle through that."

He put the one chair in the shack under the one window and stood on it and looked out. A hundred yards away, Chet Rollins sat, easy and casual, on the chunky gray, holding a lead rope fastened to the bridle of the short-coupled pinto. He saw Monte's face between the bars and waved his free hand in cheery salute and took hold of his reins and swung the horses away. Monte watched him jogging into the distance.

"Why, that low-bellied snake," he said. "Leaving me here." He returned to the cot and lay back again and regarded the ceiling.

The bright patch on the front wall faded and the diffused light of dusk crept through the shack, leaving darkening shadows in the corners. Monte heard slight sounds by the doorway and turned his head. A plate heaped with beef stew was coming through the small square opening near the bottom and being set on the floor just inside. "Wondered what that was for," he murmured. A large tin cup of coffee followed the plate. He sat upright on the cot. The hand holding the cup was small and feminine. He came to his feet, light and quick, and was over by the doorway. Outside, a neat figure, plump and pleasing, was rising upright from a stooping position. It filled out an old gingham dress with satisfying completeness and the head above the dress was young and healthy, with a broad, glowing, good-natured face and a quantity of darkish hair pulled back and tied behind with a small ribbon.

"My, oh, my," said Monte Walsh. "Where'd you come from?"

She stepped back a pace and looked him over. "You don't seem so much," she said. "I thought you'd be horrible. Beating up three men. . . . Oh. From that house next door. That's where we live. We've been here five weeks already."

"No," said Monte. "All that time and I've missed you?"

"You wouldn't see me," she said. "Not the places you'd go. Just put those dishes outside when you're through." She started away.

"Hey," said Monte. "You married to him?"

She stopped and swung at the waist to turn her head back toward him. "I can't see as that's any of your affair. But it's no. He's my father."

"Lovely," said Monte. "Just plain lovely."

She turned around to face him, hands on hips. "Listen, Mister Cowboy. This is business. See? You mean a dollar a day to us on the feeding, and that's fifty cents profit if you don't eat too much."

"Shucks," said Monte. "I'll just nibble a little." He was talking to her back as she departed.

He squatted on the floor and sniffed the stew. He cleaned the plate and finished the coffee. He set the dishes outside through the square hole and retired to the cot and the ceiling. The dusk deepened into darkness and a thin sliver moon climbed the sky. He heard soft sounds at the window and rolled his head to look. In the faint light of the moon he made out fingers tying a rope to one of the bars. He came to his feet, quick and light, and stepped up on the chair by the window. The round, stubbled face of Chet Rollins beamed at him through the bars.

"Nice evening," said Chet. He was standing on his saddle on the back of the chunky gray. The short-coupled pinto, ground-reined, waited patiently thirty feet away. Chet's face sank from sight as he dropped down into the saddle.

"Hey," whispered Monte. "Don't ——"

"Nothing to it," came Chet's voice from below the window. The gray moved out from the rear wall and the rope stretched taut between the bar and the saddle horn.

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Chet tickled the gray with his spurs and it plowed forward, head low and straining, and the window frame, complete with its bars, ripped out of the wall and bounced to the ground.

"Why, that double-crossing jackass," murmured Monte.

He watched Chet Rollins swing to the ground and amble over to the fallen window frame and start unfastening the rope. He heard running footsteps coming from the house next door toward the doorway of the shack. He jumped off the chair and stepped over by the grillwork door. The pear-shaped man appeared in a nightshirt, a shotgun in his hands, his eyes wide and popping as he tried to see into the dark interior.

"What's going on in there?" he said.

"Nothing much," said Monte. "I tripped over the bucket."

"Well, quit it," said the pear-shaped man. "I need my sleep." He bent down and took up the plate and cup and departed toward the house. Monte retired to the cot and lay back and closed his eyes.

"What're you doing in there?" said Chet Rollins from the window opening. "Packing a trunk?"

"Go fly a kite," suggested Monte.

Chet Rollins shifted his feet to a firmer position on the saddle and leaned on the edge of the window opening. "That judge can't boss outside of town," he said. He waited. There was no response. He sighed. "Who's the girl this time? How'd you meet her, stuck in there?" He waited again. He sighed again and pushed out from the window edge and dropped down into the saddle.

Monte opened his eyes and raised his head, listening. He heard soft hoofbeats, muffled in the dust, fade away. He settled his head back down and wriggled into a more comfortable position on the cot.

"Three times a day for ten days," he murmured, and was asleep.

The thin sliver moon climbed higher and arched downward and dipped below the horizon and the first faint glimmerings of the light before dawn crept into the shack. There were small scraping noises in the neighborhood of the window opening. Monte Walsh stirred and wriggled on the cot and sudden was still, eyes wide open. He had company. He rolled his head and saw Chet Rollins a few feet away, flanked on one side by Dally Johnson and on the other by Powder Kent.

"I could yell," said Monte.

"We could ram a gag down your throat," said Chet.

"Coming peaceable?" said Dally. "Or do we have to truss you like a dressed chicken?"

"Better had," said Powder. "One of those dollars was mine."

"Did you think," said Chet Rollins, leading the way to the window, "I was going to finish topping those broncs all by my lonesome?"

The unorganized town of Harmony was wide awake in the afternoon glaze. Curtains were pulled at some of the houses to shut out more than the sun. The street doors of the livery stable and the blacksmith shop were wide open. New signs offering new bargains were tacked on the front of the general store under the awning. Cow ponies in rows stood patiently twitching tails along the tie rails. Down the brief length of the main street floated the sound of voices and chinking glass emanating from all four saloons. The temporary harmony of the beginnings of serious drinking reigned in Harmony. And out beyond the last close rise of the rolling plain, skirting around it and staying below the sky line, jogged a short-coupled pinto.

"Got to be cagey about this," murmured Monte Walsh.

He circled and came in behind the livery stable and swung down and rapped on the rear door. He rapped again, and it opened and disclosed a short, hunchbacked man holding a pitchfork. The man stepped aside as Monte led the pinto in.

"Keep this thing for me, and my gear," said Monte. "Likely some days before I'll be needing 'em."

"Sure thing, Monte," said the man. "Grain 'im any?"

"Shucks, no," said Monte. "Don't go giving that thing fancy notions." He started back out the door and stopped. "You ain't seen me," he said. "I ain't in town."

"Sure thing," said the man, staring at him. "If you say so."

Monte strolled on out the door and along the rear of the stable. Part of a month's pay burdened his left pants pocket. He ducked across the alley between the stable and the barbershop and rapped on the rear door of the shop. It opened part way and the upper portion of a thin little man in old checkered trousers and a once-white shirt peered around it.

"Anyone in there?" said Monte.

"Not right now," said the barber. "Only me."

"That's plenty," said Monte.

He pushed in past the little man and settled himself in the one barber chair. Twenty-five minutes later, shaved, hair cut and shampooed, he strolled out the way he had come and back across the alley and on past the livery stable to the rear kitchen door of the combination hotel and office building. He went in and tossed a greeting at the combination cook and waiter, who was pounding chunks of beef with a hammer, and strolled on through and around and along a hallway to an open doorway with a board nailed above it marked: SHERIFF. He leaned against the doorframe and regarded the broad back of a big curly-headed man sitting at a desk by a window, busy shuffling papers and tucking them away in pigeonholes.

"Howdy, Mack," said Monte. "Heard they gave you a badge."

The big man turned his head and saw Monte. "I ain't proud. Somebody had to take it," he said, and returned to his papers.

"Well," said Monte, "I'm here."

The big man did not look up. "So you are," he said. "Looks like you, anyway."

"Mighty quiet," said Monte. "Ain't you after me?"

The big man shifted his chair around and put a hand on each knee and looked up. "What is it you've been doing now?"

"Nothing much," said Monte. "Finished up a job and got straight with the boys. But I got ten days to do."

The crinkles around the big man's eyes deepened and he leaned back in the chair and put both hands up behind his head, elbows wide. "Ain't anybody told you?" he said. "Judge inquired around the next day. Figured why you did it, and killed the charge. He ain't through laughing at it yet." The big man hitched his chair around and returned to his papers.

"Shucks," murmured Monte. "That ain't fair. I was counting on those days."

He studied his blunt, battered fingers and pulled a match out of a pocket and began cleaning dirt from under a fingernail. He flipped the match at the big man's broad back and strolled out along the hallway and out the front door of the building and along the street to the small house beside the jail. He took off his hat and held it in his left hand and rapped with his right on the front door. He waited and rapped again. The door opened and he regarded a neat figure, plump and pleasing, which filled out an old brown skirt and a faded frilled shirtwaist with satisfying completeness.

"It's you," she said, and started to close the door and caught it and held it open a little way and peered around it. "Why aren't you over at one of those saloons?"

"Shucks, ma'am," said Monte, "they're all right when there ain't anything better to do. There's a nice little buggy over at the livery stable. I thought you and me'd take a ride."

"After what you did!" she said, and started to close the door again.

Monte's left boot was in the way. "Well, now, ma'am," he said, "I know I did kind of run out on you, back there a bit."

She pushed on the door. The boot was still in the way. "On me?" she said. "Well, I never! It took father half a day to fix that window!"

Monte transferred the hat to his right hand and fished in his left pants pocket and pulled out a five-dollar bill. "Kind of like to make that right," he said. "Fifty cents' profit for ten days. That's what you'd've made on me. Here it is."

"Why—why, you ——" With quick movement she pulled the door farther open and slammed it back against the boot, and Monte tottered, hopping on his right foot, and she closed the door with a vigorous snap. It opened again a few inches, almost on the rebound, and her voice came through. "And don't you ever try to come near me again!" The door closed with a definite click.

"Now ain't that a girl!" murmured Monte Walsh, trying to feel his left toes through the boot leather. They seemed to be intact. He put his hat on and pulled it down and limped across the street and sat on the edge of the plank sidewalk in front of the general store, and studied the house across the way. "Can't let any of the boys beat me to her," he murmured. "Got to have the inside track." He looked up the street. Something had been added. Two freight wagons now stood at one side, their ox teams chewing cuds in placid endurance. A slow grin spread over Monte's face. He uncoiled to his feet and limped up the street. A small jingle sounded from his left pants pocket. He slapped his left hand over it. "Got to unload that," he murmured. "Might get in the way."

He limped into the saloon opposite the freight wagons. Lined along the bar were Chet Rollins and Dally Johnson and the rest of the Lazy Y crew. At a table by the wall sat two freighters with a half-empty bottle between them. There was a neat hole through the crown of one of their hats.

Monte limped to the bar. He pushed in between Chet Rollins and Powder Kent. He looked sideways at Chet, and Chet looked at him and grinned a sheepish grin.

"Have trouble shaking the sheriff?" said Powder Kent.

"Check your hardware," said Dally Johnson, down the line. "There's a jailbird loose in here."

"Shucks," said Monte. "Some of you might have told me." He beckoned to the bartender. He fished in his left pants pocket and laid a fistful of crumpled bills and change on the bar. "Keep your count," he said. "But they're all on me long as that lasts."

"Well, whatta you know," said Dally Johnson, reaching quick for a bottle. "He's celebratin'."

"Addled," said Powder Kent. "But in a mighty encouraging way."

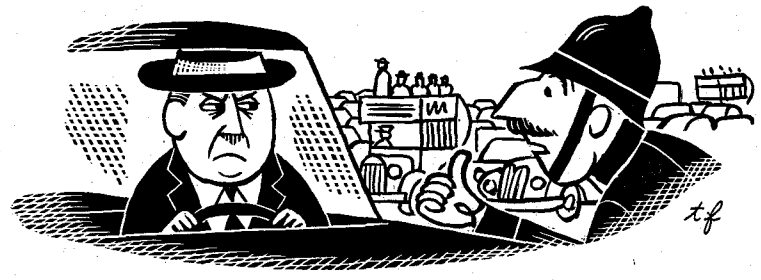
Chet Rollins said nothing. He sighed. He picked up his glass and added another drink to those already behind his belt. His eyes began to brighten. Color was climbing up his cheeks.

"Job's done," he said. "Nothing really pressing." He started to turn toward Monte.

"No," said Monte. "You ain't here. Remember?" He pulled a bottle toward him and leaned over the bar and reached under and found a glass. He drained one, two, three, four. He set the glass down with a little flourish and stood rocking on his boot soles, letting the whisky settle some. "Feel about right," he murmured, and strolled out into the middle of the floor. He took off his hat and sent it skimming, and it smacked into the bottle on the table between the two freighters and the bottle fell gurgling into the lap of one of them.

"Yow-eee!" yelled Monte Walsh. "I'm ahowling!"

THE END



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With traffic thus jammed in both directions, a policeman came over and asked, "How on earth did you get into this situation?"

"Your signs—I'm American and I can't make head or tail of your crazy traffic signs," Mr. Hartte replied resentfully.

"Strange," said the policeman. "We both *read* the same language."

Jack Cutler

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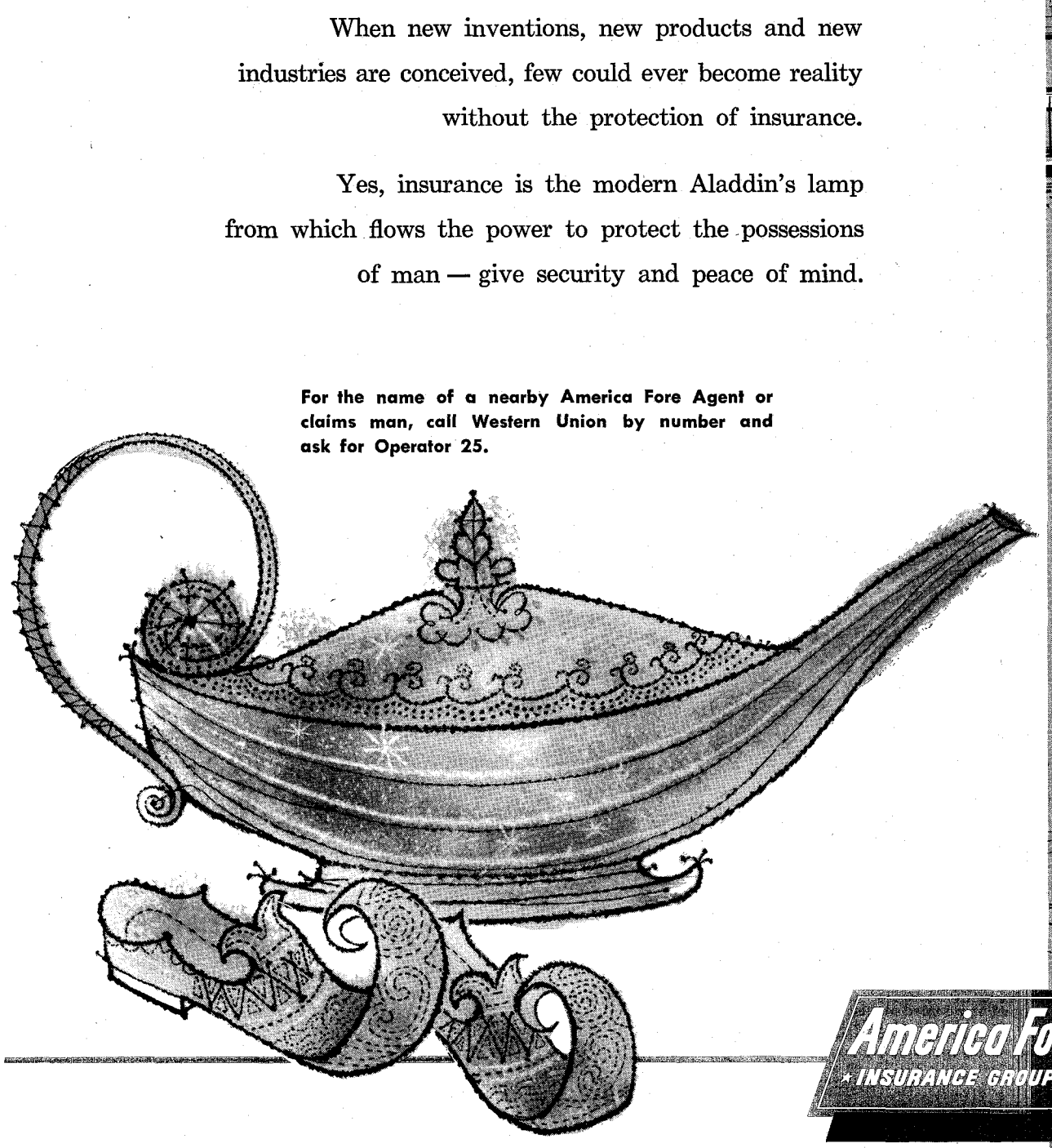

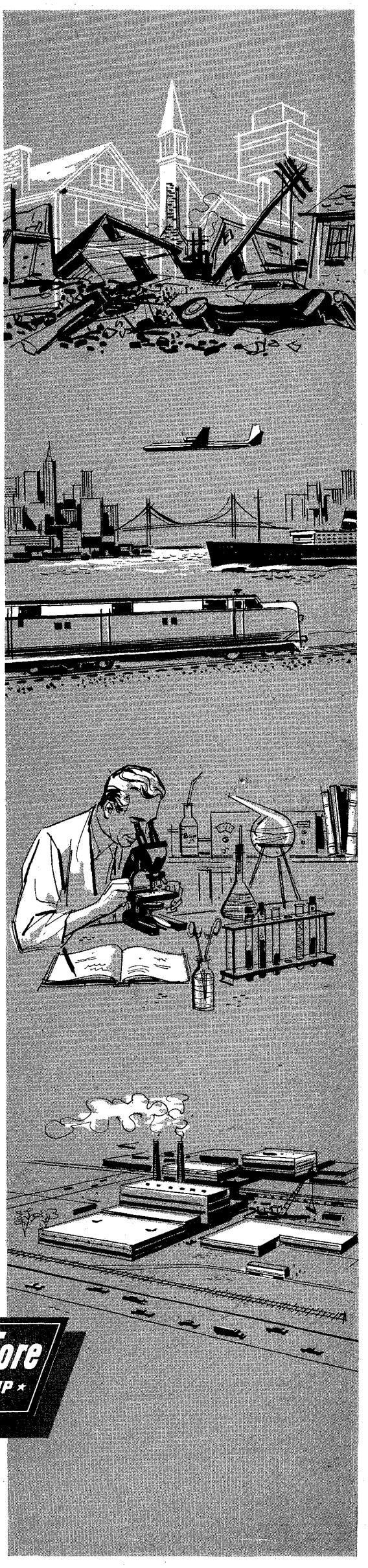

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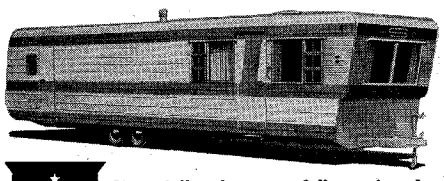

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The Mating of Ilga

(Continued from Page 31)

By this time, Niccola, the merry fruit vender, was convulsed with laughter. "*Mama mia,* whata girl! You give-a da leetle sneak thief whatsa-what, hokay! Here, Ilga, for you an apple." He tossed one to her.

"Thanks." She flashed her white teeth at him before biting juicily into the fruit. "It could make perhaps the last meal I eat yet." She turned back into the store.

Niccola's companion, the sartorially brilliant salesman, winked largely at the little Italian. "M'm'm! I could care for that! Biggest hunk of sugar I've seen in a month of paydays! Bet she don't meet many men big enough for her! Think I'll stick around." He helped himself to a banana.

Niccola frowned. "Ilga is a good girl."

"You mean, not my type?"

Niccola shrugged. In his opinion, Sam Johnson, for all his big, smooth surface, was a rotten apple. But even though this fourflusher represented what was least appealing in American character, he represented the very best line of canned olives, artichokes and hearts of palm. So Niccola limited his answer to a mere, "I thought you like-a leetle ones, leetle and dark."

Sam laughed heartily. "You've a sharp memory, Nicky m'boy! But I've run out of leetle dark ones in this burg. I'm graduating to big bumpy blondes." He gestured definitively. "Come on, let's finish our business, so I can attend to some of my own."

Niccola muttered under his breath, "Monkey beezness!" as they went into the fruit store.

Meanwhile in the five-and-dime emporium a melancholy drama was being enacted. Mr. Spivak was expounding—"I can't afford to employ noncompitints here, see? And you, Ilga, are strickly the noncompitintest dame I've ever had on my bank roll."

"I made right," she maintained. "People must pay for ——"

"Shut up! I'm telling you, not you telling me! You are strickly the dumbest belle ever worked for a dime store—which is pradically atomic to be! Not only you can't figger tax pennies, but you mix up price tags. Also you break china on account you're so big like the proverberal bull with china. And now the fine-alley, the kaput, the axme of everything, you chuck the mayor's lousy bum of a brother into the street—for beans! Jelly beans!"

"Where I come from ——" Ilga began stanchly.

"You better go back to which! Vamoose! Depart! You're a personna non gratin around here. If the mayor should come in and see you still ——"

"I could hide in the ladies' room."

Frustrated, he gasped, "I give up! So all day when anybody looks like his eggsellenzy comes in, you should repair to the ladies' room! Go, Ilga. Go, Miss Svenson, before I forget I am a cultured gentleman." He bowed his head dramatically and strode toward the rear of the store.

"My week's pay?" Ilga called after him.

"Collect it tomorrow when we make out the checks—minus what you cost us Tuesday for breakage. Remember?"

"I remember," she admitted. Then swiftly she bethought herself. "Och! A letter, please? For recommending ——"

"Miss Svenson!" He whirled about, one hand on the doorknob of his cubicle. "I am a Job for patience. Likewise I am strickly a Diogenes for honesty. Good day!" Firmly he closed the door behind him.

Ilga stood stunned, yet not tearful. At TV soap operas she could weep fountainously. But whenever anything happened to her personally, it moved her to action, not tears. That is, provided she could see her way clear to action. Now she couldn't.

"Go back where you came from," the boss had said.

"Och, if I could yet! The farm! Minnah-soh-tah! Mom and pop, och! Sven and Nils!" She saw them all—the farm flourishing green and gold; not ruined by drought and fire. Mom and pop alive, in the kitchen; mom cooking—such a cook she had been ever! And pop eating, white napkin billowing under his jolly red chins—how pop could eat! Sven and Nils alive too; and eating, always eating and laughing, those; spearing the last fluffy gold *pannkaka* on the platter, and mom shouting, "More here in the stove yet; nobody starves by the Svensons'!"

"Och!" Violent hunger, not only spiritual but physical, seized Ilga. She pressed her hands against her stomach. "Hungry I have been ever since!" *Flaskpannkaka;* sugared coffee braid; dumplings round as thumbs and light as milkweed puffs; meat balls with nutmeg—"Nutmeg makes the tongue laugh," mom said always—*lutfisk* smothered in cream sauce; crispy cabbage; salty *anjovislada; laxpudding* spiced with dill—plenty dill. "Not enough dill makes dull."

Ilga giggled. "Out loud I said it and he heard me!"

Gone from her remembering now were the farm, mom, pop, Sven and Nils. She stood in the Swedish tent of last September's county fair in Belleville. The niggardly old couple for whom she had been cooking had permitted her to look in there—"Ten minutes only, mind you, Ilga; then meet us at the car."

On the dance platform in the middle of the tent a merry, perspiring mob had been executing a Värmland Polska. On tables ringed about was Svenska food, fragrant, pretty, and, best of all, free to sample. Ilga quickly tasted everything; each dish wonderful, except the *laxpudding*. Not enough dill.

"Not enough dill makes dull," she had said. Softly she had said it. But someone behind her had heard and laughed. Such a laugh, up from the belly—the laugh of a big man.

Turning quickly she had looked up—up—at och, such a man! By inches taller than she. Like brother Sven he was, yet bigger and golder, a real Beowulf. Yellow hair almost touching the tent roof; shoulders broad as a barn; hands like great red rocks; eyes blue as the bottom part of a flame and burning straight down at her, while he laughed—a kind laugh, warm, wonderful, just for her.

She had blushed—what a blush! She had smiled too. Because when the heart suddenly begins to sing, the lips can't help smiling.

"A true Svenska cook!" he had said. Then, nodding his head toward the dance platform, "Are you a true Svenska dancer, yes?"

"Och, no, I couldn't ——"

But then, as if Fate called the tune, the band launched into the familiar Hälsingland Snurrebock.

"Good!" he cried. "I see you know it! Come!"

It had seemed so right at the time, so natural. It still did.

When he placed his big warm hands on her waist and she raised hers to his shoulders, it was as if they had performed together many, many dances. Their eyes admitted as much to each other.

"You are the most beautiful dancer in the world!" he exclaimed, when the traditional moment arrived for bowing and compliment making. "And that is no dance speech talk! I truly mean."

"You are the best partner," she answered breathlessly. "I, too, mean."

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A voice shattered the magic glass bell enclosing them. An angry hand reached up over the edge of the platform to jerk at Ilga's ankle. "Get down from there, you stupid ox! What on earth's got into you? You kept us waiting! Come at once!"

The Missis' old red face was furious, her voice shrill. All the dancers turned to look and hear. He did. Och, Ilga could have sunk through the floor!

She gasped miserably, "I must go!"

"No!"

"Ilga, you come this instant or we'll leave without you!"

"Good-by! It was wonderful!" In awkward haste, she avoided his hand, jumped from the dance floor and stumbled forlornly

... ...

Wind and Fire

By HERBERT MERRILL

I've never known a night so
cold before,
With rivers locked and
bolted into place,
And north wind swaggering
the valley floor
To shake the very house
upon its base.
I hear him now, a hollow,
booming roar
That makes a cannon of the
chimney stack.
He hammers at the latch
and kicks the door,
Then reels away to fetch
the barn a crack.
But here I sit, almost upon
the blaze
Of crackling hickory logs.
With drowsy eyes
I stare into the fire and see a
maze
Of scarlet flowers, flaming
August skies,
And embers like a sun. Why
should I fear
What winter does, with
summer burning here?

... ...

through the crowd in the wake of her irate employer.

"I should have stood!" she said aloud now to herself in the dime store—as she had said many times since that day at the fair. "My Fate, he was, I think. I felt it—like mom told me it would be—the belonging feeling. And like a blockhead, I ran from him! Och, does luck ever give a second chance, maybe?"

She crossed the fore and middle fingers of both hands. "I will wish again," she announced solemnly. "Is yet too early for first star—but so many first stars I have used already and no luck! Now I try the beginning of sunset for wishing." She squeezed her eyes tight shut.

"Ilga! You ain't sick?"

Ilga blinked down into the solicitous regard of Minnie, her late co-worker. "No."

"Don't pay no mind to what that little stinker Spivvie said. You're a smart girl. There's plenty of places —— Besides, doll, I got news for you." Minnie tittered. "Have you ever made a hit with somebody! A big beautiful hunk of man out there's asking for you!"

Ilga's heart, full of the object of her recent wishing, turned over. "A big man? Och! Big as me yet?"

"B'lieve it or not!"

"Minnie!" Ilga's cheeks paled, glowed again. Her large hands fluttered. "Och! Sunset wishing makes better than first star! Quick! How do I look? Powder I need? My hair?" She started at a lope for the ladies' room.

"Relapse!" Minnie gasped, running after her. "Keep ya shirt on. The guy won't melt; he's solid. Says to tell you he knew your brother on Okinawa."

Ilga swayed, but did not delay for comment. He knew Sven! Wonderful good! Wonderful right! Belonging, it made, more than ever, almost family. And Fate it was sure, because he had found her again.

"My hair!" She stared into the wavy mirror. "Like straw in the wind it makes, this hair!" Frantically she tucked into her braided coronet strands of pure gold.

"Your hair!" Minnie cried. "Gosh, if I could buy it by the bottle! Stop panting. Relapse! You look dreamy. Go out there and slay him!"

Propelled by an affectionate shove on the rump, Ilga—a wheat-and-peaches tornado—swept through the dime store.

Sam Johnson was poised beyond the screen door to greet her. So near he was that she ran into his outflung hands, and only the shock of bitter disappointment rocked her back from sailing headlong into his brightly bared teeth.

"Sam Johnson's the name, Ilga. Not Van, Sam! Buddy of your brother in the Pacific. Good old Nels! And you're his little sister he talked so much about—little Ilga, ha-ha-ha!"

Sam paused, realizing that he wasn't meshing. This big doll looked as frustrated as a penguin in a boiler room. Well, he'd melted ice before! He pressed her hand. "Golly, Ilga, sorry to hear about Nels. Niccola told me." (Sam wished that the reluctant Niccola had told him more.) "Nels was a wonderful pal!"

Ilga, meanwhile, was collecting—and scolding—herself. *For shame. You make rude because this man isn't he. This was friend of Nils.*

Vigorously she made herself return Sam's handshake. "Excuse, please. So surprised I am to find someone who knew Nils. You were on Guam with him? Tell me ——"

Sam interrupted, "How about driving somewhere in the country? We can have some drinks and a good big dinner and talk about Nels."

Ilga hesitated. Never in her twenty years had she driven anywhere with a stranger. But this stranger, having known Nils, was different. She nodded. "Wait, please; I get my things."

She had not far to go. Minnie popped out from behind the screen door, thrust a straw purse and sky-blue scarf into her hand.

Ilga followed Sam across the street to his red roadster, awkwardly ensconced herself. Sam leaped in beside her, gunned the motor; the car shot forward. Ilga waved back over her shoulder to Minnie—and to Niccola, who had materialized before his fruit stand, looking small and worried.

But Ilga was not worried about anything. Deflated, yes, horribly so, that this man was not he. (Sunset wishing made no better than first star!) Yet it was comforting to meet someone who had been her brother's friend. Driving was nice too. Hot wind made cooler when it came fast.

"Having fun, doll?" Sam asked.

She breathed deeply. "Ya. This is good. Tell me now about Nils. First I thought you meant Sven. Minnie said you told her my brother on Okinawa. Nils was Guam."

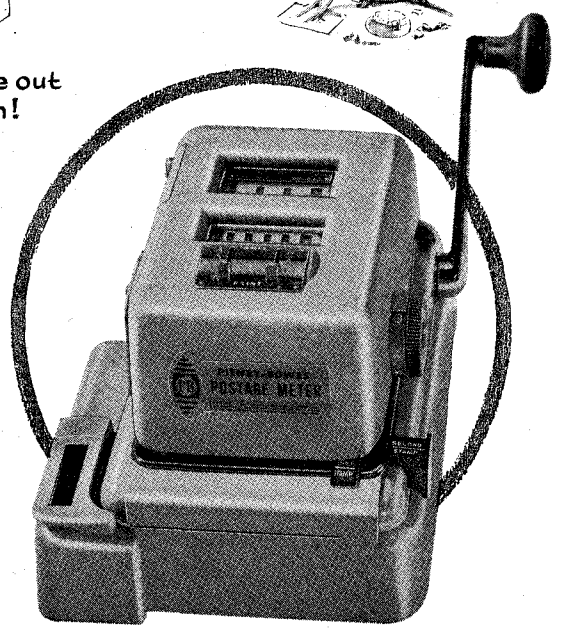
"Of course! Minnie misunderstood," Sam said nimbly. "But I'll tell you all about it later. I don't talk much when I drive." He patted her knee, left his hand there.

(Continued on Page 108)

Oh my gosh! We're out of stamps--again!

Gets rid of lick and stick mailing!

How I hate to wait at the stamp window!



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Gets the mail--and me--out on time!

Today even the smallest office can have a postage meter... and get rid of adhesive stamps and lick-and-stick mailing—for good!

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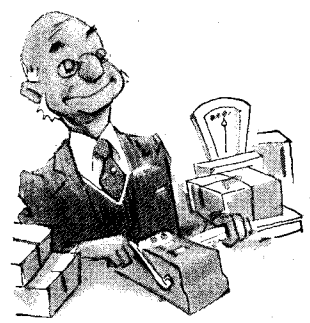

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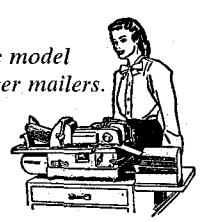
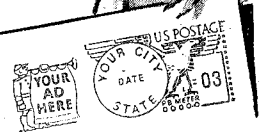


Electric model for larger mailers.

FREE: *Handy desk or wall chart of Postal Rates, with parcel post map and zone finder.*



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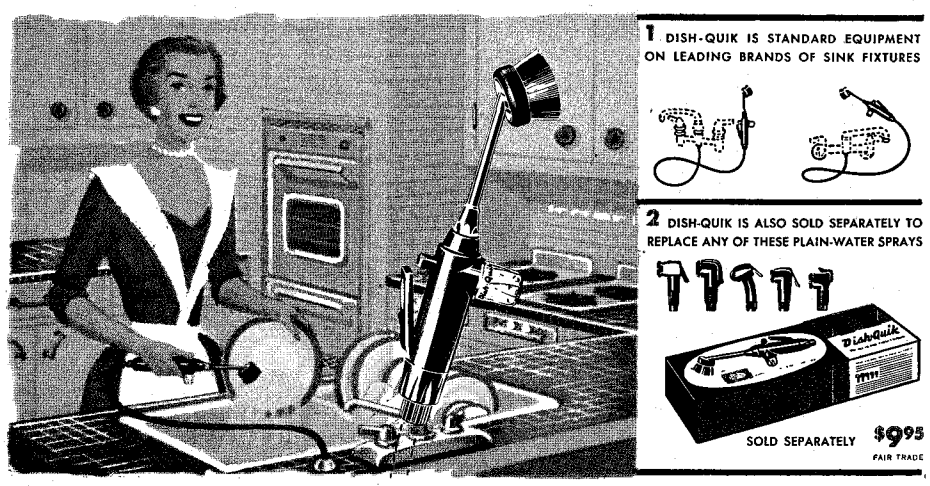
TO BETTER YOUR HOME LIVING

NUMBER 15 IN A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PREPARED BY SHOW-HOUSE, 555 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 17

NEWEST OF THE NEW..

With budding spring only a few short weeks away, now is the perfect time to turn our thoughts to our houses. Dozens of improvements are being made in house materials, furnishings and equipment . . . most intended to make family living more joyous, more comfortable, more rewarding. We've arranged the best of these improvements on these two pages . . . built them all into our featured house above. Come with us room by room while we show them to you. You'll see rugged Fire-Chex asbestos-plastic roof shingles and colorful Ceramo glazed asbestos sidewalls—both by The Philip Carey Mfg. Co. . . . a marvelous "OVERHEAD DOOR" with automatic Ultronic opener . . . gleaming Alwintite Aluminum Windows and Picture Sliding Doors by General Bronze Corporation . . . Magic, easy-to-use Luminall Paints (by the National Chemical

ART: SEYMOUR SNYDER



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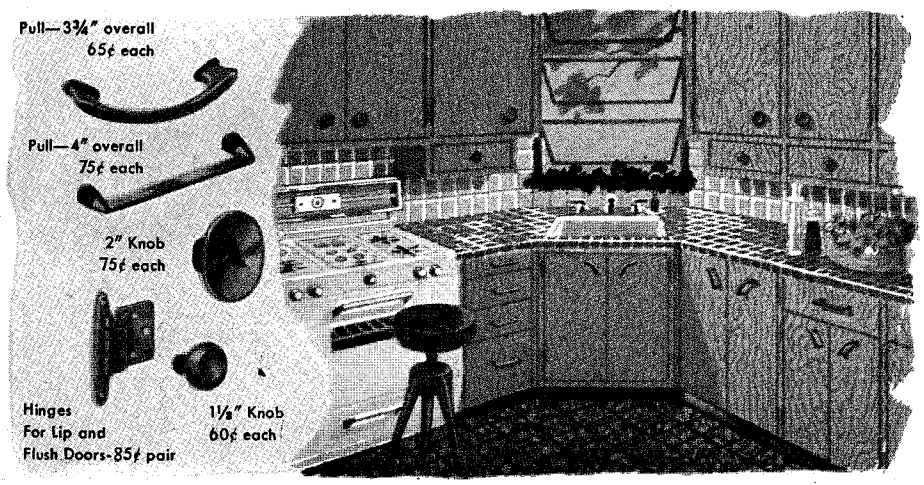
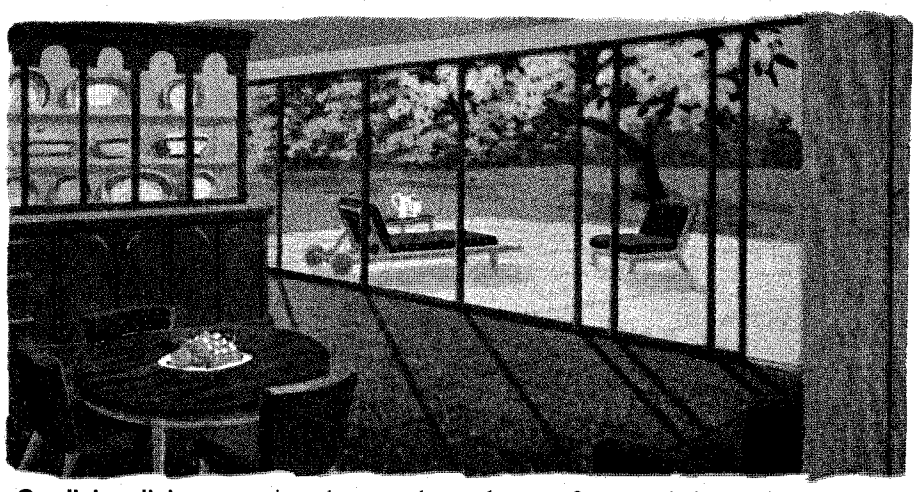
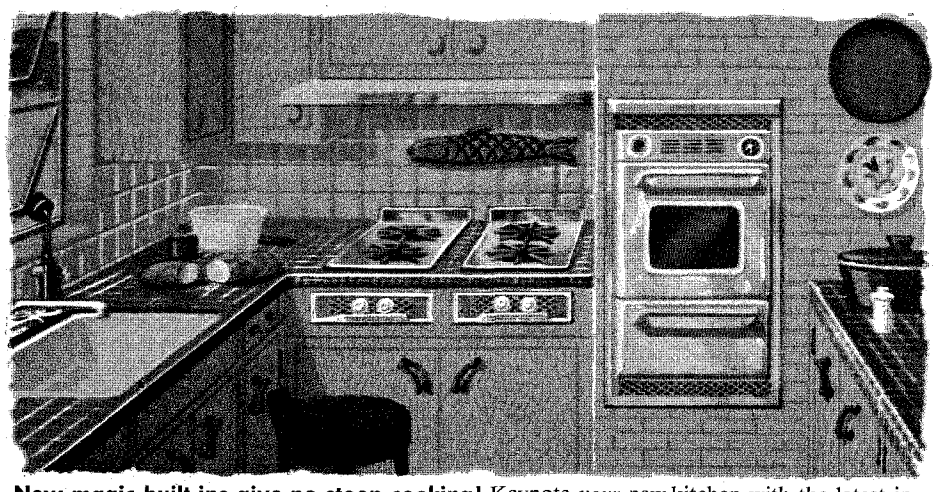


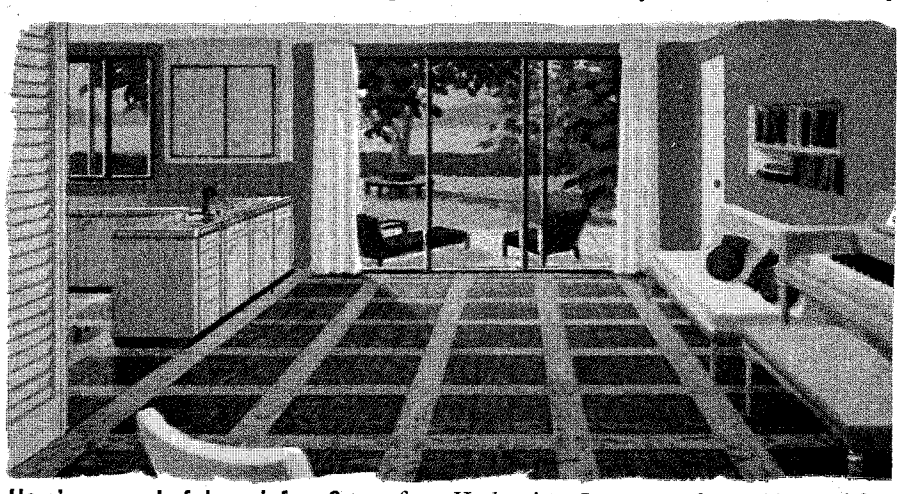
The jewelry of our house is this lustrous copper and black hardware. It's handsome new "Contemporary" cabinet hardware by Amerock. See how it adds a look of rich elegance to all our built-ins, furniture—even kitchen cabinets. These same "Contemporary" pulls and hinges also come in ebony black with gold finish accents. Pick them up at your hardware or building supply store (they're inexpensive . . . and so easy to install.) With them, you can make dull furniture or kitchen cabinets bright and shining showpieces. Use them when you build, remodel, or paint. Check our coupon to see how. **American Cabinet Hardware Corp.**



Our living-dining room is as large as the garden . . . for one whole wall is composed o Alwintite® Picture Sliding Doors by General Bronze Corp. Their lovely, silvery frames o everlasting aluminum will *never* rust . . . *never* need painting! Throughout our house, you'l see these and other Alwintite Aluminum Windows: picture sliding windows, awning windows double hung and horizontal sliding windows. General Bronze also makes Alwintit aluminum combination storm windows and doors. They save fuel; are self-storing. Wan to be window-wiser? Check the coupon for *two* booklets by **General Bronze Corp**



New magic built-ins give no-stoop cooking! Keynote *your* new kitchen with the latest in cooking equipment—a Magic Chef oven and swing-out broiler built into the wall, four top burners set right in your counter top. No bending! And the satin chrome finish is lastingly beautiful, amazingly easy to clean! Elsewhere we show another new Magic Chef, a gas range only a yard wide with a modern over-size oven that cooks a "company" dinner all at once. Most important, they're both by Magic Chef . . . a name that good cooks for years have known for quality! Check our coupon for booklets on these two beauties. **Magic Chef.**



Here's a wonderful work-free floor—from Hachmeister-Inc.—one of our oldest and fine floor and wall firms. It's a HAKO Asphalt tile floor. Built-in durability is reinforced wit tough asbestos fibers and styrene plastic . . . *anyone* can install it. Dirt can't wear in; or colo wear off. Simple care gives lasting life and beauty. See, too, the HAKO "Parquetry" floor i our living room; simulates hardwood flooring at asphalt tile economy. And the HAK Poly-krome floor in our dining room. There's HAKO Coronet plastic wall tile in our kitche Check coupon for booklets on HAKO floor and wall products by **Hachmeister-In**

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and Mfg. Co.) color concrete floors, walls, ceiling and trim . . . All floors are HAKO Asphalt Tile or Vinylflex Tile; walls of kitchen and bath are HAKO Coronet Plastic Tile (by Hachmeister-Inc.) . . . Ripplewood Textured Plywood and the new pre-finished Savannah Oak Paneling by Georgia-Pacific are used for cabinets, built-ins and wood walls . . . Setting off our cabinets and built-ins all through the house is Amerock Hardware in its new Contemporary pattern . . . year 'round air conditioning is supplied by a brand new Janitrol Down-Flow unit tucked into the smallest of closets, with the operating parts in the garden outside the house . . . In our alternate kitchen views, we show two new Magic Chef ranges: one a sleek and efficient built-in . . . and gracing the dishwashing department is a handsome new sink faucet equipped with Dish-Quik, the fabulous all-in-one faucet dishwasher . . . But see them for yourself!

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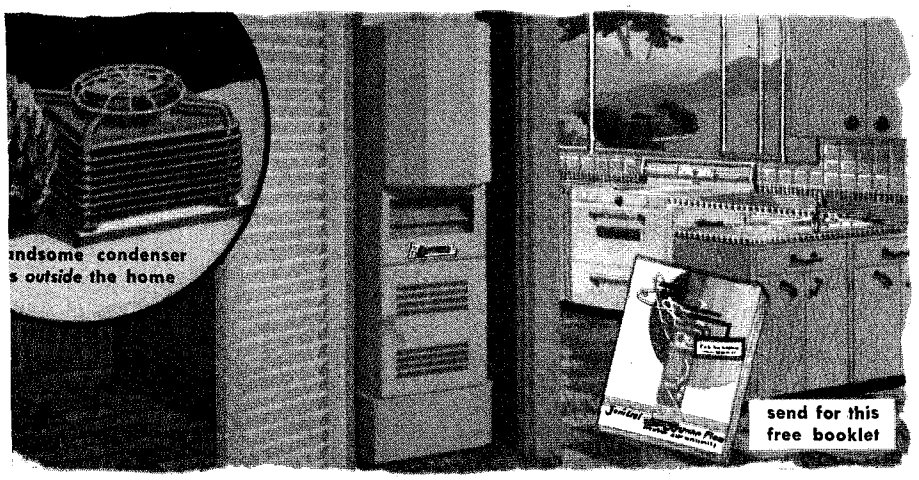
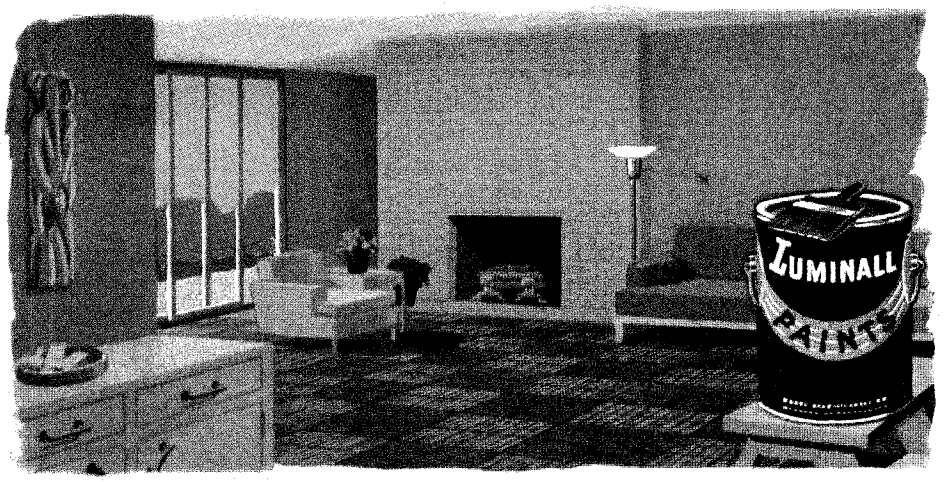
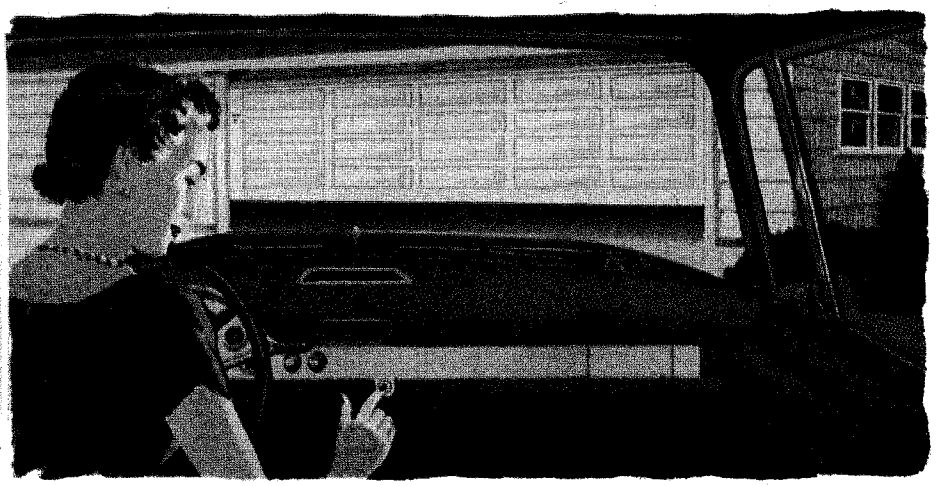


'Our Janitrol year-round air conditioning didn't cost us a cent! The resale value of our ıouse was increased by *more* than the cost of the Janitrol equipment . . . " This Down-Flow pace-saver for basementless houses is the *newest* in Janitrol's heating-cooling line. (Oil or as!) So *safe* and compact it can be placed right against this small closet wall. The cooling ore goes into the base (or add it later). And, this Janitrol uses *no water!* Heat is removed ia this "Mark-of-Prestige" condenser, in your garden. (Proudly visible through our kitchen /indow.) Check our coupon to receive your colorful free Janitrol booklet. **Janitrol.**

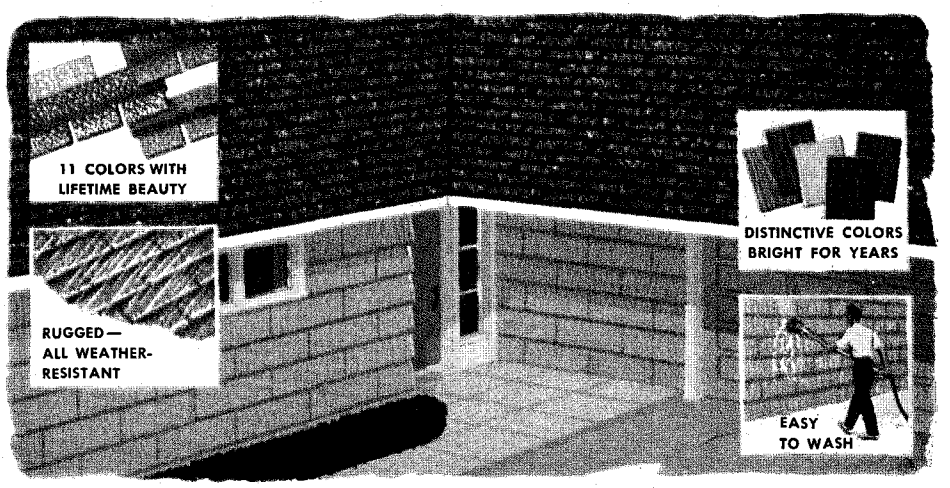
ou can panel a wall like this yourself! For here's the *easiest* wood paneling to install. nd the handsomest! It's Georgia-Pacific Savannah Oak Paneling—a genuine oak plywood, random width planks. Yet at low, low cost. Comes finished and waxed in Honeytone or ond, with matched moldings and trim. A patented clip system holds the planks without ıiling. We've used this same lovely paneling, and G-P textured Ripplewood *throughout*. xcellent also for remodeling. Our folder tells all about them. See both at your lumber dealer. nd for the handsomely illustrated booklet on wood paneling. **Georgia-Pacific Plywood.**



Color is King in this delightful living room . . . and king of our colors is the satiny smooth Luminall Paint used on walls and ceiling. Here's a truly magical paint: it primes, seals, and finishes walls, ceiling and trim in one wondrous coat . . . with a scrubbable satiny finish that dries in 20 minutes with no painty odor! We've used Luminall paints *throughout* our house . . . picking from the rich range of colors available in Alkyd-Latex Luminall, Outside Luminall for masonry and asbestos siding, and Luminall Concrete Floor Paint for basements, garages and patios. Check our coupon for FREE color charts of all three paints. **Luminall Paints.**



She's opening her garage door! The press of a button in the car unlocks and opens her garage door . . . closes, instantly reverses it, turns lights on or off! It's The "OVERHEAD DOOR" with wonderful Ultronic Door Opener! The Ultronic costs *less* than many household appliances, gives convenience, protection from rain and snow—and *safety!* You can drive a *locked* car into a *lighted* garage! The "OVERHEAD DOOR" with Ultronic opener can be added to new *and* old garages. Our 28-page booklet is packed with garage planning ideas on construction, door sizes, designs. Check the coupon. **Overhead Door Corporation.**



Your roof of lasting beauty and protection is assured with Carey Fire-Chex asbestos-plastic shingles. Class "A" fire-safe; hurricanes won't dislodge them! Select *your* roof from 11 rich *copyrighted* Fire-Chex colors and dramatic Shadow-Blends. Last many times longer than ordinary shingles! Walls are surfaced with another exclusively-Carey product . . . Ceramo *glazed* siding. Ceramo won't burn or stain. To keep walls color-bright, just wash! They'll *never* need paint! Rugged Fire-Chex and colorful Ceramo are perfect for your *new* or *modernized* home. See coupon below for FREE color charts. **The Philip Carey Mfg. Company.**

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(Continued from Page 105)

"For driving, both hands make better on wheel, yes?"

"Maybe for driving, yes," he mimicked. But he withdrew his hand, and they drove for some time without incident, until they came alongside a lake. Here Sam stopped the car and reached his arm across Ilga's shoulder.

She removed it. "Where I come from, boy and girl first are friends; then afterward, maybe, it makes snuggling."

"Aren't we friends?"

"Yet I don't know."

"Baby," laughed Sam, starting the car, "you'll know after we've had a few drinks and a steak. I'm taking you to a Swedish joint—where you can get all kinds of funny businesses first."

Steak! *Smörgåsbord!* Ilga's mouth watered. Good steak she hadn't had since Minnesota. As for *smörgåsbord*, she hadn't tasted any since that day at the county fair.

"A Svenska place? Wonderful good!"

They drove for a few more miles, each one anticipating pleasure. At last, as twilight fell, Sam parked the car in front of Sunset Inn, a rambling caravansary which he had frequented several years back. It had always been slightly shabby, but it served good cheap food and drinks; and there was a convenient motel nearby.

As he helped Ilga from the roadster, she almost knocked him down by wheeling about suddenly to con the purpling sky.

"What gives?"

"The evening star. Excuse me, please." Closing her eyes, she crossed her fingers.

"You're a funny big kid!" He was still chuckling as he conducted her into the candlelit tavern and led her to a booth in the darkest corner.

"Double dry Martini," he ordered the hovering waiter. "Schnapps for the little lady."

Ilga giggled at being called a little lady. Sam took it as a good omen. If this young Mae West giggled before schnapps, what would she do after?

But Ilga, who had been brought up on schnapps, downed the drink in one swallow without so much as a shudder.

Sam raised his eyebrows, ordered another.

"*Smörgåsbord* with this one," Ilga announced, jumping up.

Sam hadn't even had time to speak. He drank part of his cocktail, started to follow her, then changed his mind. Of the waiter he asked, "What's for soup tonight?" As he spoke he lifted the menu to the candlelight, then gasped. The figures on the right-hand side of the card looked like The Waldorf-Astoria.

"We have several soups, sir," the waiter smirked. "New ownership here now, the Streed Brothers chain—everything very de luxe."

"You can say that again!" Sam muttered. He glanced around the room, realizing for the first time that the place looked very different. "I'll have ham and eggs."

"And the lady?"

Like magic, Ilga appeared, towering above the waiter, a heaped plate in her hand, her pink face wreathed in smiles. "For me steak and mushrooms. Rare steak, but mushrooms cooked brown. *Anjovislada* on the side, and *laxpudding;* plenty of *limpa*. Also red cabbage, and maybe first, just when you put the steak under the fire, you bring a dish of *flaskpannkaka* to eat while I wait, yes?" She seated herself with the blissful look of a child who has given its list to Santa Claus.

"Ilga," Sam protested, "you'll be sick!"

"Sick from eating? Never! Only I am sick when hungry. For a long time I am hungry. Tonight I eat."

She concentrated on demolishing the mounds before her; then asked, "You don't eat? Swedish food you don't like? This"—she waved her fork—"is not like mom's, but still want-more-making." She leaped up with her emptied plate.

Sam groaned. "I should have stuck to the leetle dark ones! This Ilga—it would be cheaper to feed a troop of Girl Scouts." He saw the waiter making note of her second trip for *smörgåsbord*—and her return with two plates of smoking meat balls.

"You like these maybe?" She laced into them. "Better with more spice, yes?" She turned to the *laxpudding* and *anjovislada* which the waiter had brought. Sampling the former, she shook her head. "Not enough dill. Mom said always, 'Not enough dill makes dull.'"

She spoke forcefully. Her voice carried beyond the booth to a table in the center of the room where a huge man sat alone. His back had been to Ilga and Sam, but when she pronounced her criticism, he turned.

Ilga caught only a glimpse of his face before he resumed his dinner. She started. Och! Was it he? Yes! (The evening star—she had wished so hard!) But as she studied him, her heart knew it was not he. Yet such a likeness!

"What gives? You feel sick?" Sam asked hopefully. "You've eaten too much? We better go—the outside air ——"

"I feel fine. Only, just now I saw someone who looked like—my brother." This was true; although the man looked more like he than like Sven.

"Oh." Sam followed her gaze to the big fellow's back. "Yes," he agreed, "he does look like good old Nels."

And now Ilga knew for certain why Sam Johnson had mixed Okinawa and Guam; why he had called her brother Nels, not Nils; why he had shied away from talking about his supposed friendship—he had never known her brother at all! For Nils had been the small one of the family, slender and dark!

Ilga was furiously angry. This man had tricked her with a lie. He was bad, not honest. She frowned. *If I eat the food he pays for*, she asked herself, *will it make me not honest too? Like maybe catching measles?*

At that moment, however, the waiter set before her a shimmering portion of *flaskpannkaka* baked to custardlike perfection, and beside it he placed a basket of delicate brown *limpa* as chewy as bread, as sweet as cake.

Ilga looked at both and answered herself, *Eating with a man not honest will not make me not honest. Also, this stupid man cannot make me do anything I don't want to. I'm big as he is—stronger perhaps yet. Besides, this food is cooked; to leave it would be waste. Waste is wrong. So eating is right.* She took a mouthful of the omelet.

"Good," she commented. "Better I like with pickled pork, but bacon makes O.K. It is not cooked by a Svenska, but it is good yet."

Again the man at the center table half turned. But this time neither Ilga nor Sam noticed him. She was busy contemplating her *flaskpannkaka*, and Sam was busy contemplating her. As Jimmy Durante would say, she was a luscious dish of "female femininity."

Sam's thoughts cheered him. He almost relished his ham and eggs. He enjoyed them better than he did Ilga's *laxpudding*, which he sampled to be chummy. "I don't like fish," he said.

"A little dill the pudding needs," she admitted. "Also, thirty minutes it should cook; no more. This makes curdles, see?"

The shoulders of the big man in the center of the room were shaking.

"Beer goes good after schnapps," Ilga said aloud. "Please, I would like now some beer."

The attentive waiter complied. "The best," he announced. "Swedish import." He also brought her thick, juicy steak

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ringed handsomely with mushrooms and golden-brown potato balls.

Sam regarded the steak once—twice—Gr-r! Did he have to sit at a Roman banquet and be content with the meal of a Christian slave? "Bring me a steak," he ordered. "And a double Scotch."

He ate his steak with a gusto that equaled Ilga's. He drank a second Scotch. He told traveling-salesman stories.

Ilga liked him less and less, and split her time between eating and making him behave. *Is good I am a fine walker*, she assured herself, picturing the long road back to Oakton.

But the evening was not going to turn out at all as Ilga anticipated. After dessert—ice cream with lingonberries and fancy *kakor* for Ilga, another Scotch for Sam—the waiter presented the bill. Sam glanced at it coolly; then, with a lordly gesture, reached for his wallet. His face registered a reasonable facsimile of surprise.

"My wallet!" he exclaimed. "It's gone! I must have dropped it when we bought gas!"

"We didn't ——" Ilga began.

But Sam stood up and was saying to the waiter, "I'll just sign this tonight and stop by to pay it tomorrow."

The waiter looked properly sympathetic. "I'm sorry, sir. I'll have to speak to the manager." Hastening to the center table, he said a few words to its occupant.

The latter rose. His head almost touched the iron candelabrum that swung from the rafters.

Sam, seeing him clearly for the first time, blinked; then stared quickly to right and left. He acted as if he wanted to jump over the partition of the booth. However, the big man was already blocking any other way of escape.

"I am the manager," the giant said, his deep voice colored with a Swedish accent. "You wish to see me?"

"I've lost my wallet," Sam explained, keeping his face averted. "I'll sign for my bill and drop in here tomorrow mor——"

His voice petered off, because the huge manager, peering sharply at him, had obviously recognized him. "Lost your wallet? Och, not again! You did it once before, in our Belleville restaurant. Remember?"

Sam bridled. "I was called out of town. It slipped my mind—a mistake."

"A bad mistake, yes. And trying it again is worse!" He turned to Ilga. "I am sorry to embarrass you, miss, but two times from the same man—och, no!"

Ilga sat shaking, hands clenched, face crimson. Eating with not honest made not honest—worse than measles yet. And she had no money.

The big man turned again to Sam. "Tonight our dishwashing machine broke down. Stacks of dirty dishes there are in the kitchen. You will wash them."

Sam started to bluster, then shrugged and retreated with an offended air toward the kitchen.

Ilga, on fire with mortification, rose to follow him.

The manager blocked her way. "You don't have to." His gray eyes twinkled sympathetically. "I watched you. I listened. You are a good girl. And," he chuckled, "I think a good Svenska cook. 'Not enough dill makes dull!'"

Ilga blushed again.

"Were you ever in Bel——" he began; then changed his question. "Have you ever cooked—as a business?"

"Ya."

"We need here a Svenska cook. Would you like to try?"

"Och, ya! How I would yet!" Ilga's world turned from black to rose color. She jumped up. "Tonight I start. I cook free to pay for all I ate. Such a dinner!" she exclaimed.

"No, no; there is no need. You didn't know the kind of a man you were with."

"I did know," she admitted. "I knew he was not honest."

"You knew? I can't believe it! Not a nice Svenska girl like you. Och!"

"I knew." Ilga maintained sturdily. "I knew—and I ate all that costly food. So please let me cook to pay."

"No." Now the man's eyes were cold. "We want an honest cook. You better leave at once. Or ——" He looked at his watch and changed his mind. "No, I think, after all, you should stay and help your cheating boy friend wash dishes."

"He is not ——"

"Go to the kitchen. Don't let me stop you. What a pity!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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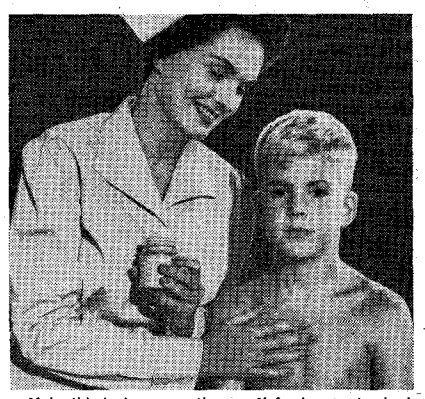

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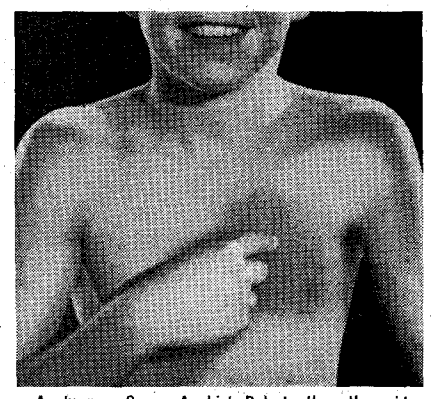

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Here is the first great improvement in chest rubs in over 3 decades, because it uses *your own body heat* to warm and soothe chest-cold miseries from *within.* Thus, it requires far less rubbing, needs no flannel or towels to maintain heat.

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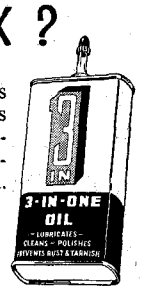

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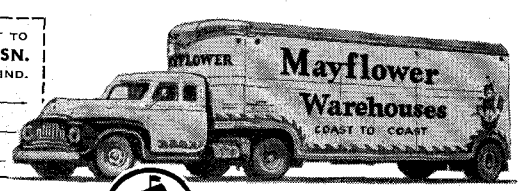

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Blindly Ilga made her way through the tables. In the kitchen, refusing to speak to Sam, she shoved him from the sink—to the amusement of the cook and waiters. To one of the bus boys she said, "Please show this fellow how to scrape and stack. I wash."

Bright light shone on her golden head; perspiration trickled down her white neck. Soap suds glistened. Her big hands moved vigorously. Wash, rinse; wash, rinse.

Sam, removed as incompetent from the dish detail, had been set to work peeling potatoes. The heat in the kitchen, added to that of the liquor inside him, had made him completely tipsy. He tried to be playful with Ilga, and she hit him in the face with a wet dish mop.

Then it happened. Ilga heard the manager's voice, on the far side of the swinging door, say, "I hoped you would not come too late. I think I have news—not too good ——" His words became indistinct; then: "'Not enough dill makes dull,' she said." A second voice exclaimed, "There could be only one like her in the world!"

The doors were flung open. Two giants stood there—one, the manager; the other was he.

Ilga's eyes met his. In the back region of her mind the music of the Hälsingland Snurrebock began to beat madly. For a breathless instant, in spite of the steamy heat, she was frozen. Then motion returned. "Och, no! Not like this!" She flung the dish mop into the sudsy sink, knocked over a pail of potatoes that Sam had been peeling, a stool and a broom, and bolted out the back doorway.

Stars winked in the sky. "You did this to me!" she accused them as she fled across the parking space. "I wished and wished! But not to be like this!"

She was as fleet as Atalanta, but she was being pursued by someone bigger and faster than she. He caught her under the second street lamp on the roadway leading to Oakton; and his hands, strongly clasping her elbows as he turned her about, felt as they had in the Snurrebock—belonging.

But she was too ashamed, upset, frightened to believe. "I will go back," she panted, not looking at him, "and finish the dishes!"

"You will not!" he said. "You will talk to me—and we'll get things straight between us."

He tilted her head up. His eyes, as blue as her own in the lamplight, studied her for a long moment while the world stood still, the night air listened. Then he smiled—like his laughing at the county fair, kind, warm, wonderful, and for her. Her heart began to pound.

"Ilga, you silly girl," he said, "you couldn't be dishonest if you tried! Why did you make such nonsense talking to my brother?"

"I didn't mean—I meant only that ——"

He laughed. "Don't try to explain now. I know there was a mistake. How, it doesn't matter. What matters is I've found you again."

She started to smile.

"But wait. I am angry with you."

Her smile faded.

He shook her, not roughly. "Why do you always run away from me?"

"Only once I did."

"Twice. Tonight and once before—or don't you remember?"

"Ya, of course, I remember—always." A new smile and a blush mingled.

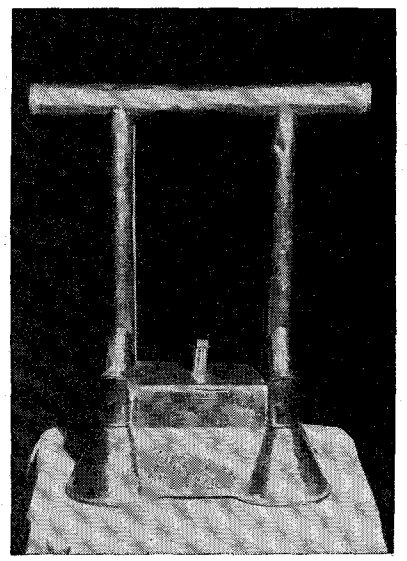
He nodded. "Always I do too. And always since that day I have looked for you. To dance with, to cook with, and maybe—when we know each other better —— It is right, yes?"

"Wonderful right!"

His arms closed about her. And as he bent his face toward hers, she could see, high above his head, the stars twinkling benignly. THE END

How's Your Pioneer Instinct?

This thirty-inch-high metal object, preserved in the Pioneer Village at Minden, Nebraska, saw hard and frequent use during the past century. Although gone from the American scene, it is still capable of being used today. Can you name it and its purpose?



It was a:	It was used to:
BERRY PRESS	Squeeze jelly juices from berries.
STOCKADE FLARE	Light up pioneer forts at night.
CLOTHES STOMPER	Wash clothes.
FUNNEL MOLD	Mold hot metal into funnels.

John R. Clawson

CORRECT ANSWER:

A clothes stomper, used by pioneer wives to ease their labors over washtubs. The vent atop the base allowed air to escape when the housewife pushed or stomped down on the clothes.

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Our Men are Killing Themselves

(Continued from Page 25)

tuberculosis, pneumonia and flu. Talk to doctors about this, and they say it isn't their field or they remark in a jocular way, "Maybe men are the weaker sex after all."

No scientist will say what seems to me the bald truth: that American men are killing themselves to produce a quote better world unquote for American women to live in alone. No scientist will be ungallant enough to say that American women are encouraging American men to kill themselves—though that seems to me an equally bald truth. No scientist quite wants to say that everything in our culture encourages the American male to drive himself beyond his endurance. But that is the way it looks to me, and when you have read further, maybe that is the way it will look to you.

Let us dispose right away of that tired wisecrack about who is the weaker sex. Women do seem to have a slight biological advantage. More boy babies are born—106 boy babies to every 100 girl babies—but more boys die in early childhood. This is true of most animal species, and seems reasonable in terms of natural selection. Through the ages, men have been subject to more danger than women, so tribes that didn't have a surplus of male births soon got wiped out. But longevity today depends very little on muscular strength. Rather, it largely depends on loving care. I don't see much to indicate that men are the weaker sex. But I do see a good deal to indicate that they are the reckless sex, and even more, perhaps, the neglected sex.

It is probably not surprising that three times as many men as women are murdered each year. Men commit many more murders than women, but when women do kill, they are more likely to kill men than women. The homicide figures might be explained by saying that men lead more violent lives than women. But is it understandable that three times as many men as women commit suicide? Isn't it logical to conclude that life may be asking too much of all these men? More women than men *try* to kill themselves, says Louis Dublin, of vital-statistics fame. But so many fail that it seems most of them don't really intend to die, or perhaps men are simply more efficient than women.

Why should accidents kill so many more men than women? "The fatal-accident rate has gone down," statisticians say cheerfully. "Life is safer than it ever was." But why should life have got so much safer for women than for men? Leaving out accidents to young children and to people over sixty-five, why should accidents kill four times as many men as women each year?

Almost half of these deaths are from auto accidents. Of course, men drive more than women, they drive more at night, and they drive more when they have been drinking. Their psychology is apt to be different too. When a man is driving with a woman, he may want to show off his skill. When a woman is driving a man, it is apt to be because she is trying to take care of him. But why should so many more young men, fifteen to twenty-four, be dying from all kinds of accidents than they did ten years ago—a good 10 per cent more? It is a big price to pay for progress.

Industry can be proud that of all the accidents that kill men, less than a fifth of them happen on the job. But housewives might ask themselves how it happens that around the house, where the average woman spends most of her time, accidents kill far more men than women. If it is dangerous, evidently, we wait for him to do it: fix the light switch and get electrocuted, repair the roof and be killed falling off a ladder. It is good sense for us not to risk our lives, but don't we perhaps encourage the men to risk theirs? If they are reckless, aren't we just a little proud when we tell the neighbors, "That man of mine, he's crazy"? Well, that recklessness kills nearly 4000 men around the home each year.

There has been a sort of movement lately in magazines and comic strips to show the little woman as a put-upon slave and the man of the house as a loafer. The housewife has to cook and wash dishes while her husband reads the paper. Women's work is never done. And it's true, women do work hard. But let's compare a woman driving a car pool of children with a man driving a truckload of bananas. Job analysts have said that a man driving a truck in traffic has to make forty or fifty life-or-death decisions every hour. The car-pool mother has to make the same decisions, of course, but only for some two hours a day, maybe two days a week, and her first concern is safety. If she is a little late, so what? But the truck driver is anxious to get there fast. He has to be safe, too, but unless he's both safe and fast, he is soon out of a job. These conflicting drives are built into his job all day long, five days a week.

When an accident kills a man, it's usually fairly simple to say what caused the accident. When a heart attack kills a man, it is not so simple. We all know that more people are dying of heart disease than ever before, and we tell one another that this is because we have licked all the infectious diseases, and people have to die of something. Since 1930, however, the death rate from all forms of heart disease has gone up during the American man's most productive years. Last year, coronary disease killed nearly five times as many men in their forties and fifties as it did in 1930. These can't all be men who would otherwise have died of scarlet fever, tuberculosis or pneumonia. Biology can't change that much in twenty-five years. But our way of life can change, and it has.

Ever since President Eisenhower's illness focused attention on coronary disease, doctors have been noticeably unwilling to say that the demands of a job can actually cause a heart attack. Of course, no one can say with certainty that working under constant pressure, having to make too many decisions that affect too many people, can make a man's arteries thicken so that a clot is likely to form and block the supply of blood to his heart. One can't say this, because so far there is no proof.

Dr. Paul White, the Bostonian who treated Eisenhower, was delightfully candid in his press conferences—and everything he said implied that the greatest heart specialist in the country simply didn't know. Working under too great pressure might be a factor in coronary disease, eating too much of certain kinds of fat might be a factor, not enough regular exercise might be a factor. Doctor White put the most emphasis on the need for a spare diet and for exercise.

After the President's heart attack, the Navy and Air Force issued orders that all the top brass must henceforth take their full allotment of leave—must, in fact, let up a little—and steps were taken to find some way of lightening the duties of the President. It seemed as if everyone knew that overwork could cause coronary thrombosis, but nobody quite wanted to say so.

Dr. Walter Alvarez, an authority on how your reactions to life can make you seriously ill, is equally cautious in trying to explain why coronary disease has multiplied among men during their most productive years. "Most of what is published isn't true," he told me. "We haven't any facts. But there has been an interesting study on British transport workers."

When I looked it up in the British Journal of Industrial Medicine, I found that 25,000 bus drivers and conductors had been studied over a two-year period. Twice as many drivers as conductors had died of coronary disease. "Men in physically active jobs have a lower incidence of coronary disease in middle life than men in physically inactive jobs," remarked the doctor who did the research, carefully drawing no further conclusions. Well, English conductors do run around double-decker buses collecting fares—they're "physically active." But it may be just as significant that they don't have to make forty or fifty life-or-death decisions a day, as the driver does. It is not the conductor's worry, either, whether the bus is on schedule.

Metropolitan Life Insurance statisticians say that agricultural workers, skilled workers, teachers and ministers are the men least likely to die of heart disease. But none of them are as unlikely to die of heart disease as the average housewife. In the ages 25–44, five men die of coronary disease for every woman who dies of it. At the ages 35–44, the ratio has risen to six to one. Most likely of all to die of heart disease are doctors, barbers, bartenders and unskilled workers. A New York doctor told me incidentally that when he was interning at Presbyterian Hospital they used to say that every second ulcer patient admitted would be either a barber or a bartender. There are no conclusive figures for businessmen in either heart disease or ulcers, but there is reason to believe they would be high on both lists.

Doctor Alvarez wrote a booklet four or five years ago called How to Care for the Health of Executives, which has a subheading, On the Unwisdom of Wearing Out Executives. He tells of two top executives, each about fifty, who came to his office in the same week complaining that they couldn't concentrate, they were too tired to do their work properly. He found nothing organically wrong with them, except that at fifty they both looked sixty-five.

"Forty years of work had been taken out of them (Continued on Page 114)

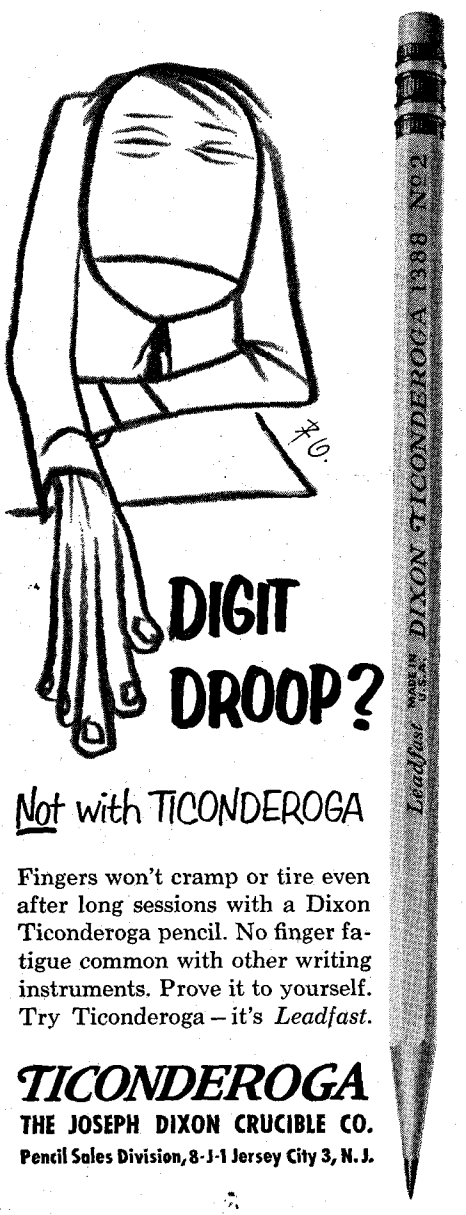
The Half Alive

By Robert D. Abrahams

The half alive, the half
alive,
They seem to live, they
seem to thrive.
They fight for causes (or
nearly fight)
With rather more than half
their might.

They kiss in corners, fearing
love,
And swear half oaths by
gods above,
But even their gods are only
demi
And their enthusiasms,
semi.

So shun the half alive in
fear,
They'll mourn for you with
half a tear;
And all I ask for you and
me
Is either to be or not to be.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It was not through accident that the outstanding companies listed on these pages achieved fame and fortune. Without exception, they have all followed the basic principles listed on the left.

Principle No. 7 explains why these successful firms have spent so many years advertising their wares in The Saturday Evening Post.

Over the years, the *important* millions — the heart of America — continue to think of the Post as the first place to look for all the new and better products and services.

And, over the years, more brand names have been built in the pages of The Saturday Evening Post than in any other magazine.

The Saturday Evening POST **— gets to the heart of America**

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(Continued from Page 111)

in twenty-five years," said Doctor Alvarez, "and now they were done and ready for the discard. Accordingly they were each given a good pension and retired. I hope that later, as the chiefs of these two men hunted for their successors, it occurred to them that if they had had more sense they would have taken some care of the men and thus kept them going for another fifteen years."

You wouldn't think that the average unskilled worker has the same sort of burdens as an executive, but let's compare his daily life with his wife's. They both work hard all day, but the man has to be at his work on time, and he has to work steadily for eight hours. If he feels under par at breakfast, he still struggles off to his job and grimly puts in a full day. If his wife wakes up with a bad cold or a headache, she will struggle up, too, and get the children off to school. But after that she can leave the beds unmade that day, the dishes and clothes unwashed. If dinner is haphazard, the worst she will get is a black look or a sour comment. She isn't under constant pressure to produce, because she isn't in much danger of losing her job.

Furthermore, the older men and women grow, the greater is the contrast between the demands life makes on them. As a woman's children grow up, life tends to get easier for her. She has less responsibility every year. By the time her children are in high school, one of her most exacting jobs is just about finished. Her husband, on the other hand, has to work harder and harder until the children are all through school, for each year their support costs more money. After that, he has to keep working just as hard to save up for his old age. What's more, our way of life demands that a man look more successful each year, which means increased spending for possessions. He is compelled to make more money right at the time when he ought to be letting up a little. The competition is far milder, of course, for teachers, ministers, farmers and skilled laborers—and they have less heart disease.

The United States doesn't have the best longevity record in the world—seven other countries manage to keep their men alive longer than we do—but we are beginning to be aware of what we are doing to our executives. Hundreds of big corporations now realize that, as Doctor Alvarez says, it is wise and profitable to take care of their top men. Many clinics, including the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, Minnesota, the Vincent Astor Clinic in New York, Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, and the Benjamin Franklin Clinic in Philadelphia, have regular arrangements with such big companies as Bethlehem Steel, Campbell Soup, General Motors and General Electric to give their top executives thorough physical checkups once a year. It is probably a myth that this all started when one big company had to break in four executive vice-presidents in the course of two years, because, as each man got used to the job, he died of coronary thrombosis. But comparable tragedies do happen. A doctor I met at a cocktail party recently—he had suddenly decided to take a year off and study—told me that four of his friends, all presidents of companies and all under forty-five, had died of coronary thrombosis in the last year.

The Benjamin Franklin Clinic, which has studied over 1000 executives in the last four years, found that eight out of ten had something organically wrong with them. Often they didn't know it. Dr. Leonard Parkhurst, who directs the checkups, says the average executive will make an appointment and then break it four or five times—too busy. He has been asked by his company to go to the clinic, he knows he can do it on company time at company expense, he knows the company won't see the report unless he gives permission. Even so, he can't find the time to have it done.

One high executive, who had come for a checkup, was angered because he had to wait three hours while a series of gastrointestinal X rays was being taken. "It's outrageous to keep a busy man like me waiting," he stormed. "I can't spare the time."

"It's not the clinic that's keeping you waiting," Doctor Parkhurst told him. "It's your own digestive processes. We're all having to wait."

After all the tests were made, Doctor Parkhurst sat down with this important man and reviewed what he had found out. "You are forty-five years old," he said, "and twenty-five pounds overweight. You have high blood pressure. You probably lose your temper several times a week the way you did over those X rays. You seldom take time for lunch. You never take vacations without carrying work along with you. If you want to keep on living, you'll have to change the way you are living."

"Care to know what he pays in taxes?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Men often do change after such thorough stock-taking. They lose weight and begin finding ways of delegating authority, and are surprised to find their blood pressure dropping and sleep coming more easily. A man who is killing himself very often doesn't have to change his job; all he has to do is stop running so hard in all directions at once.

The Benjamin Franklin Clinic considers that the two biggest executive killers are obesity and success. A successful man usually has to push himself to get there and keep pushing himself to stay there. Obesity often goes with success and is a well-known killer in its own right. Life-insurance statistics show that both men and women are considerably more apt to die of almost any disease if they are even a few pounds overweight. People thirty to fifty pounds overweight have a 50 per cent higher death rate at any age you care to name than people who weigh what they should. There is no real evidence that more men than women are overweight but a plump woman is apt to take it easy, while a plump executive is apt to be working harder than ever. Result, a plump widow.

One of the biggest burdens of men in their forties and fifties today is our American emphasis on youth. This emphasis affects working women as much as working men. However, relatively few women of the millions who work have to support a family, and still fewer feel the desperate need to prove they are smarter and more high-powered than the dame next door.

Dr. Rutherford Johnstone, an expert on the aging process, says that the average business or factory never considers shifting an employee to a physically easier job as he gets older. Firms tend to discharge their older workers if they are absent due to illness, and they don't want to hire men over forty-five or men with even minor physical defects. This is due as much to the shortsightedness of labor as of management, Doctor Johnstone points out. Labor has insisted that workmen's compensation cover such wide territory that companies have become leery of hiring anyone who might become disabled and draw pay for years when he can't work.

There is no provable connection between our high-pressure life and the big jump in lung cancer among men. Still, it is a fact the number of men in their forties and fifties dying of lung cancer has increased five times in twenty-five years. In the same period the death rate among women has barely doubled. Nobody knows yet whether smog or smoking or something else is to blame, but lung cancer does seem to hit most often men who work in big cities and smoke a lot. Cancer in general, incidentally, has gone up in men in the last twenty-five years, while it has gone down in women. Only the most extreme psychosomatists try to link cancer to emotional and psychological causes. Most experts simply say they don't know. But it is one more explanation for the rising tide of widows.

Relatively few people die from peptic ulcers, compared to heart disease or cancer of the lung. But ulcers indicate the pressures of life, because it is pretty well accepted that worry and excessive responsibility can cause them. Science, it seems, isn't able to combat the destructive force of American prosperity. Six times as many men as women die of stomach ulcers each year. Seven times as many men die of duodenal ulcers.

Let's face it—men tend to be proud of getting ulcers, regarding them as a sort of badge of success. Stationery stores sell little plastic signs, ULCER DEPARTMENT, for executives to put on their desks. Men love the classic joke, "An ulcer? I didn't know you made that kind of money." At the last meeting of the College of Gastroenterology, one specialist reported that stomach ulcers had increased more than 30 per cent in the last ten years among women executives; the price, he said, of aspiring to wear the pants of the family.

Wearing the pants is apparently unhealthy, but does it have to be? It strikes me men and boys just don't take care of themselves and women just don't take good care of men. Nobody wants men to coddle themselves, but do they have to knock themselves out to prove they are big and tough and smarter than the other fellow? Do they have to knock themselves out to give us luxuries? I would personally rather have a husband than a mink coat or a diamond bracelet.

This urge of men to kill themselves shows up long before they die. Who do you think is sick more often, a man or a woman? A Metropolitan Life Insurance statistician has figured that working women take considerably more time off for sickness than men, and housewives take more time off for illness than working women. "Take time off" is the key phrase, as shown by figures just published by the American Medical Association. A survey of 1000 hospitals all over the country—all kinds, including veterans' hospitals and maternity hospitals—found that out of 1,206,539 patients in hospital beds on a given day, there were over 77,000 more men patients than women. Apparently when women are a little sick they stay home and nip the ailment in the bud. Men work until they have to be carried to the hospital.

Last spring the medical department of the Hercules Powder Company issued a little bulletin headed FOR MEN ONLY. ". . . you have a greater chance of dying in each of life's decades than have your womenfolk," it said. "Why? . . . a large part of the why must be found in our curious cult of manliness. The practice of manliness has become a curse, a lethal curse. The American male has been indoctrinated with the philosophy that he must live, work and play at a dizzy pace, that he can and should wade through all emotional and physical situations without flinching and without reflection."

Dr. O. Spurgeon English, the well-known psychiatrist, smiled when I told him about the Hercules Powder bulletin. He said, dryly, "Possibly women driving their husbands to give them more and more luxuries, and men driving themselves to prove they are better than other men, isn't the whole story. Maybe if women made life more fun at home, and made men feel more important when they came home, they wouldn't be nearly so eager to rush off to work in the morning and would be a lot more eager to rush home at night."

It does seem that if anybody is going to change things, it will have to be the women. Men are always going to think it is sissy to ease up, unless we change their minds. Do we really want to live longer and longer—and live longer and longer than our men do? Do we really want to be widows, even prosperous widows? Let's revolt and tell the boys we'd rather have them than anything they can give us. But we'll have to find some way of making ourselves heard, because the way things are, it is probably easier for them to give us almost anything else.

THE END

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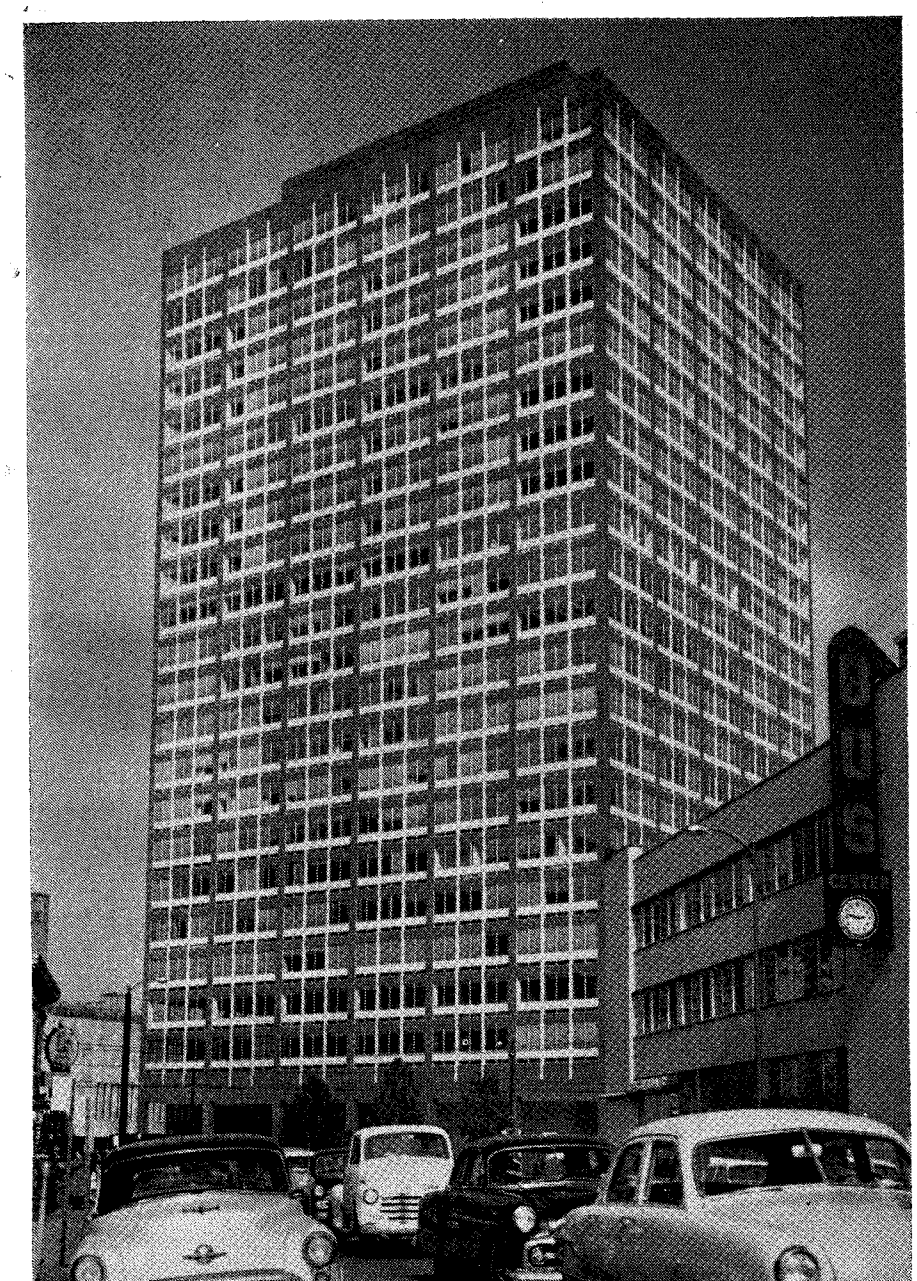
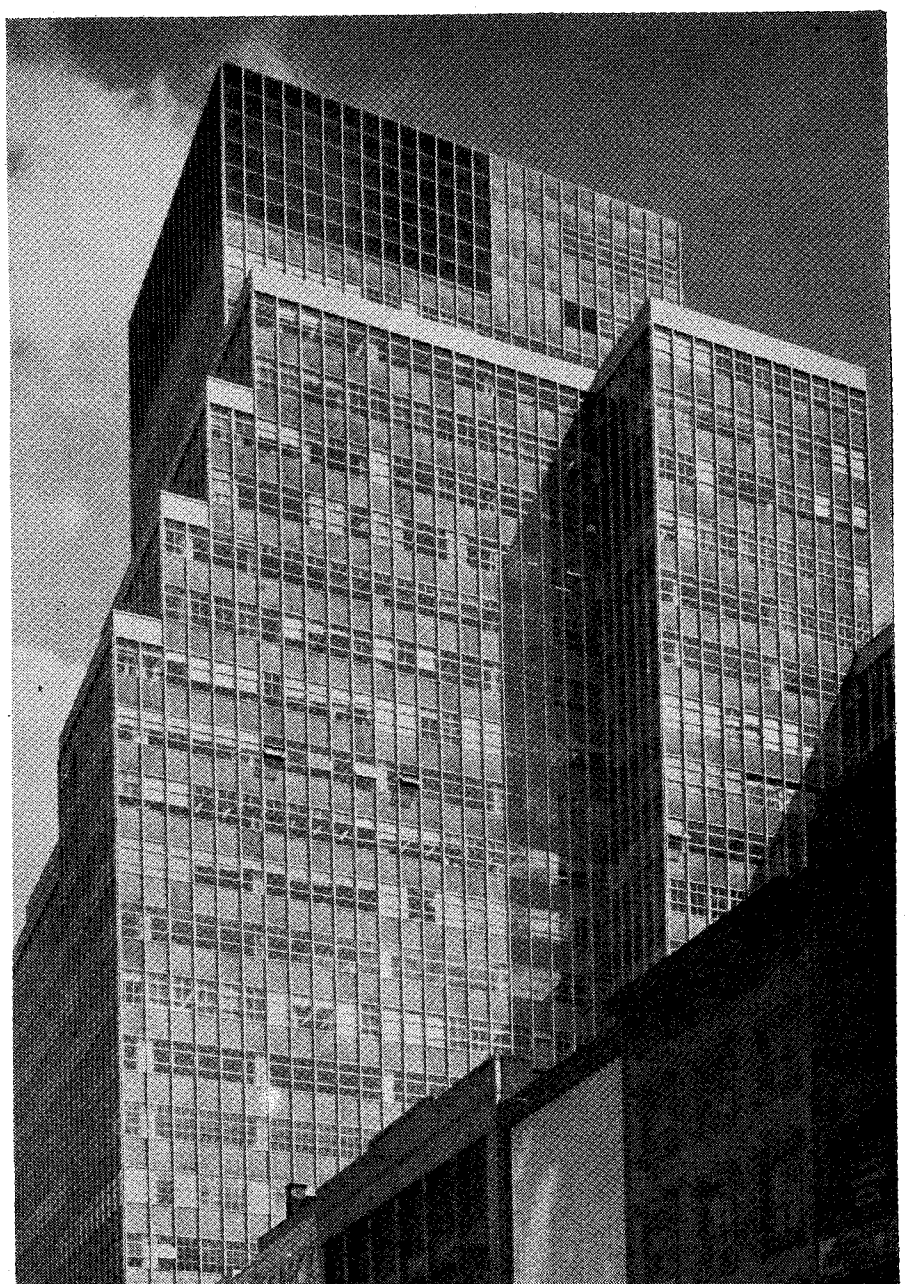


MILE HIGH: 23-story Tower Building of new Mile High Center, Denver, Colo.

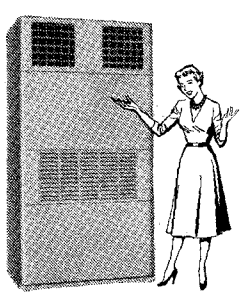


SEA LEVEL: new 34th Street Office Building, New York City — 26 stories high.

American Blower products assure ideal comfort conditions a mile high and at sea level

Although one of these new Webb & Knapp office buildings is in Denver (called the "mile-high city" because of its 5,280-ft. elevation) — and the other is in New York City at sea level — both provide year-round comfort with the same type of *dual* air-conditioning system.

Divided into two zones of operation (peripheral and interior), and including American Blower heating, cooling, and ventilating equipment — these dual systems offer flexible control for satisfying the various comfort needs of tenants. Precise air conditions are not only supplied to each floor, but also to different points across each floor!



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Whether your plans call for a central or zone system, or for all-in-one-package air conditioning (left) — American Blower can meet your every equipment need. Call our branch office near you for information.

New Tower Building. Architects: I. M. Pei & Assoc.; Kahn & Jacobs and G. Meredith Musick. General Contractors: Geo. A. Fuller Company. Mechanical Contractors: Kerby Saunders, Inc. Consulting Engineers: Jaros, Baum & Bowles; Severud-Elstad-Krueger.

New 34th Street Office Building. Architects: Rene Brugnoni and Rudolf C. P. Boehler. General Contractor: Webb & Knapp Construction Corp. Mechanical Contractors: Kerby Saunders, Inc. Consulting Engineers: W. R. Cosentini & Assoc.

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Air-conditioning equipment for every business

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How to remove

WINTERTIME DANDRUFF

with just one shampoo!

ONE SHAMPOO with Fitch removes ugly dandruff flakes, even in winter when dandruff is worse!

BRIGHTEN YOUR HAIR UP TO 35%

at the same time!

NEW, MILDER FITCH is so gentle, you can use it every shampoo—not just to remove dandruff!

Only FITCH guarantees dandruff-free, brighter hair...or money back!

These winter days embarrassing dandruff is at its worst. Dry, overheated rooms make your scalp flake off more. Tight-fitting hats may interfere with circulation. Glands are also overactive.

So, in cold weather, you *really* need Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. It's the *only* shampoo specially made and guaranteed to remove flaky dandruff with *one* shampoo—or money back! Of course, when Fitch removes dulling dandruff flakes, it brightens hair up to 35% too!

Get Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo at retail counters today. If one shampoo doesn't leave your hair free of "wintertime dandruff"—at the same time brighter, more beautiful—return unused portion for full refund from Fitch. Also ask for professional application at your Barber or Beauty shop.

Also available in Canada!

Keeping Posted

Cocktails on the Ocean Wave

Her grandpa was a sea captain on Cape Cod, and there she spent childhood summers learning to abhor boats. If she wasn't seasick, she was getting walloped by the boom. But the ocean wave was in the destiny of Dorothy Sherrill—a new fictionist on page 31—and how can you depart from your destiny?

When the lady fell in love, it was with Arthur Sherrill, a feverish addict of sailing, and presently they had two sons who made haste to grow up and join the Navy. Nowadays, all through the good old summertimes, Arthur commutes by train, auto and rowboat from New York to his yacht Arda moored off the Norwalk, Connecticut, Yacht Club—to where Dorothy, during the day, has been making like a ship's wife, plus ticking frequently at a typewriter. With proper emotion Dorothy speaks of "the cool, serene cocktail hour on deck, when the water shimmers like liquid metal and the

Mrs. Sherrill in her seagoing kitchen.

craft around us gleam whiter and whiter in the setting sun."

Autumn before last, the Sherrills sailed Arda to Annapolis for winter storage, arranging their trip so as to arrive there right on schedule with Hurricane Hazel. Unable to depart from this destiny, they rode it out with two anchors, all their chain and the auxiliary motor to ease the strain. No harm done, says the ship's wife calmly, but she does conclude, "Shades of grandpa!"

He Said It, and We're Glad of It

Foreign correspondent Jim O'Donnell is with us again (page 26), and this brings to mind the weird case of Germany's traitorous Otto John, and a brilliant prophecy O'Donnell recently made about that unlovable fellow.

In July, 1954, the papers were full of how Doctor John, West Germany's security chief, told his wife, "I'm just going down for a quick beer," and promptly departed through the Iron Curtain into East Germany. A few weeks ago the papers were full of how John, evidently just going down for another quick beer, slipped back into West Berlin, to the

Dr. Otto John: a two-way turncoat.

astonishment of the countrymen he had run out on.

Jim O'Donnell couldn't have been very astonished though. For to the Post of January 15, 1955, he had contributed a remarkable analysis of Otto John and of his defection—in the opinion of foreign editor Marty Sommers, "one of his very best articles, down the years." And in it O'Donnell had concluded, "John betrayed the German democracy he was sworn to defend. . . . He betrayed the British. . . . He betrayed his wife. . . . *Someday, it is written in the stars, this man will betray the Soviets.*" The italics are not O'Donnell's; they are put in here to honor a prophet in his own magazine.

Here's about all that O'Donnell has to say about the matter: "What I am proud of is that in our pitch on the character of Otto John, I adopted a then minority point of view and got quite a good deal of criticism from partisans of the concealed commie and double-agent thesis. I am, after all, prouder of being a reporter than of anything else."

Want Some Terrifying Entertainment?

Actor Redgrave is giving people chills.

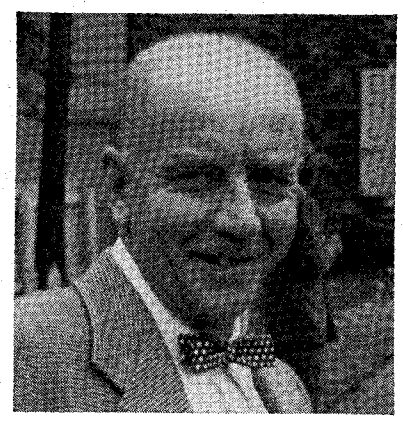
Do you remember a true adventure story published in the Post in 1951? If you read THE NIGHT MY NUMBER CAME UP, you'll remember it all right, for it was one of the most suspenseful themes this journal ever ran. Folks who missed it will want to know that the author, Britain's Air Marshal Sir Victor Goddard, told how he had a premonition of disaster just before an air mission in the Far East and how it all came [illegible] an awful ordeal over the Japan Se[illegible]

This is to alert everybody that the Goddard story, with the same title, is the newest British cinema import from the J. Arthur Rank Organization and recently began its American career with a successful debut in New York. Michael Redgrave, star of the Broadway play Tiger at the Gates, enacts the air marshal, and Leslie Norman, producer of The Cruel Sea, makes his debut as a director. People who after a hard day sometimes take a nap at the movies aren't likely to pass out during this one.

Worden, the Mighty Fisherman

Bill Worden, who discourses on page 22 about how Americans keep from going rock-happy on tiny, remote Wake Island, helped fend off the disease from himself by collecting a fishing anecdote while he was there. To wit:

"World's finest fishing ground, the men told me; fancy cruiser, its gear including shoulder straps so a little man can handle big fish, and iodine for the cuts one might get when the monsters come aboard." So forth sped the fast, professional cruiser to the limits of visibility and safety, and soon the fishing

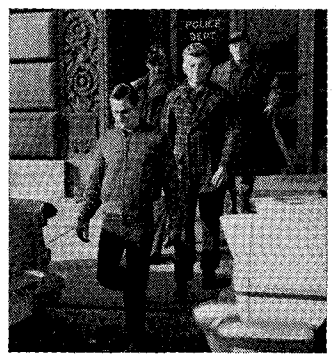


characters aboard it had their lines dragging, beautifully baited. "Just a small pot," suggested one of the characters. "To go to the man who catches the most enormous fish. Half a buck each."

Four hours later the contents of the pot were given, with a few unseemly remarks, to Worden. He had won these riches by catching an eleven-inch *alua*. It was the only strike all day and, as naturally would follow, the only fish. "On the Marmaton River in Kansas," Worden reflects, "I used to do better."

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"Wisconsin Throws Them Out of Jail"



Prisoners pay room and board, and are allowed to break jail daily to go to work. The plan works nicely—besides which it saves the taxpayers money.

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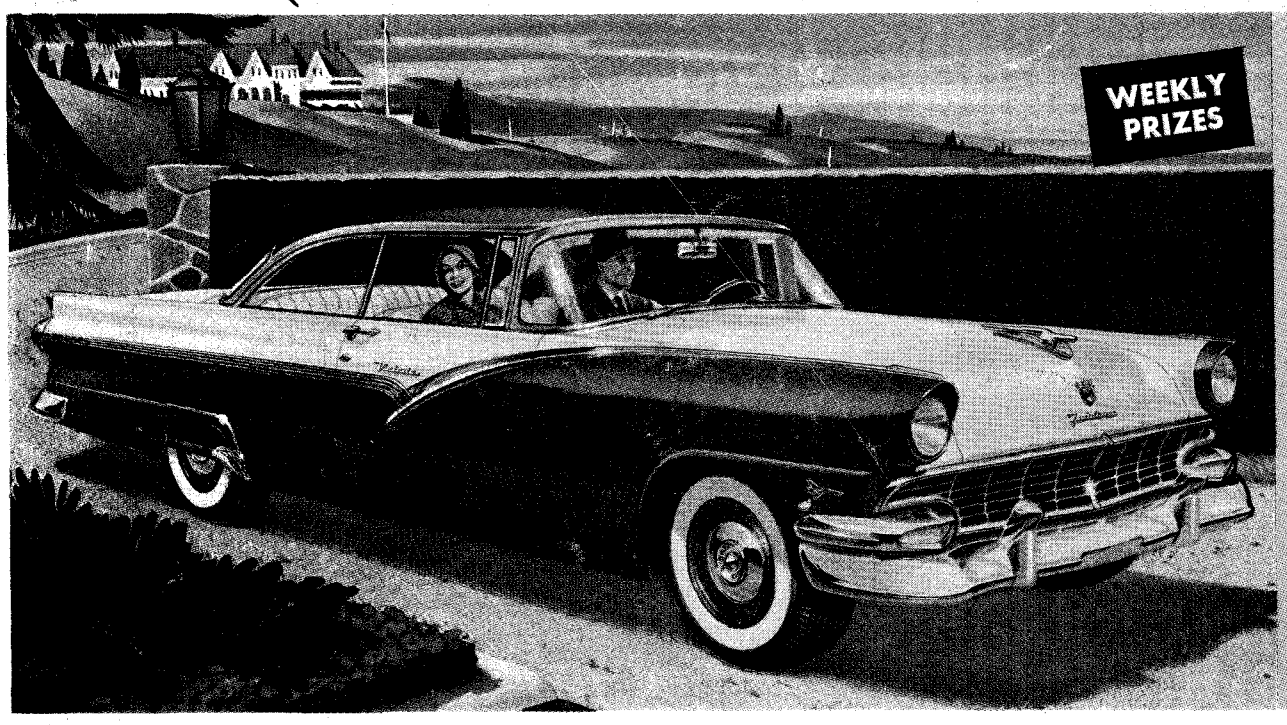
Win Both

$25,000 CASH Grand Prize!

PLUS A GLAMOROUS '56 FORD VICTORIA!



12 New '56 Fords!

(3 EACH WEEK FOR 4 WEEKS)

GRAND PRIZE **$25,000**

FOR ONE LUCKY FORD WINNER

10,000 Other Prizes!

10,000 lovely Sugar and Creamer Sets to be given to 10,000 names drawn at end of Sweepstakes!

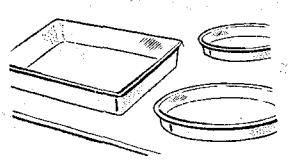
This New 1956 Ford May Be Yours! What pride you'll take in the long, low, Thunderbird styling! What fun you'll get from the tremendous "GO" of the 202 h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 engine! And what confidence you'll have driving with added protection of Lifeguard design.

GOLD MEDAL FLOUR SWEEPSTAKES!

Nothing to Buy! Nothing to Bake!
No Sentences or Rhymes to write!

QUALIFY IN MINUTES! Take this Easy Bake-it-Better Quiz

On a post card write the numbers 1 through 6, corresponding to the six questions in the Bake-it-Better Quiz. After each number, indicate True or False. Include your name and address and your grocer's name. Mail to: Gold Medal Sweepstakes, Box 615, Minneapolis, Minn.



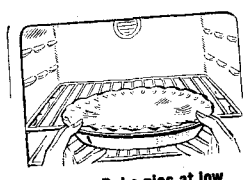
1 Correct cake pan size is important. TRUE or FALSE?

2 Gold Medal is Betty Crocker's favorite all-purpose flour. TRUE or FALSE?

3 For easy removal of cake, grease and flour layer pans. TRUE or FALSE?

4 Bake biscuits an inch apart for crusty sides. TRUE or FALSE?

5 Flour should be sifted before measuring. TRUE or FALSE?



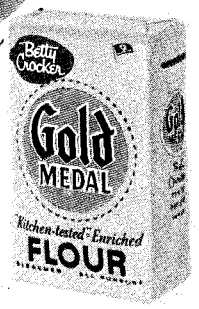
6 Bake pies at low temperature, 250°. TRUE or FALSE?

ENTER NOW. 1st DRAWING FEB 6. CONTEST CLOSES FEB. 24, 1956.

BIG WEEKLY DRAWINGS!

Think of it! This may be your day to be a Sweepstakes' winner! By correctly answering the 6 easy Bake-it-Better questions on the left you can qualify for *all the drawings!* You may win one of the 3 new '56 Ford Victorias to be awarded each week for 4 weeks. You may win the $25,000 Grand Prize to be awarded to one of the Ford winners. Or you may win one of the 10,000 beautiful Sugar and Creamer Sets to be given to the 10,000 names drawn at the end of the Sweepstakes! Yes, *you* may be a winner, and it's easy to enter...

Gold MEDAL



Here's all you do!

1. On a post card write the numbers 1 through 6, corresponding to the six questions in the Bake-it-Better Quiz. Mark whether each question is True or False. Include your name and address and your grocer's name. Mail to: Gold Medal Sweepstakes, Box 615, Minneapolis, Minn.
2. Get your entry in as soon as possible. Weekly drawings Monday from entries received by previous Friday. First week's contest closes Feb. 3. Qualified entries not selected as winner in any weekly drawing will remain eligible for later drawings. All entries must be received by Feb. 24.
3. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed on separate post cards.
4. Weekly winners will be announced on Valiant Lady TV Show (each Friday starting February 10).
5. Winners' names will be available April 6 to all who send to General Mills, Inc., Dept. 80, 623 Marquette Ave., Minneapolis, Minn., a 6¢ stamped envelope addressed to themselves.
6. This offer void in New Jersey.

Bake it Better with GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" FLOUR

THE

BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE

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ALL FABRICS FROM MEMBER COMPANIES OF BURLINGTON INDUSTRIES

Wonderful day! And there's extra magic in this Birthday because she knows she looks her best

A very special occasion . . . her twenty-first birthday. She'll remember *this Wonderful Day* for a long time to come. The way she's dressed helps, too . . . definitely does something for her.

These days we can all feel really well-dressed on almost any occasion. There are so many new fabrics that make your clothes look better and feel better—make them easier to take care of and cost less to buy.

Our young lady's dress, for instance, is made of Burlington's "Eclair," a luxurious blend of cotton and nylon. This easy-to-care-for fabric is another new development from Burlington, style leader and consequently, world's largest producer of dress fabrics . . . in fact, largest producer of *all* fabrics—and hosiery.

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PACIFIC • GOODALL • BURLINGTON RIBBONS • MALLINSON • MOORESVILLE • ELY & WALKER • BURLINGTON INTERNATIONAL

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